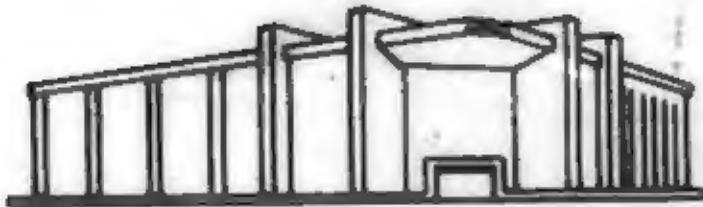


Heartbeats  
of  
**COLONIA**  
**DIAZ**

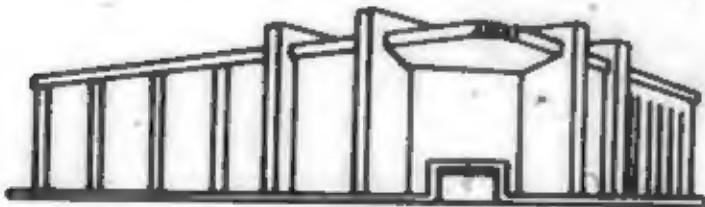
John D. Diaz



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**HEARTBEATS OF  
COLONIA DIAZ**



# **HEARTBEATS OF COLONIA DIAZ**

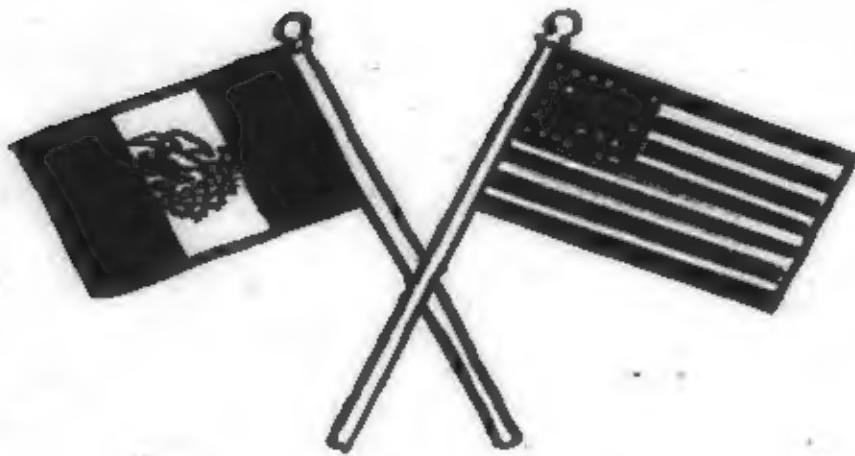
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**ANNIE R. JOHNSON**

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## FOREWORD

I have no material wealth to leave my family and friends, but I tender to them this history, which I have tried to make as authentic as possible. In spite of possible errors, may this story awaken such a deep respect and love for their wonderful heritage and the past to which they are bound, that they will fashion a future to compliment and add to its glory. Colonia Diaz, though destroyed by fire, can never die, for her posterity carries her unsullied banner through generations of unstinted service into an eternal future.

Though the best of writers could not reach the heights of the people who lived this history, I justify my feeble effort by the sentiment of Joseph Kirkland, who said, "Let the record be made of the things of today lest they pass out of memory tomorrow and are lost. Then perpetuate them, not upon wood or stone that crumble to dust, but upon paper, chronicled in picture and word that endure forever!" And I justify my approach to the subject matter by the philosophy of Lincoln who said, "One cannot escape history. It is recorded in the kind of homes the people build, the churches they erect, the monuments they build, in written and spoken words, and in the families they raised."<sup>1</sup>

Since I am part and parcel of the Diaz history and have taught many of its people in the school and the Sunday School, worshipped with them in church, danced with them and sung with them on hayrack rides under the moon, I have enjoyed reliving the events as they were chronicled by my pen.

---

<sup>1</sup>Relief Society Magazine. (July 1960. p. 42B)

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I am indebted to many people for help in compiling this history of Colonia Diaz. First of all to my relatives and friends for their willingness to grant interviews and give access to letters, diaries, journals, books and photographs. To my children and their companions who helped in every way possible:

Enola and Farrin L. Mangelson  
Elmer Willis (Tug) and Floney Johnson  
Wanda and Clyde Sparks  
Yvonne and Fred Hiss.

Wanda was especially energetic in spotting and investigating any and every suggestion of source material. Enola spent months of time in reading and typing material for the reader.

I am especially grateful to Dr. John R. Hendrickson, of Snow College English department, who so kindly read the manuscript and gave helpful suggestions and encouragement. To photographer, Joseph Crane, also of Snow, for the restoration of faded photographs. To the Editor of the *Deseret News* who used his column to announce the beginning of the book and ask for historical contributions. To Harriet F. Little and my cousin, Willis Jacobson who contributed much dated data and the Willis article on the livestock industry. Thanks to all my family members who helped to type the original manuscript.

I am grateful also, to Roy and Dixie Powell for encouragement, proof reading and for putting the Diaz maps into usable form.

Without the above named help and the inspiration of the Father of All, the book would have been impossible.

## **DEDICATION**

This book is lovingly dedicated to the posterity of all the founders of Colonia Diaz, Mexico, 1884-85; with appreciation to my father, Charles Edmund Richardson, and the four mothers he gave me:

First, Aunt Sade (Sarah L. Adams Richardson)

Second, Aunt Sarah (Sarah Rogers Richardson)

Third, Mother (my own very special mother, Caroline Rebecca Jacobson Richardson)

Fourth, Aunt Daisy (Daisy Stout Richardson)

and to all the other families who blessed their children with more than one mother, through obedience to a revelation from the Lord. Armed with little else than faith, they built a town whose homes were founded upon love and unselfishness. The houses were burned, but the spirit of the homes lives on forever in the hearts and lives of the children.

With great humility I offer this history of Colonia Diaz and her people: Colonia Diaz, bounded on the north by faith, on the south by work, on the west by a willingness to obey the commandments of God, and on the east by eternity.

We salute Mrs. Annie R. Johnson on the publication of this valuable book. Her treatment of the history and the early colonization of Mormon settlers in Mexico is both stimulating and interesting. From this small colony came many great events with leaders who have had influence for good throughout the world.

We are proud to be associated with the author and congratulate her for this contribution to western history.

—*Publishers Press*

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## Chapter I

# MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

The cold damp air of the Detroit prison was outraged by the oaths of the guard as he made the rounds of his 10:00 p.m. watch. Rising from an iron cot devoid of any bedding except two blankets, Brother Peter Julius Christopherson felt his way through the cold darkness to his cell door, determined to ask the guard for another blanket. The tirade of blasphemous and filthy language loosed by this request scandalized the refined feelings of the petitioner, especially since he knew it was only a travesty of justice which made him the victim of such abuse.

"You da -- Mormon Cohab," taunted the guard, "I'd see you in h --- before I'd give you a blanket. Anyway, you're big and fat enough to keep warm without any blankets. But, I'm not so damn sure you can spend three years without speaking above a whisper; but if you fail, I'll report you as sure as hell!"

That Brother Christopherson's faith and humility ran too deep and constant to be decimated by such surface agitation is indicated by the following entry in his journal:

I knelt down and poured out my soul to my Heavenly Father in humble reverence, and thanked Him for my lovely family and for being permitted to come on the earth at a time when the true gospel was being proclaimed and asked that I might continue to be a partaker of its blessings. I asked him to help me endure the severe cruelty inflicted upon me — that I might remain true and faithful to my family, my brothers and sisters, and to my God, but, oh, the thought of how I had been dragged two thousand miles from my home and friends in Arizona, leaving my poor, heartbroken family in their humble cottage on the prairie frontier country, left to the charity of a cold world, while I was doomed to toil my life away in a gloomy prison, when my family needed the proceeds of my labors every day; and all of this done contrary to law and justice.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>By kind permission of Kate Carter from publications of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

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Brother Christopherson, along with other fervent church brethren, had suffered indignities and injustices perpetrated by ruffian deputies hired by United States Marshals whose zeal often exceeded their political obligations and good judgment. The immediate differences between the officers of the law and the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints can be explained only by an understanding of the provocations and problems which subjected members of the church to treatment such as that suffered by Brother Christopherson.

Wherever Mormons settled, their growth and prosperity astonished their "Gentile" neighbors who found themselves many times outnumbered, out-distanced, and handicapped by a curtain of Mormon unity. Already the Mormons in the west threatened to gain control of the political polls in Utah, Idaho, and Arizona and were spreading into Nevada and New Mexico. Anti-Mormon legislators of those states united to curtail Mormon power at these polls by promoting public sentiment against the church until anti-Mormon legislation could be enacted.

With the organization of the Utah Territory in September, 1850, Congress had the opportunity to formulate such legislation. Anti-Mormon politicians in Utah hit upon polygamy, a Mormon belief and practice easily vilified and used as a weapon for gaining economic and political control. The anti-Mormon crusade was organized into a campaign with two fronts: (1) to defame the Mormons, thereby paving the way for the desired legislation and (2) to break the political power of the church, if not the church itself, through prosecution under the law.

The *Salt Lake Tribune* and The *Idaho Recorder*, willing news media, brandished polygamy before the world as an infamous practice. Under this agitation, the United States citizenry seethed, gnashed its teeth and pressured Washington until anti-polygamy laws had an easy birth. Of this controversy, Herbert H. Bancroft in his *History of Utah* wrote:

The trouble is this, and will continue to be the trouble, in Utah or elsewhere in the United States, and that whether polygamy stands or falls, — the Saints are too exclusive, industrially and politically for their neighbors. That is why the people in Missouri and Illinois drove them out — not because of their religion or immorality, for their religion was nothing to the Gentiles, and their morals were as good as or better than those

of their neighbors. It may as well be understood and agreed upon that, in the United States or out of the United States, the Mormons are, and ever will be a people self-contained and apart. As a co-operative association, Mormonism has not its equal in the history of the world. In every conceivable relation, position, interest, and idea, in every sentiment of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow — there is mutual assistance and sympathy. . . . And this bond of strength, whether it be called the holiness of saints or the bigotry of fanatics causes them to be feared by their neighbors.<sup>2</sup>

Whatever their reasons, the enemies of the Mormons succeeded in getting passed three laws which worked great hardships upon the Saints and caused extreme persecution of individuals and the church as a whole. In 1862, an anti-bigamy law was passed by the Congress of the United States. This bill made the contracting of a plural marriage punishable by a fine of five hundred dollars or imprisonment for a term of five years, or both. Although President Abraham Lincoln did not appoint officers to enforce the law, enemies of the church would not let the matter drop.

Thus, it was twenty years later in March, 1882, Congress passed the "Edmunds Bill." This bill amended the anti-bigamy law of 1862 and deprived all who practiced polygamy of the right to vote or hold office; anyone who believed in plural marriage could not even serve on a jury. By a stroke of the pen, the passage of the "Edmunds Bill" with its ex post facto clause, changed stalwart citizens of good repute into felons overnight. Also, polygamous living, termed "unlawful cohabitation" was made a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of not more than three hundred dollars and not more than six months imprisonment, or both.

Although Mormons held this law to be in violation of Article I of the Bill of Rights, which reads: "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," they were powerless to do anything about it. The law declared all the political offices of the Territory vacant, and the Federal Government appointed a group of anti-Mormons, known as the Utah Commission, to regulate the Territory and formulate any laws they deemed necessary.

The Commission immediately formulated a "Test Oath," which disenfranchised all who practiced polygamy, believed in it, or came

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<sup>2</sup>Herbert H. Bancroft, *History of Utah* p. 352.

from polygamist families. Further, as a means of defending their own loose morals they added the clause, "in the marriage relationship" to the unlawful cohabitation law, thus penalizing only the Mormons, who were faithful to their wives, acknowledged their children, and cared for their families, while promiscuous sex offenders roamed the streets as honored citizens.

With the appropriation of additional federal funds to carry on the crusade, a holocaust of terror erupted in the Territory, and Mormons were hunted like wild beasts. Deputy marshals disguised themselves as peddlers or census-takers as a ruse for entering homes. Hired "spotters" questioned children, gossiped with neighbors, and prowled at night peeking through windows and open doors. In surprise attacks, staged at graydawn, bedrooms were ruthlessly invaded, bedcovers snatched from sick patients or young maidens; homes were ransacked and furniture overturned and even carpets stripped from the floors. All of this was done by men with ill-concealed zest to pocket the ten dollar fee offered for every "cohab" captured.

In addition to all this harassment, the Mormons were subjected to the injustices of the courts. Judges bragged of packed juries which convicted Mormons whether they were guilty or not. One United States marshal from Idaho said he had a jury which would convict Christ himself.<sup>2</sup>

Case after case might be cited as proof of the unjust and inhuman treatment accorded men who were accused of "unlawful cohabitation." Typical of the way courts meted out "justice" was the treatment given six Latter-day Saints of Apache County, Arizona. An article printed in the *Deseret News* of March 6, 1885, entitled "The Anti-Mormon Outrage," offers the following account of this case:

In August last, warrants were served upon six Latter-day Saint residents of Apache County; they have been indicted by the grand jury in Prescott on charge of polygamy and unlawful cohabitation. They offered no resistance nor any attempt to avoid being arrested, although they might easily have done so. On the contrary, they quietly submitted to arrest and were taken to Prescott, a distance of two hundred and seventy five miles, where they gave bonds to the sum of \$2,000 each, before Chief Justice Sumner Howard, for their appearance at the November term of the United States District Court in Prescott for trial.

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<sup>2</sup>William E. Berrett and Alma P. Burton, *Readings in Church History*. (Salt Lake City, 1958) v. III p. 83-98.

There could have been no other object in requiring them to go that distance except to make a bill against the United States for officer's services and mileage, and to subject the accused to the hardship of returning home at their own expense, for there was a United States Commissioner living in St. Johns, before whom the bonds could just as well been given without the expense or trouble of traveling at all. To make the desire for big fees still more apparent, the Deputy Marshals made separate trips to Apache County for each of the brethren, also for each witness required, when, if it had been really necessary for them to go to Prescott at all before they appeared there for trial they might just as well have taken them all at once, for it was known, even by the parties not connected with the court, that the whole of the indictments were found before any arrests were made.

In due time the accused appeared for trial. They had been indicted under the Edmunds Act and naturally supposed they would be tried in accordance with its provisions, in which case they had nothing to fear for whatever marriages had been contracted by any of them were barred by the statute of limitations.

The trials were conducted before Judge Sumner Howard, Prosecuting Attorney Zabriski, and Edward Wells, Esquire, appearing for the prosecution, and Judge Rush and John Hearn-don, Esquire, for the defense.

According to the account, there was "no evidence whatever of a marriage having been contracted contrary to the provisions of the Edmunds Law in any of these cases, nor was there any proof of unlawful cohabitation." The charge of "unlawful cohabitation" was ignored, and an old Territorial law against bigamy was made to apply. This old statute provided that if a man cohabit "continuously with a woman for two years and introduce her as his wife, it shall be deemed proof of marriage, and if he have a wife in addition to her he shall be liable to prosecution for bigamy." Witnesses were brought in to testify that two or three of the men had introduced more than one woman as his wife; in the case of C. I. Kemp, a census roll was used to prove that a second family went by his name.

All those connected with the case felt that the prisoner's conviction was a foregone conclusion. Some of those acting as witnesses advised Brothers Flake and Skousen to plead guilty, "promising them that if they did so they would not receive more than six months imprisonment, and that in the Territorial Penitentiary, while the others

would be sent to Detroit." The accused were told that Judge Howard had agreed to that, "and the fact that the Judge was a party to this transaction was apparent from his sentence agreeing with it, although he could not forego the chance of imposing a fine of five hundred dollars as well."

Many of the witnesses who testified against the Saints "were among the most notorious libertines in the county, and many of them unblushingly boasted of their immoral acts, knowing that they had nothing to fear in the shape of prosecution before the courts of the territory."

Five of the men were convicted; three of them were sent to Detroit and two to the Territorial Penitentiary. Bishop David K. Udall was subjected to further harassment by his trial being held over to spring, although the excuse given that a witness against him was not available was entirely false.

After conviction, the men endured further ignominy and suffering by being thrust into the county jail with "murderers, three men who were imprisoned for grand larceny, one for petty larceny, three Chinamen and one lunatic." The *Deseret News* article concluded:

A more flagrant travesty upon justice and greater outrage in the shape of trials has not been perpetrated in this generation than in the cases we have mentioned, and had the victims belonged to any other class than the despised Mormons, the indignation of the whole nation would have been roused against them.

The three men who were sent to the Detroit House of Correction for a term of three years, Ammon M. Tenney, C. D. Kemp, and Peter Julius Christofferson, suffered treatment that was almost unbearable. When Brother Christofferson was pardoned by President Grover Cleveland after serving one year and eleven months, he could not return both of his families to Utah, so he moved his second family to Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico which had been established in 1884-5.\*

Although the church could not revoke the prison sentences imposed upon many of its faithful brethren, everything possible was done to encourage and sustain them. The Saints prayed for them; friends and families sent letters and remembrances to them; always the faithful of the church petitioned the Father in their behalf.

\*See Appendix 1.

The following letter written by Mary A. Adams of Colonia [redacted] to Ammon Tenney, imprisoned in Detroit, is typical of the [redacted] letters the Saints wrote to comfort their brothers, who were far from home, family, and the Church they had dedicated their lives to:

Mr. Ammon Tenny

Wilford, Arizona  
August 2, 1885

Dear Brother,

I have thought many times that I would write to you but I am a very poor hand to comfort anyone. I may have as much sympathy for them as anyone but I can't find language to express my sympathy. But I certainly do feel for you, my Brethren, who are in prison. For what? For theft? No! For murder? No! Is it for breaking any of the laws? I say no. It is simply for keeping the commandments of God. Was not our Savior crucified? Have not the prophets been slain? In all ages, have not the Saints of God been persecuted; in all ages when He has had people on the earth. Is not this what we have been told would happen in the last days?

If these things did not come one would think it was not the true church, that it is not the Gospel of Christ. All the persecutions that have been heaped upon us only strengthens my faith and makes me feel like pressing on and striving harder to keep the commandments of God. It is a trying day for the Saints. But after trial cometh the blessings; therefore let us be comforted and say, Father, thy will be done, not mine. Let us try and feel like the Savior did on the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

I have not heard from your family for some time. I am looking for a letter from Aunt Eliza (Ammon's wife) the next time the mail comes up.

Brother Adams is away from home most of the time looking for his stock. He is away now. We are very lonesome here now that there are so few of us left, but we feel to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things.

Give my kind regards to all the others that are with you. I am not acquainted with them all, but that matters not. They are my brethren and I sorrow with them and rejoice with them.

If these few lines are any consolation to you I [redacted] glad. Praying God to comfort you in your affliction, I am

Your sister in the covenant  
Mary A. Adams<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup>By kind permission of her grand-daughter, Verma R. Carbine.

While members tried to comfort each other as much as possible under the persecutions imposed upon them, the Church, stripped of all civil protection, adopted the policy of self-preservation through avoiding arrest. Members united to assist each other as they became fugitives — in this case fugitives from INJUSTICE.

A system of hiding, known locally as "the Underground," was worked out. The Church President, John Taylor and some of the twelve apostles, and other prominent members were forced to use the Underground in order to avoid unjust imprisonment. If a brother was in immediate danger of arrest, he was sent on a mission, or he slipped quietly away to another district. Hideouts, prepared in individuals' homes, barns, and fields were also used as way-stations to assist fellow evaders. Code telegrams were sent between villages to warn of approaching deputies.

Disguises and name changes became an important feature of this subterfuge; and their efficient use occasionally made a brother a stranger to his own family, or his neighbors' way-station. Mormon "spotters" were organized and became so proficient at detecting "polig-hunters" and spreading the word of their approach that several night raids were made on empty houses.

At best there was much distress. With husbands away and businesses disintegrated, plural wives and children suffered as they fled into the night or into inclement weather. Mrs. George Reynolds, sister of Amy Donaldson, one-time resident of Colonia Diaz, died from such exposure. First wives lived in fear for their safety and of being subpoenaed to testify against their husbands. During the course of these persecutions, some 1300 brethren suffered imprisonment, and others spent long months on the underground. Babies were born in forced seclusion, with fathers welcoming them only by prayer. It was a time when it took faith and courage to live.

Black as the sky of peace had become for the Saints, there were flashes of keen excitement. It was a thrill to match wits with an enemy, decoy ruthless deputies menacing beloved wives and children, elude spies and spotters, or slyly invade the lions' den itself. Numerous tales were told by the Mormons of battles of wit with those who desired to capture them. One such amusing incident happened to Isaiah Cox, who related it to Sullivan Calvin Richardson. As a prelude to the story, Isaiah recounted how he and a companion once recovered some stolen horses at a ranch in a nearby canyon. Because of the importunings of the wife and family and the promise of future good .

behavior, the thieves were not arrested. According to Brother Richardson's journal, the story was as follows:

Isaiah Cox, expert carpenter, paused in his work on the north window of the St. George Temple, St. George, Utah, to study the lone man approaching the building. Heat waves encircling the figure disclosed no familiar features of the person, but that peculiar hitch in his walk could belong to no one else but Porter Rockwell.\* Cox resumed his work until motioned down to meet Porter in a secluded spot to learn the dire news of Brigham Young's indictment for polygamy and that the two horse-thieves who had promised good behavior were the principle witnesses in the case.

The Brethren from Salt Lake thought the best way to combat his testimony was for Brother Cox to have the two thieves arrested after Young's case was called. This would stop all proceedings against Young.

However, in anticipation of some such plan, the Judge had issued warrants for the arrest of Isaiah Cox and several others around St. George. Porter had come to get those named for arrest and take them to Salt Lake City to stay in hiding until time for action. They would need to avoid arrest only until proceedings against Young started and it was too late for the prosecutors to change their main witnesses.

The party left from St. George with a four-horse team, and the second day out met the stagecoach bringing out six or eight marshals to make the proposed Mormon arrests. When the coach stopped, the commanding marshal looked out, saw the well-disguised brethren, each with a Winchester across his knee and remarked, "A d-- hard-looking crowd; gentlemen, drive on."

At one of the secluded eat-and-sleep stations, Brother Cox felt impressed to move on, and at 1:00 a.m. all departed. Scarcely had the sound of their wheels died away, when the house was surrounded by twenty marshals and deputies.

After reaching Salt Lake, Brother Cox learned which marshal had the warrants for the Mormon men followed him to his saloon and drawled the following invitation: "Ye say ye'r a 49er? Wa-al so be I. Let's have a drink." And he ordered a bottle of the best in the house.

When the marshal ordered glasses, Brother Cox, a teetotaler, covered the bottle with his hand and objected, "no sir ee! Not on yer life! In 49 we never had glasses, and if ye can't take

\*Porter Rockwell scout and body guard to Brigham Young.

a drink like we done then, ye can't drink with me." As Cox had hoped, the intoxicated marshal disclosed the names of all sixty polygamists wanted; Cox being third on the list. Immediately these forewarned men got out their disguises or went into seclusion.

The next afternoon Cox saw Porter Rockwell's strange little hitch attached to a red-headed Irishman and timed his walk to effect a meeting near the next corner. A couple of rods before meeting, the Irishman hitched his trousers a trifle, put one hand deep into his pocket, and the other on his hip — a significant sign in those days — and staggered nearer.

"Hello, Port," whispered Cox.

"D--m you, Cox, that you? Come to ..... at four o'clock."

Both men went on their way. . . . The next night at a gathering in a cellar under one of Brigham Young's homes, Cox told the story of the drunken marshal and his disclosure of the names of the wanted men, to the amusement of the party. Songs, hymns, sermons and recalled incidents made several evenings spent there by the St. George Undergrounders the most pleasant of Brother Cox's life.

Just before court started, a new judge was sent from Washington. When he saw the petty, silly trumpery on which leaders of the church were to be tried, he threw the case out of court and strongly reprimanded the outgoing judge, dismissed the clique of marshals and sat down on proceedings in general.

The brethren, who had been in hiding were across the street when the crowd of dismissed marshals, lawyers, witnesses, filed out of the courthouse. Some "cohab" suggested they go over and compliment the retired executives. So, after salutations, the Mormons began pulling off whiskers, hair, and other disguises that told the officers they had been associated with their "wanted cohabs" all the time. This was appreciated by the by-standers who cheered heartily.

Some Mormons were thus able to subvert attempts of their persecutors to imprison them. Many, however, finding life intolerable in Utah territory were forced to seek refuge in Mexico. The two accounts which follow will serve to illustrate how individual men, unable to bear the pressures put upon them fled beyond the reaches of those who sought to enforce the Edmunds Bill.

William Derby Johnson, Jr., ex-bishop of Kanab, and serving as first counselor to Stake President Wooley, felt contentment and pleasure as he landscaped the grounds around his fourteen-room,

two-story house in Kanab, Utah. There he planned great happiness with his four wives and their children. "Surely God was good." He prayed.

However, every blessing demands its sacrifice and God will have a tried people. Next day lightning struck when a telegram came from Apostle Erastus Snow warning Brother Johnson to get out of the way immediately because Judge Borsman of Beaver had sent United States marshals to arrest him.

Hurriedly the family went "on the underground"; the plural wives and children hid at the home of Taylor Crosby. Anxiety over Lulu, the invalid first wife, was uppermost in their hearts as they prayed for deliverance from this church-wide persecution and a speedy return to their home. A second telegram, however, urging the family to go to Mexico temporarily increased the separation. Mary, the fourth wife, went to her brother, Charles Riggs, in Arizona; Charleetta (Yetta), the third wife, returned to Kanab to care for Lulu, while Lucy, the second wife, and the husband slipped away to prepare a haven in Colonia Diaz, Mexico.

Of his departure, William Derby wrote: "All knelt and prayed; and with great anguish of heart I blessed Lulu and said goodbye, with the hope in our hearts that Brother Snow's promise that we should meet again in Mexico should be fulfilled. I bade Willie, Domer, and Zeno (children) all goodbye and went out and looked at my house, wondering if I would ever see it and my loved ones again in this life. I felt so downcast and lonesome as I left that dark, rainy night, but consigned our welfare to Him who notes the sparrow's fall."

Another story concerned the escape of Orson Oriel Richins and his family who lived in Henefer, Utah. With racing pulse and pounding heart, Rachel Richins parleyed with the deputy marshal who pounded upon her front door and demanded that her husband, Orson Oriel, come out. The early dawn half concealed, half disclosed a horse carriage at the front gate and two dim human forms skulking behind the rose garden. Each second of delayed entrance, she knew, assisted her husband to execute his well-laid plan of escape, and the gray darkness was in his favor.

Clutching a shawl, hastily thrown about her, Rachel trembled under the venom of the marshal's vulgar threats as they scattered bedding and overturned furniture in their search of the house.

"We'll catch yer d-- cohab yet," they threatened as they set

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up guard over the place, certain that their victim would have to come out for food and water.

For days the marshals watched Rachel faithfully attending to farm chores; milking cows, feeding chickens, and carrying grain to the horses in a leather nose-sack. Little did they suspect that the nose-sack carried, not grain for the horses, but food and water for her husband who was concealed in a prepared hideout.

As soon as the marshals became discouraged and moved away, Brother Richins packed up his family and moved to Phoenix, Arizona. Not even his in-laws knew his whereabouts. He later moved to Colonia Diaz, Mexico.<sup>1</sup> Thus, through subterfuge and careful planning, many of the hunted — the "men without a country" — left their homes in the Rockies, to which they had been guided by their God, left the United States, which had been settled by those seeking freedom to worship as their hearts dictated, to find happiness in Colonia Diaz with their families and their friends.

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<sup>1</sup>From an interview with his son, Orson James Richins.

## Chapter II

# TURNING WHEELS

The problem of preparing a refuge in Old Mexico for the harassed Saints resolves itself into two phases: one occurring before and one after their arrival on Mexican soil. The first phase concerned itself with determining the attitude of the Mexican Government toward "Plural Marriage" and Mormon colonization, with opening a Mexican mission, and with locating suitable colonization sites. The second phase began after the Saints arrived in Mexico and covered the negotiations for the purchase of land and its subsequent settlement.

Brigham Young made the first important move toward the establishment of the mission in 1874 when he called Daniel W. Jones and Henry W. Brizzee to prepare for a mission to Old Mexico and to translate into Spanish certain passages of the Book of Mormon.

Armed with the printed translation, a party of missionaries consisting of Daniel W. Jones, the leader, his son Wiley C. Jones, James Z. Stewart, Anthony W. Ivins, Helaman Pratt, Henry W. Brizzee, Robert Smith, and Ammon Tenney set out from Utah on September 10, 1875 to travel southward into Old Mexico preaching the gospel en route.<sup>1</sup> They were under instructions to keep a record of their labors and report to Brigham Young all details concerning any likely colonization sites.

Since finances were a problem to the expedition, Brigham Young authorized, to the Saints en route, a letter asking for donations. In response to this the Saints offered generous gifts of merchandise, tithing orders, dried beef, and some cash.

With this aid the party pushed on to Tempe, Arizona, where C. T. Hayden gave them letters of introduction to Governor Safford at Tucson. He received them kindly and invited colonization in his state.

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<sup>1</sup>Thomas C. Romney, *The Mormon Colonies in Mexico*, (Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah, 1938), p. 39.

After sending a glowing and favorable report to Brigham Young about the Salt River valley in the Tempe district, the missionaries crossed into Mexico at El Paso del Norte and proceeded to Chihuahua City, Chihuahua, Mexico. Here they interviewed state officials and gained permission from Luis Terrazas, state governor, to hold what was termed the "first Mormon meeting in the interior of Mexico."<sup>2</sup>

The party returned by way of Casas Grandes, Barrancas, and Janos, Mexico, during May, 1876. This trip probably spiked interest in the northern Chihuahua territory where colonization later took place.

In 1877 several small missionary parties labored in the interior of Mexico but all were recalled upon the death of Brigham Young.

Some two years later, in 1879, Moses Thatcher of Logan, Utah was sent to reopen the mission and he, with his two counselors, set up mission headquarters at Hotel Iturbido in Mexico City and soon had a branch of the church organized there.<sup>3</sup>

During this mission Elder Thatcher had the privilege of dedicating the land of Mexico, January 25, 1879, to the spread of the gospel among the natives and to the establishment and growth of Mormon colonization throughout the republic. He prayed that the gospel might foreshadow deliverance of the natives from bondage through the teachings of divine truth.<sup>4</sup>

In May of 1882, Elders Anthony W. Ivins and M. R. Pratt arrived in Mexico City to serve as missionaries under August Wilcken who, for a short time, followed Moses Thatcher as president of the mission. Soon thereafter, Apostle Heber J. Grant instructed Elder Ivins by letter, to be on the alert for suitable colonization sites and to learn the attitude of the government toward polygamy and the establishment of Mormon colonies in Mexico.<sup>5</sup>

In due time a delegation sought audience with Porfirio Diaz concerning his attitude toward the practice of "plurality of wives" in his country. After explaining that Mexico had no laws which would interfere with their family practices, President Diaz added, "It does not matter to Mexico whether you drive your horses tandem or four abreast."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 41;

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., p. 44.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid.

<sup>5</sup>Beatrice Snow Winsor, *Mormons in Mexico*, (Daughters of Utah Pioneers Lesson pamphlet, January 1953), p. 200.

<sup>6</sup>Interview with Willis Jacobson

An item of interest occurred during a Porfirio Diaz and Erastus Snow interview as they discussed the Mexican mission. Snow expressed himself as sensing the greatness of the Mexican president and also the magnitude of his responsibility. Elder Snow explained the Book of Mormon and its contents to Porfirio Diaz and as he received a copy he reverently kissed it and gave ready permission to proselyte among his people.<sup>1</sup> President Diaz then extended a cordial invitation and a welcome to Mormon colonization and expressed a hope that they would do for his country what they had done for other places they had settled.

To further his Mexico "City-of-Refuge" project, President Taylor commissioned Alexander F. MacDonald, president of Maricopa Stake, and Christopher Layton, president of the St. Joseph Stake, both of Arizona, with special responsibilities. The following excerpt from



CHRISTOPHER LAYTON

<sup>1</sup>Winsor, p. 200.

a letter of instructions dated February 20, 1883, and sent to President Layton upon his appointment to the stake presidency, expresses the wishes of President Taylor:

You will understand that our object in the organization of the stake, St. Joseph, is to introduce the gospel into the Mexican nation, or that part of it which is contiguous to your present settlements, and also, when prudence shall dictate and proper arrangements are entered into, that a settlement may commence to be made in that country.\*

The above stake presidents formed a promising team for this responsibility. Layton, a judicious financier, knew a bargain on sight. MacDonald's Scottish caution and tenacity served well, while his oratorical powers helped win friends and interviews during the quest for land.

Christopher Layton speaks of doing considerable exploring with Brother MacDonald in the northern valleys east of the Sierra Madre mountains in the state of Chihuahua. However, the first foothold obtained was at Corralitos on the Casas Grandes River, where they rented three hundred acres of farming land, after an attempt to purchase proved unsuccessful. According to Señor William Wallace, who now (1964) owns the Corralitos tract, his father was very helpful in negotiating this rental.\*

Corralitos was headquarters for a large mining and cattle company owned by an English company with headquarters in New York.

The local business was under the direction of Mr. Menzenburger and his foreman, Mr. Slocum. The hacienda itself was a miniature city containing all kinds of shops, gristmills, and factories where harness, saddles, shoes and other things were manufactured. In fact, it was almost self-supporting, though imported goods were available. A large smelter crouching at the foot of the hill used a rock flume to connect with a chimney high on the hill's crest. This smelter took care of the ore from the near-by mines. As in the old feudal times, the *jacales* (shacks) of the hundreds of laborers clustered about the business section and fine homes of the mayordomo or boss.

The industrial core of Corralitos is surrounded by great tracts of grazing land supporting herds of cattle, horses and sheep. The

\*James Harvey McClintock, *Mormon Settlements in Arizona*, (Manufacturers Stationers, Inc., 1921), p. 260.

\*Interview with Señor Wallace, son of William Wallace (in 1964).

first company of saints to enter Mexico settled here to farm the rented land. They included Andrew Anderson, William Gale, Wesley Norton, P. H. McBride, Lyman Wilson, Joseph K. Rogers, John Loving, Joseph Jorgenson, and later James Gale and Amos Larson joined them. They were allowed to live in an old mill.

Following this settlement, President Taylor now turned his attention from northern Chihuahua to southwestern Sonora where the Yaqui Indians were in revolt against the Federal Government, which threatened to confiscate their lands and cede them to large concerns. President Taylor, considering this territory as a possible haven for the harassed polygamist saints, and as one undesirable to their enemies, sent a party under the direction of Apostles Brigham Young Jr. and Heber J. Grant to attempt a treaty with the Yaquis for Mormon settlement in their territory.

Their journey was not to be without incident. At Nogales on November 25, 1884, their party, consisting of twelve vehicles and a large number of men from the Maricopa and St. Joseph stakes, were delayed most of the day in passing through the custom house. In compliance with an official demand that a \$1,000 bond be posted against their return, Apostle Young had that amount telegraphed to the custom house on deposit in Salt Lake City.

During the delay at Nogales, Benjamin F. Johnson, chaplain of the party, met an old schoolmate, Samuel C. Brannan, an apostate member of the church, a millionaire of the California gold-rush days. He was now decrepit with palsy and living with a Mexican woman in abject poverty. Upon learning that the party was en route to the Yaqui country, Brannan told of how the Mexican government had ceded to him the Yaqui country in payment of a million dollar loan he had made the government during the Maximilian War. His attempt to claim the land, he said, had stirred up the tribe to rebellion. He explained that he was now waiting for another concession from the government. After seeing him in this fallen state, Johnson remarked, "Poor Sam! To have worked for the Lord would have paid him better."<sup>14</sup>

After completing the arrangements at the customs house in Nogales, the Elders continued their journey. Upon arriving at Hermosillo, Elders Young, Grant and MacDonald called at the Governor's Palace where they met Mr. Cohn, Secretary of State and a former

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<sup>14</sup>Benjamin F. Johnson, *My Life's Review*, (Zion's Printing Co., Independence, Missouri, 1947), p. 285.

businessman from Salt Lake City, who informed them that the absent governor would return next day. At lunch he counseled against venturing into Yaqui territory and warned against Yellow Fever, a disease from which he himself had just recently recovered. Upon returning to camp, three miles outside the city, the brethren found Elder Grant to be quite ill.

At ten o'clock the following day the Governor cordially received members of the expedition at his palace. He regretted that the Yaquis were in rebellion as they were the "strong working arm of his state." After offering the party escort into any part of Sonora, however, he recommended the eastern slopes of the Sierra Madre mountains in northern Chihuahua for prospective colonization.

At Guaymas, they had much difficulty in finding passage down the coast at suitable rates. Providently, however, a young Yaqui Indian offered to take the entire party in his "smack" for the round trip price of \$15.00 — the price others had charged for each person. When they were ready to leave, the party had difficulty embarking on the fifteen-ton "smack" because of the crowds of natives led by the harbor captain and a Catholic priest, crowding around and beseeching them not to make the trip. The priest's vehement demands that they go to confession and be absolved from sin before starting into certain death so frightened the guide, Valenzuela, that he returned to the camp at Hermosillo.

In spite of the warnings, they set sail at five o'clock, but because of a severe storm were unable to clear the Harbor, and anchored for the night. Here the party slept lying across sacks of corn, directly exposed to torrential rains. Johnson comments that the "convivial and jocund" attitude of Apostle Young compelled them to be happy in spite of physical discomforts. After disembarking and wading through five miles of watery marsh they arrived at the Yaqui headquarters, a small village at the mouth of the Yaqui River, and were kindly received by the Yaquis.

That night around a campfire of sticks and bamboo, the natives listened eagerly as Brother Ray told of the Book of Mormon, a history of their forefathers which promised them many blessings. Even after the explorers retired to another uncomfortable night, the natives lingered long, discussing what they had heard.

Next morning, December 11th, the Mormons had problems — provisions were low, Elder Young was ill, and the absent Yaqui leaders had not yet returned. The provision problem was solved when

two natives came offering for sale a large basket of bread, cakes, cheese and penole (ground parched corn, a native staple food) and milk. The natives continued to seek more knowledge about the Book of Mormon and requested a Spanish copy at the earliest possible date. Because of Young's illness, a departure was made without having audience with the chief leaders, even though Chief Cajeme asked them to await his arrival.

At Hermosillo the ill Apostles, Brigham Young Jr. and Heber J. Grant, took train for Salt Lake City while the others drove overland and reached their Arizona homes December 26th, 1884. After ten years Johnson mourned that the Yaquis were still without a copy of the Book of Mormon in Spanish. The failure to secure lands for colonization was probably offset by the rapport established between the parties, and the Mormons were given an invitation to settle among the Yaquis. As a means of personally inspecting the drastic conditions of the polygamist saints in Arizona, and perhaps speeding up the refuge situation, President John Taylor planned an excursion to Arizona and a conference at St. David, near Benson, Arizona.

While en route they received word of the indictment, trial and conviction of many of the St. Johns polygamists.

At the very momentous conference held there at St. David, January 13, President Taylor, Moses Thatcher, Erastus Snow and John Q. Cannon were among the speakers. The President stressed absolute chastity and purity of life to be observed throughout church membership. He said there could be no safety without clean living. He warned again and again against all sexual sin, and countenanced not the least transgression. On this trip, while speaking of plural marriage, President Taylor said:

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The position we occupy is a very peculiar one. We are indebted to God for the commencement of this work. None of us originated it or any part of it. We are a few of those who have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . We are not here to carry out some ideas of our own. We are here because God has spoken from the heavens. Every principle of the gospel originated with him. . . . We will acknowledge Him and carry out these great principles as they are in heaven. . . . We are here that we might enjoy the light of the gospel and prepare to enjoy principalities. . . . We are here to carry out the laws of God. If we keep His commandments He will sustain us. Let us see that there is no covetousness in our midst.

and show that we are full of love for one another and purge ourselves of all that is impure. . . . Keep the commandments of God and He will bless you.

As the visiting Brethren reviewed the very precarious condition of the polygamous saints, they became convinced that all justice, both in and out of court had been abandoned. Any indictment meant conviction.

In the light of these facts, President Taylor decided it would be better to evade the law and planned to speed up operations to build a city of refuge in Old Mexico. He immediately sent two scouting parties into Chihuahua State, and he retraced the excursion of Brigham Young, Jr., and Heber J. Grant into the Yaqui territory around Guaymas in southwestern Sonora. He hoped, perhaps, to meet the chieftains and open up negotiations for colonization privileges in their territory. However, as soon as word of these trips leaked out, enemy countrymen of the saints, ever alert for damaging reports against the Mormons, went into action. They stirred up the press to circulate the false and abusive story that the Mormons were plotting with the Yaqui Indians to make war on Uncle Sam. In an effort to avert any friction with the government, President Taylor cancelled any plans which may have been made for Yaqui lands, but he appointed Moses Thatcher, A. F. MacDonald, Christopher Layton, Lot Smith, and Jesse N. Smith to act as land purchasing agents in Chihuahua, Mexico for the Church. He also commissioned Lot and Jesse N. Smith to return to the Arizona settlements and advise all the brethren liable to arrest under the Edmunds Law, that even though land had not yet been obtained, prospects looked favorable, and that a refuge was being prepared for them. Those who felt in danger, he said, should depart immediately to the valley of the Casas Grandes in Chihuahua, Mexico.

Certainly the welcome news fell upon troubled hearts like the "blood of a lamb" sprinkled upon the door-post of security. And with surprising alacrity such towns as St. Johns, Smithfield (Pima), Luna, Woodruff, Savor, and Nutrioso sent families of "plural wives" to Snowflake to begin, February 9th, an excursion to Mexico under the direction of Lot and Jesse N. Smith.

Limited time enforced feverish preparations, financial sacrifices and other hardships upon these people. Many families, of necessity, were temporarily separated and all were apprehensive about facing



Route of early colonists from Arizona to Colonia Diaz, Juarez and Dublan. Some of other Colonies also marked.

a move into an unkown country among a people of foreign customs and language.

Amy Tressa Richardson, bride of a few weeks to Sullivan Calvin Richardson, sheds much light upon the situation in the following story:

Very soon we set out for Snowflake to prepare for our flight, not into Egypt, but to Old Mexico. I tell you the road was not strewn with roses, neither was it all thorns. Going into a strange land among a different people and a new government was not a sweet dream. But there was a jolly crew of us and we had many good evenings of entertainment on the way.

I never like to think of the night we started. We travelled until nearly midnight, according to the stars, and then we came to a sheep herd. The herder got out of bed, made a big fire, and fixed us a warm meal. My appetite was left at home, but I did appreciate the warm fire. We waited there until morning when some of the Wilford people came to join us, but Sullie had to go and get his first wife and some things he needed to bring for the trip. That left me to drive the team and be my own boss.

Before he left camp, they killed a couple of sheep and put them in my wagon on their backs. This was late January, and was it cold! The sheep froze stiff and I would have too, except for my heavy coat. Every time I looked around I could see those sheep's legs in the air like clubs ready to strike. To add to the luxury of my "honeymoon" a snowstorm came. It was not welcome, but it came anyway.

And so they came — these righteous and God-fearing people whose only offense was that they had obeyed a commandment of the Lord — a commandment which enemies had hit upon as a prospective means of destroying the Church as they had attempted to do in Missouri. Comparable, also, to the Missouri Saints, these members fled in the winter.

The day of departure finally arrived at Snowflake. Lest too large a collection of vehicles disclose the intended flight, the Saints left the city in smaller groups, February 9, 1885, and travelled to Nutrioso without organization or particular discipline, though encouraging and assisting each other in every possible manner. At Nutrioso, Presidents Lot and Jesse N. Smith, who had left ahead of the Snowflake party on a circuitous route to aid and direct those unable to make it to Snowflake earlier, joined the main body and together they set out for Luna Valley.<sup>11</sup>

Jesse N. Smith, now directing the hegira, describes the roads as "awful!" Levi Savage says, "We encountered some bad roads,

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<sup>11</sup>Journal of Levi Savage, Camp Historian.

crossed hills, mountains and ravines, wallowed in mud and snow, jammed over rocks, logs, etc., and finally reached Luna on the evening of February 15th in good spirits and without accident, although Brother Charles Whiting lost a valuable mare.<sup>12</sup>

As soon as supper was over, President Jesse N. Smith called a camp meeting where some items of business were attended to, and a camp organization effected (there is a standard joke that if four Mormons had to bail out of an airplane they would be organized with a Bishop, two counselors and a landing committee before they hit the ground) with E. A. Noble as captain, Levi M. Savage as secretary, Sextus F. Johnson as chaplain, Ernest L. Taylor and Joseph H. James as assistant captains each over a group of ten. Charles W. Merrill was appointed Captain of the Guard, and Sullivan C. Richardson was made Camp Chorister to direct the singing of hymns during each evening service. After these brethren were sustained by a unanimous vote, President Smith advised them to keep up prayers in camp, keep firearms in good condition and in a handy place ready for any emergency, and to take every precaution to prevent surprise attacks from Indians, cowboys or deputy marshals.

During the meeting, Brother Smith read a telegram that had been brought in by Bishop J. Hunt of Snowflake, in which Elder Moses Thatcher requested Jesse N. and Lot Smith to meet him at the Gila or at St. David on the 22nd instant. Joseph James offered a team for this trip and Brother Hyrum Clark went along to bring the outfit back.<sup>13</sup> Elder Thatcher was advised of Smith's decision to meet him at St. David.

The next morning a bright sun cheered the people and urged them on, but it also thawed the mud making travelling so difficult that the company was scattered all along the way. Brother Samuel Tenney, of Luna Valley accompanied the caravan for a few hours giving instructions about the road, and assisting materially before returning home. Later Bishop Hunt went back to assist in bringing up the rear outfits still laboring through the mud.

At 8:30 p.m. Chaplain Sextus F. Johnson called the camp together for prayer and they retired in a pine forest camp lighted by "a score of brilliant camp fires."<sup>14</sup>

<sup>12</sup>Ibid.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid.

A note from the camp historian says: "Tonight our camp statistics show fourteen families divided thus:

Men	Women	Chil- dren	Total	Wagons	Horses	Mules	Cows	Calves	Total
24	20	25	69	21	53	19	21	3	96

These statistics do not include a few persons who expect to remain in Williams Valley."

The travelers had planned a 4 a.m. start next morning in order to get over the mud while it was frozen, but because some of the cattle had strayed, it was delayed until sunup. Joseph James' group of ten assumed the morning lead, planning to fall behind Taylor's ten in the afternoon.

On Wednesday, February 18th the roads were frozen all day, facilitating travel; however, they encountered a mountain which had never adjusted itself to wagon roads. Every outfit doubled up teams to make the grade, and wagons had to be supported to keep them from sliding sideways off the slanting roads. The fact that all ten of the James outfits reached the top in safety was attributed to morning and evening prayers.

With his outfits safely up at the top, James returned to assist the others. Upon learning that Taylor had decided to postpone the climb until morning, James' sense of humor prompted him to sing, "When y'er up y'er up. When y'er down y'er down. When y'er only half way up y'er neither up nor down."

If travelling up that hill had been bad, travelling down was worse. The wagons continually threatened to topple over endwise onto the horses. They soon learned that by rough-locking both hind wheels and dragging a tree behind the wagon, they could keep the outfits right side-up. Because of the steep hill, this road was called "Milligan's Jump-Off." The travelers were lucky this trip that their "greatest losses were a few broken wagon bows, some chicken coops and a few pieces of furniture. Brother Charles Whiting broke a beehive and lost part of his bees."<sup>12</sup>

In his journal Sullivan C. Richardson gives an account of Jacob Hamblin's descent of the hill:

On our trip to Old Mexico during the winter of 1885-6, snow made Milligan's Hill very dangerous. The first part of the hill was bad enough but the last part was frightful. When the

<sup>12</sup>Ibid

road turned south it was sidling and very hard to get between the trees. From the turn straight on down it was almost perpendicular to the bottom of the canyon. We could trust our brakes down the first part, but at this steep part we had to chain and rough-lock our wheels. About a dozen men stood at the rough-lock place to help and follow each wagon on down, then return for the next wagon. There was sincere relief as each wagon went around the bend and reached safety.

Uncle Jacob Hamblin had a rather antiquated hack, no brakes, a high dashboard over which he could not see while sitting on the bottom. He would slash with his whip over the dashboard and say to his team, "Go on! I know you are there!"

When his turn came to drive down the hill he sat in the bottom of the hack with his back against a sack of corn, lashed his mules and started down on a lope.

I looked down that hill and then back at him and my hair stood on ends for he was still on a lope as he neared the bend. Then he called out, "Whoal!" and sat back on the lines. The bit broke in the mouth of one of the mules, but they stopped a few feet from where the outfit would have gone end over end. . . . While I was between shuddering with horror and rejoicing with thankfulness, Uncle Jacob rose until he could see over the dashboard, drew up his lines until the broken bit showed above the mule's neck, its nose out loose, and said, "We-e-i-l, I've pulled it clear through him!

Later, Jacob Hamblin moved his wife Louisa and family from Pleasanton, New Mexico, to Colonia Diaz, Old Mexico, (Ascencion) in two wagons, he and his son Walter each driving an outfit. This was in strong contrast to Jacob's earlier entrance (1885) in a caravan of 30 or more outfits.

During this later journey, the Hamblin family, counting the miles which put the danger from U. S. deputy marshals behind, suddenly faced a horde of mounted Indian warriors galloping across the valley toward them in a long horizontal line.

All thoughts of their father as "Peacemaker" vanished as the children wept in horror of being scalped, murdered, and annihilated. Even Sister Hamblin's face blanched as she protectively hugged her baby and fought to preserve the faith she had in both her husband and her God. Jacob sat stoic, giving no hint of emotion.

Suddenly the grey-headed old Chief motioned his warriors to a halt and galloped forward shouting, "Jacob! Jacob!" Brother Hamblin

was soon in the arms of his old friend, Hastele, the Navajo Chief, embracing in deep affection.

Hastele explained that he and his warriors had gone to the assistance of the government in driving marauding Apaches from the district and that on this return trip his warriors had fanned out to hunt deer and antelope.

The surge of revived faith in their father as "peacemaker" sent the children to his side to meet the stately old Chief and the smiles of the watching warriors.

Let us now follow the Snowflake emigrants for a time by means of the daily entries of their secretary, Levi M. Savage:

February 19, 1885.

After crossing the hill and camping together at noon we found good roads following southwest along the San Francisco River, a tributary of the Gila River. We were much interested in several little Mexican villages through which we passed, known as Bacca Plaza. The villagers, astonished at so large a train of wagons traveling together, hid behind their doors to peek out and watch curiously.

February 20 (Made 17 miles today)

The route continued to follow the San Francisco River and led through a box canyon over a road strewn with rocks, logs and stumps. It was also much mixed up with the river which we crossed some forty-five times.

The camp this night afforded plenty of wood and water and much contentment though, for lack of grass, we were compelled to grain our work horses. The evening before had been spent in singing, music, and stump speeches and at its close the company selected Sullivan C. Richardson to act as camp chorister and select the hymns for the prayer service. This evening he was ready with "Come, Come Ye Saints" and "God Moves in a Mysterious Way." All enjoyed the songs because they expressed so ably our own conditions and all hearts were filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father. We felt that the spirit of brotherly love was certainly in our midst. During the meeting Brother Savage expressed surprise at the cheerfulness which was maintained under all circumstances whether we were stalled in the mud or enjoying a meal under a bright moon around a campfire. He said we neither looked or acted like a band of exiles banished from their country for conscience's sake.

Saturday, February 21, 1885. (Made 16 miles today)

We enjoyed a warm and pleasant day as Captain James' ten led us over "Jump-Up" hill and through Alma, a little Gentile town of some 200 inhabitants, located in good stock country. After camping three miles south of Alma, we were joined by Brothers Hancock and Lee from Williams Valley. From them we learned much about the road conditions. We added two men to the regular night guard.

February 22, 1885.

Under a continual rain, Brother Taylor's ten led us eight miles south to Pleasanton, in Williams Valley where we made an 11 o'clock camp and spent part of the afternoon shopping at Maxwell and Wheeler's store, paying three cents a pound for corn. The people did everything possible for our comfort.

February 23, 1885 (Travelled 7 miles)

Under a drizzling rain we covered seven sticky miles in five hours and made a four o'clock camp at Dry Creek, though it was as wet as the rest of the country. Here we were joined by Brothers Jensen and John H. Earl and were happy to find Brother Williams' six wagons camped nearby. President Smith had left some instructions for us.

February 24, 1885.

Rain, mud, and steep hills. The scattered company nooned in several places and some of us even failed to make camp that night.

February 25, 1885. (Travelled 7 miles south)

This day was extremely difficult. The mud sucked the tires and felloes completely out of sight and clogged the hubs and spokes almost to the point of a lock chain. In consideration of the teams, each man gaged his own travel. Captain James and Noble, with Brother H. R. Burk, took teams back to assist those who failed to get into camp at "White House." Prayer service was called under clear skies but was interrupted by the howling of a pack of coyotes who set up the noise at the close of the hymn and continued through prayer.

Thursday, February 26, 1885. (Made 18 miles)

Weather now warm and springlike. We found supplies at Milligan's grit mill on the Gila River and bought \$200.00 worth. Corn cost us \$1.80, chopped corn \$2.05, cornmeal \$3.00, and potatoes \$2.00. Captain James led us across the upper Gila without accident.

February 27, 1885. (Made 12 miles, mostly south)

Fine roads, windy weather. We passed through Oak Creek, nooned at Cherry Creek and then on to Walnut. Near Oak Grove we crossed the Continental Divide. From George Bryant and Manti Workman, of Snowflake, we learned that Brother Hunt's party was scattered worse by the mud than we had been. Brother H. Clark, entering camp from the other direction, reports leaving Brother J. N. Smith near the boundary line. We were glad for his directions about the road because since leaving Williams Valley we had traveled partly by imperfectly written guides, partly by directions left by Brother Williams' company or by that of strangers, and much of the time by guess.

Sunday, March 1, 1885.

(39th anniversary of the Saints' flight from Nauvoo.)

We made camp after traveling a mile south and called an eleven o'clock meeting at which Joe Fish and S. H. Rogers spoke. Brother Rogers recalled the fact that thirty-nine years ago today the Saints began the flight from Nauvoo to seek homes in the west. After church we moved camp nearer water and spent the rest of the day.

March 2, 1885. (Made 18 miles)

Fine weather, good roads. Passed through Aura Seneca and made camp at some wells where we were allowed to water our animals free of charge.

March 3rd, Tuesday. (Made 20 miles)

Nooned at Sepor, a southern Pacific Railroad station situated in the center of a large plain some 1157 miles from San Francisco. To get water the Railroad drilled a well 500 feet deep and they used a seventeen horse-power pump to draw it to the surface. It is the only water for miles around. We paid five cents a head to water our animals.

At the post office a woman reported to be the common-law wife of the postmaster, reviled us in no uncertain terms. She shouted, "I hope to God that either the Mexicans or Yankees will kill you, everyone of you! I would rather a hundred times be a prostitute than a polygamous wife." At camp, seven miles out from Sepor, Captains James and Noble drove in with a supply of flour.

Wednesday, March 4, 1885. (Made 24 miles)

For seventeen miles Sepor was visible, as we began our twenty-four mile drive in a southerly direction. Noon found us

at Eureka, a mining town among the hills. Mr. Roberts, a store keeper, watered our entire herd of nearly 100 head of animals, free of charge, and also filled our water barrels. From him we bought flour at \$4.50 per hundred pounds.

March 5, 1885. (Made 18 miles)

Because we were facing travel over a hot desert, the guards aroused us at 1:00 a.m. and we began our trek an hour later. Ten o'clock brought us to Mesquite Springs and we were surprised to be told that we were now three miles inside Old Mexico. We had expected to find markers along the boundary line. Although this is a port of entry it is little more than a camp for line riders who are instructed to send entrants on to La Ascencion, seat of the Custom House. The water here is brackish or alkali and the place is surrounded by mesquite brush and sacaton grass and grease-wood.

Here we rested during the afternoon, glad indeed for the shade of our wagons. Since our captain decided it might be better, from now on, to travel in smaller companies, some of the better teams made a night drive while the rest remained at the springs.

March 6, 1885. (Made 30 miles)

Good roads, plenty of grass, no water. While traveling we met Brother Fuller and company on their way to Deming after supplies for the campers on the Casas Grandes River where we hope to locate. We also met Brother Christopher Layton returning to Arizona to report the results of his exploring party. He spoke very highly about the country and encouraged us about our future prospects. We camped at a tank containing poor water but we were so badly scattered that some of the men failed to make it.

March 7, 1885. (Arrived)

President Jesse N. Smith who had arrived the day before came to meet some of his family who were with us and returned with us to the camps situated on the north bank of Casas Grandes River, opposite the Spanish Town of La Ascencion, a village of some 1500 inhabitants. It is also the seat of the Custom House, to which many of us were to have unpleasant introductions.

We found the brethren who had made the night drive camped with Brothers Maxwell, McClellan and company who had been there for about two weeks. Brother Wesley Norton was also there. We were informed that a company had passed

through La Ascension and continued on to Corralitos, some thirty-seven miles farther South, where they were already farming.

We were also informed that during the latter part of November, 1884, Peter McBride, Joseph K. Rogers and John Loving had passed through the Custom House with John Campbell, who twelve years before had built a sawmill at Carasol, Mexico. He was now seeking opportunity to establish a mill in the Sierra Madre mountains. After passing through Corralitos, McBride, Loving and Rogers contracted some plowing at San Domingo Ranch near San Jose railroad station. Ten days later Brother Rogers left by train for El Paso to meet his wife and John Loving's. These girls were probably the first Mormon wives to enter Chihuahua for colonization purposes.

As the wagons stopped on the banks of the Casas Grandes River, which all hoped would be their last camp, drivers sprang to the ground from the rim of the front wheel or from the double tree after notifying the jaded horses by placing a gentle hand upon their rump. Women alighted backward over the front wheel, first seeking a toe-hold on the hub before dropping with a soft thud into the powdery dust of the road, dust little different from that etching the tired lines of their sunburned faces.

When they pitched camp that night they found solace in the thought that their journey was over, they had access to water, and were under perpetual shade. Livestock could water at the river. Clear water for culinary purposes was made easily accessible by digging steps into the face of a wide approach to a shallow well. However, concern clutched at their hearts when Mexican officials rode into camp and grounded all vehicles and livestock until the custom officials should return next day, and they set guards to enforce the order. When one of the drunken guards quarrelled, fought, and even drew a pistol before he was unarmed, the foreigners realized a little of the disadvantages of being strangers in a strange land.

One woman said, "When I looked around and saw our neighbors, I had a feeling that the world had been left behind. And I fervently hoped that persecution had, too. The heart of every man in camp beat in unison with the stalwart who put his arms around both wives [redacted] said, "Thank the Lord that I can now acknowledge you both, before the world as well as before my God." Camp worship that night was charged with deep gratitude and praise to the Giver of all blessings and nothing but the stars obstructed its flight to heaven. These Saints had put their lives and all they possessed upon the altar

of religion and their determination to provide for their families and cherish them for time and all eternity.

The physical aspects of the land to which they had come loomed big in the interest of these saints, and they soon took stock of the Casas Grandes Valley, sometimes known as the Ascencion Valley, but by the Mormons later designated as the Diaz Valley. This valley, with an elevation of some 5,000 feet is twenty-five miles wide and seventy miles long, and is presided over by the majestic Boca Grande mountain in the north, holding hands with lesser ranges flung against the eastern horizon; and one sitting in the west against a backdrop of distant, blue Sierra Madre peaks some sixty miles away. In this range, known as the Limestone Ridge, is a cave flanked on the south with two great sand hills deposited by the wind dropping its sand on the eastern slope.

The life-giving Casas Grandes River meanders across the entire valley flowing from the southwest to northeast and emerging at the Boca Grande Gorge, between Los Moscos and Boca Grande Mountains to empty into Lake Guzman. Proudly the river marks her course with great cottonwood trees, black willow, button willow and palo blanco. No other trees even dot the valley. The river flow fluctuates from nothing to flood stage. The valley floor is of silt, wind blown and flood deposited of undetermined depth. Fifteen-foot surface wells dug at Diaz, and post exodus wells drilled at Dublan showing a depth of 300 feet, seem only to have plumbed the surface of the valley fill.

Much of the fill around Colonia Diaz could be cultivated without leveling. Milton Jensen reported that his father, Andrew Jensen, irrigated a piece of land from three sides equally well, but that they never got around to trying it from the fourth side.

The range-basins in northern Chihuahua, which lie east of the Sierra Madres, have no outlet to the sea, hence the rivers empty into sink holes called playas or lakes. Lake Guzman, forty miles northeast of Diaz, fed by the Casas Grandes river, is the largest sink hole in northern Chihuahua. For these reasons there appears to be an underground lake under the entire valley, and the water table is often reached at a depth of eight feet.

There is a vast difference in climate between the "basin-range" districts and the mountain territory. Over the former, summer temperatures may reach over a hundred degrees during the day, falling to sixty-five degrees at night; while mountain temperatures would be 10 to 15 degrees cooler. Winter temperatures seldom plunge the

basin-range area below zero and usually not much below freezing at night, and an occasional snow melts in two or three days without leaving a trace. In contrast, mountain temperatures have been recorded at twenty-two degrees with zero weather frequently reported. During periods of warm weather and winter rains, the mountains snows melt and frequently flood the lower areas. In the lower country, frost continues until about mid-April but May still finds frost in the mountains.

In both the mountains and the basin-range districts the rainy season comes at the same time of the year. About three-fourths of the annual precipitation falls in the summer and the other fourth during the winter. In the mountains the summer thunder storms begin about mid-June whereas they do not materialize in the valley until perhaps a month later. Since there were no meteorological stations, the average precipitation could only be estimated — some said eleven to sixteen inches in the valley while the mountains had twice as much. Periods of drought occasionally strike.

Most of the streams flow the year round but by the time they enter the basin country, much of the water has been lost to underground seepage. Only during the rainy season in July, August and September, and occasionally during the winter, do the mountain streams carry enough water to reach the interior basin lakes or seepholes. After a heavy thunderstorm in the upper country a dry river-bed below may present a wall of water roaring over her cobblestones, gouging at her banks, and carrying rocks and silt to spew over the country as it rushes madly toward the lake. And yet those streams are the life blood of the country. Even in dry weather, water holes stand in the river bed at intervals where a hole has a clay bottom, and serve as watering holes for cattle.

The basin range country, the foothills, and the mountains of northwest Chihuahua form three vegetation zones. In the basin country, desert plants predominate with mesquite, creosote, Spanish bayonet, Yucca, and cacti predominant among them. The grasses are mostly of the Gama family with Sacaton growing in the lower regions. Sycamore, Black Walnut and Willows prefer the foothills though Cottonwoods and Willows follow the water courses through the valleys. Pines cover the mountains above the 6,000 foot elevation, and Cedars and other trees stand at their feet. Some of the rich minerals in the district were being worked by large companies, usually from foreign countries, using Peon labor. This was the country to which Mormons were venturing.

## Chapter III

# A MARVEL AND A WONDER

The establishment of camps by the Mormon settlers on the Casas Grandes River in northern Chihuahua, Mexico, inaugurated the second phase of the Mexican colonization project — that of obtaining land and its subsequent settlement.

Following the Church policy of appointing a member or members of the general authorities to supervise each colonization project, President John Taylor used the following six apostles (who served at various times) during the Mexican project: Brigham Young, Jr., Erastus Snow, Moses Thatcher, Francis M. Lyman, George Teasdale, and President John W. Taylor. Moses Thatcher, land purchasing agent, and George Teasdale, chaplain, were delegated to supervise and direct the establishment of the Mexican colonies. They were assisted by the land purchasing committee appointed by President John Taylor, namely: Alexander Findlay McDonald, Christopher Layton, Jesse N. Smith and Lot Smith.

Because of his previous experience as president of the Mexican Mission, Elder Thatcher's appointment as land agent was particularly advantageous to the colonization project. He understood the Mexican Federal machinery and had personally met some of the executives. He also felt that the success of a proselyting mission, designed to obtain converts to the Church in Mexico, depended upon Mormon Colonization there.<sup>1</sup>

The number of Mormon campers on the river increased daily but all came with the same purpose. What they were asking for was land and water and a chance to use it in peace, and certainly this noble and extensive valley, with its flowing river, promised both. When Peter H. McBride reached the Casas Grandes River he recorded in his journal, "This afternoon we have traveled over the finest piece of land I ever saw; all moist enough to plow and as level as can be." So, with true pioneer imagination, these refugees were enjoying the

<sup>1</sup>B. H. Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, Vol. 5, p. 573.

vision of beautiful homes even as they made camp on the river; and daring to hope the reality would not be long."

Meanwhile, stern realities demanded immediate attention. There were no public lands and a strict "Open-fence" law forbade livestock running loose; and hence, teams and livestock had to be tethered and grained until proper provisions could be made for grazing land and for herding.<sup>2</sup> Also, the Mexican officials were soon there explaining that all belongings, including livestock, were to be listed and filed at the Custom House in La Ascencion. Duty would be charged, they said, at the rate of twenty-two dollars on a new wagon; sixteen dollars on an old one; twenty-five dollars for a new stove and ten dollars for an old one. Charges for other furniture was to be decided on inspection. Mares and cows had to be listed, but were duty free.

In spite of such outrages, however, the colonists found much to encourage them. The sight of the Mexican orchards in bloom whetted the emigrants' desire to begin planting, and the day they arrived they sent Jesse N. Smith and others to confer with the Mexican officials at La Ascencion about renting farm land for the coming season. There they had their first lesson in the Mexican 'Mañana' (tomorrow) policy, for after two hours the men returned with nothing accomplished except an appointment for a conference next day.<sup>3</sup> However, the arrival of Brother William's party, delayed by bad roads, was cause for rejoicing and the song at evening worship held no note of fatigue while the prayer voiced only deep gratitude, praise, and hope.

At Sunday services some time later, the Saints listened eagerly as President Jesse N. Smith recounted the progress made in the effort to purchase land.<sup>4</sup> Brother Smith explained that after fruitless explorations in Sonora, President Taylor turned greater attention to northern Chihuahua as a possible site for the "City of Refuge." On January 1, 1885 various scouting parties under the direction of Moses Thatcher, A. F. MacDonald, and Christopher Layton left St. David, Arizona, to explore the valleys east of the Sierra Madre Mountains and they even visited the Corrales basin in the tops of the mountains. Like the Ivins party, who had explored the district months before, they favored the regions along the Casas Grandes River around Casas Grandes

<sup>2</sup>Unpublished Journal of Peter H. McBride. (By kind permission of his daughter Laura Smith).

<sup>3</sup>Journal by camp historian, Levi M. Savage.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid.

City, Corralitos, La Ascencion, and Janos. At Corralitos they had rented three-hundred acres of land which some of the Saints were then farming.<sup>4</sup>

Brother Smith further reported that at El Paso del Norte (Ciudad Juarez, across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas) A. F. MacDonald and C. Layton, with John Campbell acting as interpreter, had met with several representatives of saleable lands carefully investigated each offer for clear titles. Señor Acuna's offer of forty-thousand acres of land located near the Sonora border, the Santa Maria Tract in the Galeana District, and several smaller offers were all discarded after the brethren had consulted Dr. Samaniego, an attorney and practicing physician at San Jose station on the Mexican Central Railroad. He had discovered there were no clear titles to these lands. The attorney's kindly disposition, his willingness to serve, and his experience as a land owner and as a governor of Chihuahua made his services valuable and well worth his two-hundred and fifty dollars annual fee. Brother Smith ended his report with these words:

After hiring Dr. Samaniego and inspecting the various land offers, Moses Thatcher, MacDonald, Layton and Campbell arrived here at our camp on March 1, 1885 and spent a day with us waiting for the Custom Officials to return from a hunting trip. Next day I left with them for Corralitos, inspecting en route the R. J. Garcia claim near La Ascencion which he offered for ten-thousand dollars. Lest some of you Saints should arrive here during our absence and need help, Brothers McClellan, Maxwell and Wealey Norton will remain at the Custom House.<sup>5</sup>

The Garcia claim offers everything for a "City of Refuge" — it is near the Custom House and the International Boundary Line and the spring-fed river, flowing over its fertile acres, promises water.

At Corralitos on March 4th, a few days before most of you arrived, Elder Thatcher called a conference of the land committee at which all were present.<sup>6</sup> Here it was decided that Elder Thatcher and Presidents A. F. MacDonald and I should return to El Paso and make an offer, not to exceed seventeen-thousand, five hundred dollars, for the Garcia Ranch and that Christopher Layton return to St. David and make his report. Yesterday you met Brother Layton off on this errand and in a

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<sup>4</sup>See appendix.

<sup>5</sup>Journal of Jesse N. Smith, p. 306 or 307.

<sup>6</sup>Ibid., p. 306 or 307.

few days we should own the Garcia Ranch and begin our "City of Refuge" right here.

After finishing this account of the activities of the land committee, President Smith explained the Church policy that lands purchased be held by the "Trustee-in-Trust" for the Church, which idea was sustained by a vote. He also advised the camp that all local purchases and sales be made through a purchasing committee, and the following men were elected to serve: President Jesse N. Smith, Isaac Turley, E. Noble, and Joseph H. James.

Before the close of the meeting the camp organization was effected with Jesse N. Smith as Presiding Elder and the following sub-committees serving under his direction: a land lease, a purchasing, a wood, a health, a herd supervisor, and an interpreting committee. The latter probably consisted of Bates Williams, of the McClellan party, Brother Campbell of the Peter McBride company and Apache Bill. These latter men all spoke Spanish fluently which was a great asset to the immigrants because the customs officials, unable to keep abreast of the rapid influx of immigrants, made frequent and unexpected camp visits to check on possible uninspected wagons.

The wood committee's search for fuel became arduous until kindly Jose Maria Olguin invited them to use wood from his land. As immigrants swelled camp membership, grazing problems increased and the forage committee commanded herders to keep livestock off the Mexican crops. Each morning these and other committees reported at prayer meeting.

As these committee organizations began to function and days multiplied into a week and then into two weeks with no word from El Paso del Norte and the proposed Garcia purchase, the land-lease committee went into accelerated action, for penniless people in a strange land must raise food and the growing season was advancing. After learning from the officials at La Ascencion that all local land was claimed; the campers began renting from individual plots of ground, either large or small and some obtained the use of land for breaking it. Charles Whiting, S. C. Richardson, Israel Call, and William Merrill rented land of Pancho Ponce and Ubenceslo Perez, about six miles up the river, working it together. They reported the best crop of corn they had ever raised.

Among the men who rented land down the river were Farnsworth, Plum, Judd, Nelson, Bloomfield, and J. N. Smith. The last named

rented some fifty acres. Brother M. P. Mortensen moved onto another piece of Olguin's land across the river south, but all anticipated the purchase of land for final settlement.

Most of the campers had carefully inspected the proposed Garcia purchase, west of La Ascencion. They had let the rich soil trickle through their fingers, had appraised its possibilities as a "City of Zion" and had chafed under the delay as they awaited the return of the land committee from El Paso del Norte.

But friendliness, like worship, is not dependent upon land titles or beautiful homes; it generates in the heart and roots in thoughtful expression. On the second day after their arrival the campers made their first gesture toward friendship with their new neighbors. During the morning while the custom officials were busy inspecting and marking wagons, listing livestock and personal belongings, the women and other camp members were busy preparing as fine a meal as the camp provisions afforded. At noon they invited the Mexican officers to dine with them under the great cottonwood trees.

Mexican hospitality was not to be outdone and the officials soon responded with a similar invitation as evidenced by the following entry in the camp journal: "March 14, 1885 — Customs Officials visit quite often but are apparently very friendly." President J. N. Smith, E. Taylor, Joseph Fish and wives went upon invitation, to a dinner in La Ascencion. They had a nice time though they were served Mexican food and had trouble understanding each other. However, one Mexican spoke a little English which helped some. This was the beginning of a friendship between the colonists and the Mexican citizenry which was to last during the entire history of Colonia Diaz as a town.

The camp, itself, also found cause for gratitude toward its own members and planned its expression in the form of a surprise party for President Jesse N. Smith and his three captains of the trek to Mexico, Joseph H. James, Ernest Taylor, and E. A. Noble. A very pleasant evening was spent in singing, dancing, and rejoicing together. Before the group dispersed, President Smith advised the people not to give or accept invitations to parties or dances where they would mingle with non-church members. This was a precautionary measure, he said, as word had leaked out that U.S. Marshals were threatening to have some of the polygamist families brought back to the United States for indictment. Concern over this was soon displaced by the urgent need of assisting new refugee arrivals, which, in six weeks

time, amounted to three-hundred fifty people. The following table indicates the increase in population over one nine day period:

	Men	Women	Children	Total	
March 10 .....	35	29	52	122	
March 19 .....	41	35	67	162	
Wagons	Horses	Mules	Cows	Calves	Total
24	85	23	22	2	132
44	111	33	30	4	178

Although everyone was anxiously awaiting the purchase of Garcia's land, camp shelters were not neglected. Tents, wagon boxes, or anything else available were set up along the north bank of the river. Irene and S. C. Richardson prepared a home to receive what was reputed to be the first Mormon baby born in Mexico by placing a covered wagon box on the ground with a dresser in the back and a bed on the floor. A homemade carpet was laid over the wagon bows under the wagon cover for greater protection. The baby, Edmund Arthur, born March 31, 1885, arrived during a time of great quandary due to the failure of the Brethren to purchase the Garcia tract as reported by Lot Smith on March 26. The people almost resented the faulty titles found after three weeks of research and the fact that Garcia gathered up his papers and left in a huff.

Although the Brethren went immediately into the mountains with a Mr. Beatly to inspect his offer of land, the Saints realized that better camp arrangements were imperative, and the entire camp was soon like a hive of bees ready to swarm. A group of twenty-five people including E. L. Taylor, Isaac Turley, Peter N. Skousen, and others petitioned for permission to move some fifty miles up the river, perhaps hoping to find work at Corralitos. They set up Camp Turley on the river some five miles north of Casas Grandes City.<sup>1</sup> The campers who elected to remain at La Ascencion sought safer and more comfortable camp grounds with better grazing facilities.

A group under the leadership of Lot Smith selected a site on higher ground one mile southeast of where Colonia Diaz was later built and three miles north of La Ascencion, on land belonging to Jose Maria Olguin. This was surveyed by Joseph Fish who laid it out in the form of a capital letter L with one square rod of land allocated to each wagon. Water from the eight foot deep well, dug

<sup>1</sup>These people formed the nucleus of what was later Colonia Juarez.

in the enclosure of the L was made easily accessible, even to children, by digging steps into the face of a wide slanting approach. Water from this well, used to irrigate gardens around the wagons, brought a fine harvest which, according to W. D. Johnson, Jr., made adequate eating when supplemented by small game such as ducks, quail and rabbits; and the watermelons harvested in July and August were considered to be good interest on the work.

Joseph H. James was the first to move onto the new Lot Smith campsite but others followed immediately and all began preparing temporary shelter which would be necessary for some three or four months. S. C. Richardson dug a hole eight by nine by three, mixed the dirt into mud with water carried from the camp well, and laid up a four foot wall on three sides of the hole. His wife, Irene wrote:

After stretching a wagon cover over the walls for a roof we moved my furniture in, consisting of my bedstead, crib, dresser, chest, table, cupboard, stove, and some boxes for chairs. We were comfortable unless it rained; then we were busy carrying out buckets and tubs of water.

Sullie also put up three sides of a log room for his second wife, Teresa, but we cooked and ate in my room. I often wondered how we got along as well as we did.\*

Brother Miles P. Romney extended his covered wagon-box shelter by setting posts in the ground to support burlap walls (gunny sacks sewed together); some stretched wagon-covers between wagons to form little patios, Brother Levi Savage made a comfortable dug-out and Jesse N. Smith pitched a tent he had bought from Corralitos. Since Jose Maria Olguin had given permission for the Saints to cut any blackwillow on his land, several shelters were made with woven willow walls plastered with mud. Many little hand prints indicated the children's eagerness to help smooth the plaster. Constant high winds and occasional rains proved the shelters inadequate and unseasoned in many ways, but they became home as soon as the people with their loves and hopes moved in.

Brother Samuel Holister Rogers tells of moving, December 5, 1885 into such a shelter, roofed with a wagon cover. But he said the shelters were not burglar proof. Thieves broke open a trunk of Sister Earl's, took a hat, a suit of clothes (Brother Earl's best suit),

\*Sullie felt lucky to have escaped arrest when he found he had made himself liable for jail by salvaging those logs from the river bottom. They were from private property. The Colonists soon learned there was no public lands around.

a dress pattern of Sister Earl's and some other things; they entered Brother Kartchner's tent and took his wife's coat, dress and a chest; Joe James' tent was also looted of a sack of flour, one sack of fruit and a quilt from his bed as he slept.

As the refugees met their hardships with patience and solved their daily problems, the Mexicans in the surrounding towns became suspicious as immigrants daily poured into the camps. These suspicions reached the acting Governor of Chihuahua, perhaps through the Jefe Politico of the Canton of Galeana in which the saints were camped.

The Governor's letter asking why the Mormons were in camp was delivered to Lot Smith, April 4th by a delegation from La Ascencion, headed by that city's *Presidente*. Lot Smith and others accompanied the delegation back to the office at La Ascencion to explain that they were merely seeking to raise a crop until they could buy land upon which to settle. And surely, they explained, that time would not be long.

Even then Elders Thatcher and Smith were en route to El Paso to negotiate with the land owner, Mr. Beatly, for the property Thatcher had just investigated in the Sierra Madre Mountains.<sup>10</sup> To make this trip Jesse N. Smith, from the La Ascencion camps, joined Elder Thatcher at Corralitos and they, with Andrew Anderson as teamster, and Brother Glenn, the surveyor who had shown them the mountain property, set out for San Jose, a Mexican Central Railroad station, one hundred and fifty miles south-east from Colonia Diaz. This was the shipping point for the entire region. Peter McBride described the place as: "Very dreary, no wood, feed poor, and water salty." Water for the railroad and town was raised by windmill.<sup>11</sup>

Here the brethren consulted with their lawyer, Dr. Samaniego, before boarding the train to El Paso del Norte, leaving Brother Anderson to care for the team and outfit.<sup>12</sup> After two fruitless conferences with Beatly, Elder Thatcher returned to his home in Logan, Utah, and Brother Smith boarded the train for San Jose where he arrived at 11:20 p.m. to find Anderson sleeping peacefully in the carriage.

<sup>10</sup> The road from Corralitos to San Jose is described by J. N. Smith as having twelve miles of sandy upgrade to the first windmill on the Corralitos tract. Ten miles of good road to the second windmill, twenty-eight miles to the Santa Maria River Crossing, (roads good in dry weather, eighteen miles to a series of mineral springs. Eight miles to head quarters of the San Domingo Ranch, and twenty-two miles to the San Jose station). Published Journal of J. N. Smith under date of April 3-4, 1885.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid.

Early morning disclosed the team missing, and the two men, Anderson and Smith, set out before breakfast to track them. After fourteen miles of unsuccessful search they met a four-male team driven by three young Mexicans who offered to take them back to the station. The Mexicans had no water but they shared some dried meat with the hungry searchers. After failing to hire a mount from Dr. Samaniego and others, Brother Smith bought a mule for \$35.00 and with a borrowed saddle, Brother Anderson set out in renewed search for the missing team.

Next day's train brought mail for the waiting Jesse N. Smith as well as for many of the Saints on the river. Precious among the mail was the *Deseret News* for Joseph H. James. This newspaper was always eagerly studied for news of the world and especially for items indicating the trend of polygamist persecutions.

By a Mexican freighter, Brother Smith sent a note to Joseph K. Rogers at Corralitos asking for help with a team. However, Brother Anderson returned late in the evening with their own horses which had strayed 30 miles, still wearing hobbles. As they neared their camps on the river the two men hoped that the mail they brought would partly compensate for another failure to secure land. The mule bought with Church money, was left at Corralitos with Brother Anderson, to deliver to Church authorities.

Obviously, the Lord did not make things easy for the Saints in Mexico, but he did make them desperately need each other. It was necessary to band together against thievery and discouragement caused by repeated failure to secure land, and also against difficulties incurred at the Customs House. But the crucial need came in the form of a message from Alexander F. MacDonald at Camp Turley, received April 10, 1885 by Lot Smith at his camp near La Ascencion. It read: "We have just received an order to leave the state of Chihuahua in fifteen days." After hearing the message, the Ascencion camp allowed itself only a moment of stunned surprise, then the men called a meeting to discuss the grave situation of a destitute people facing deportation to a land from which they had fled to escape severe persecution.

A camp census immediately taken by J. N. Smith and Joseph Fish disclosed the fact that there were forty-four families consisting of one hundred and sixty nine souls with seventy-five days of provisions and \$800.00 in cash among them.<sup>12</sup> After appointing Sunday as a day of fasting and prayer for the revocation of the order, Lot Smith and Brother Noble hurried to Corralitos where they found that Brother

<sup>12</sup>Journal of Joseph Fish, p. 152.

MacDonald and Elder Teasdale with Sullivan Richardson acting as interpreter, were even then in conference with Silvestor Quevado, Chief magistrate of Casas Grandes. Brother Richardson, feeling inadequate to act as interpreter in such a momentous situation, says that he retired alone into the brush to pray for help. Returning, he met Elder Teasdale seeking a like opportunity to commune with God, and at his suggestion they knelt in prayer together. Brother Richardson testifies that after listening to the Apostle's petition he felt assured of the revocation of the order in spite of the fact that Quevado insisted that nothing short of an order from Fuero, the acting Governor of the state, could accomplish it.

Before boarding the train at San Jose enroute to consult Fuero at Chihuahua City, the Brethren MacDonald and Teasdale, left instructions with the teamster, Brother Moffett, for the Ascension Saints to establish a camp at the United States border, to prevent any more immigrants entering Mexico until the matter was cleared up. This was immediately accomplished under the direction of James Freestone and Israel Call. Also, MacDonald relayed the comforting suggestion that since the order of expulsion was of local origin, hopes of its revocation were favorable. He also explained that it was practically inevitable that suspicion should be raised by a large group of Americans entering the Mexican territory, without declaring their intentions, and establishing groups of military-looking camps over a fifty mile strip. Neither was it surprising, he said, that these suspicions should be reported to the state governor. He thought that an explanation would surely clear the atmosphere especially with the proffered help of their legal advisor, Dr. Samaniego.

From San Jose station the Brethren sent a telegram to the Church authorities at Salt Lake City advising them of the new development of affairs and followed it with a copy of Silvestor's letter.

The secretary of the supreme government of the State writes officially under date of April 1, 1885, as follows:

The executive government, not having received any official notice in regard to the motives with which the Mormons have immigrated into the country, the Governor orders the Chief of the Mormons that they leave the state immediately, allowing them only a reasonable length of time in which to comply with the order. According to the foregoing which I have translated

for your information, I hereby command you, together with the other families which you represent, to leave the state within a period of fifteen days from this date, April 9, 1885.

Silvestor Quevado,  
Liberty and Constitution  
Casas Grandes, April 9, 1885

Upon arrival at Chihuahua City, April 15, the Teasdale-MacDonald Party suffered disconcerting rebuffs at the hands of acting Governor Fuero as depicted by the following publication in the Church section of the *Deseret News*, October 27, 1960:

#### BEGINNINGS OF JUAREZ STAKE

General Fuero, acting governor of the state of Chihuahua, did not rise from his seat as the two earnest-faced Americans were ushered into his office. They introduced themselves — Elder George Teasdale, an apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and President Alexander F. MacDonald of Maricopa Stake. The general was unimpressed.

The two men proceeded to explain to this stolid man something of the persecutions their people were undergoing in the United States at that time. The anti-polygamy crusade inspired by the Edmunds Tucker Law was in full advance. Fathers of families were being railroaded to prison, their families left to fend for themselves. This was only one of the series of persecutions borne by their people, the men explained.

In search for a place of refuge where they could live and practice their religion in peace, a large number of their people, in accordance with plans made by their leader, Brigham Young, before his death, had come to Mexico.

They had no intentions other than to establish homes and farms and to live at peace with their neighbors, the Brethren continued. They were actively seeking lands to purchase near La Ascension.

"We humbly ask," the Brethren concluded, "that you consider the fact that this large company of people had no other place to go and that you revoke or, at least, extend the order that they leave the state in 15 days."

General Fuero's face was grim. His answer, "No." The men pleaded, argued, reasoned until they had exhausted every hope. Still, the General was unmoved.

"Americans colonizing on Mexican lands has cost us the state of Texas," he concluded gravely.

President MacDonald had a faint glimmer of hope. "But our case is different," he argued, "we're not filing claims for land concessions, but merely asking permission to colonize."

After they had followed this line further, the general agreed to consider a petition in writing.

This demand to present their petition in legal form was immediately met through the assistance of the brilliant young lawyer, Jose Maria Gandara, whose triplicate copies furnished one for the Governor, one for Porfirio Diaz and one for themselves. However, Fuero was still adamant in regard to the expulsion order and his refusal to annul it left appeal to the Federal Government as the only other alternative. After telegraphing both President John Taylor and Moses Thatcher, Brothers Teasdale and MacDonald returned to the camps.

Upon reaching the La Ascencion camp, Elder Teasdale was encouraged to find that their Mexican friend, Jose Maria Olguin had alleviated much of their apprehension by inviting all the Mormons to move onto his land, "Where," he prophesied, "the expulsion order can never take effect." He was also giving much financial assistance by refusing to accept rent due on his land or, at least, lowering the rent and by proffering milk cows for family use.

Although Elder Thatcher had been home in Logan less than three weeks, when he received word of the crisis he immediately responded to the need of his help and the following excerpt from his letter to MacDonald, dated April 27, 1885 was heartening to the Saints as they waited and prayed.

On my suggestion to President Taylor he had communicated by letter and wire with Helaman Pratt at the City of Mexico asking him to request a stay of proceedings until Elder Young and I can reach there more fully prepared to present our side. . . . Write me fully at Mexico City in detail. I shall go with all the faith I can muster . . . and if he (God) prosper my enterprise, we will try to secure the mountain country we saw. After all that has happened, would it not be a marvel and a wonder if the Lord Almighty should give us that land for a place of refuge? . . . Pray for me always, please, and for the ultimate success of our mutual mission, and may God bless you. . . .

Ever your brother,  
Moses Thatcher

Although Helaman Pratt and F. R. Snow, missionaries for the Church at Mexico City, endeavored to act according to instructions of President Taylor, for the lack of a hundred dollar lawyer fee, they failed to obtain an appointment for the Apostles, Moses Thatcher and Brigham Young, Jr., with President Porfirio Diaz. The party, therefore, were forced to wait their turn for an audience in the little anteroom of the President's chamber. An all day's wait was a bit discouraging and Elder Thatcher laughingly spoke of the "thrill" one gets as he learns to wear a smile on his face though he has "cholic" in his stomach. At the end of the second day, tired and discouraged, they returned to their room to pray.

Next morning Apostle Thatcher comforted the others by saying, "Gentlemen, we shall have success today," and then related a dream given him during the night. He said he thought they were struggling unsuccessfully to reach the top of a steep hill. At last, looking around, he saw a withered reed or brush and wondered if that might help a little. Taking hold of it he found surprising strength in it and immediately they were at the top.<sup>14</sup>

As on the other days, they sat in the ante-room for some time before the door opened and a little man with a maimed right arm and left leg, came out and with the aid of a crutch, hobbled around the room, giving a bright cheery smile and a pleasant word to everyone.<sup>15</sup> When Apostle Thatcher saw Pacheco he leaned over and whispered, "there is our withered reed."

As the General greeted one after another, it was plain that all honored him. Coming to the Brethren he pleasantly greeted them with, "Good morning," and then asked where they were from. "Chihuahua" he repeated, "I am glad to see you. We have some Mormon colonies out there in which we are much interested. Do you happen to know anything about them?" Upon being informed that it was on account of trouble in regard to them that they were there waiting for an opportunity to see the President, he said, "Two days! We'll see about that." He then hurried into the other room and when the door opened again the Brethren were called in.

President Diaz asked a few questions and while the Brethren answered, he began writing an order to Fuero countermanding the expulsion order. This he handed to one in waiting and said, "Take this to the telegraph office immediately." Then turning to Elder

<sup>14</sup>From the Journal of Sullivan C. Richardson.

<sup>15</sup>The Brethren knew he was General Pacheco and that on the 5th of May when the French were driven into the Gulf of Mexico, he was one of Diaz's most able Generals. His leg and arm was the price he paid for Mexico's liberty.

Thatcher he said, "Gentlemen, we cannot talk here. Come and take dinner with me". . . .

After thanking the President and the other Government Officials for their kind treatment and the renewed invitation to settle in Mexico, Elder Thatcher said it would be a pleasure to answer any questions the President might ask concerning the Mormons and their colonizing in Mexico. President Diaz answered by saying, "The assurance that I have received by your people coming to Mexico to colonize and keeping the laws of the land leaves nothing to ask. We want a class of people to colonize our lands who will build up and help to develop the resources of our country, and we feel assured that this is your object in coming amongst us. Welcome to Mexico." In a letter to A. F. MacDonald, Brother Thatcher also reported two interviews with General Pacheco, Secretary of Public Works and Governor of Chihuahua, in which the General expressed deep regard for the Mormons and hoped they would colonize in his country. The two Apostles, Thatcher and Brigham Young, Jr., returning from the Porfirio Diaz interview, requested Teasdale and MacDonald to meet them at El Paso on May 23rd to learn the good news of the revocation of the expulsion order. However, sometime later Fuero wrote an expulsion order of his own and sent it to the "Mormon Chief of the La Ascencion Camps." Through their translator, Charles Edmund Richardson, they read that the Mormons in La Ascencion would be permitted to harvest their crops, after which they would all be required to leave the state of Chihuahua. If they refused to go willingly a state militia would escort them.<sup>16</sup> This act cost Fuero his political head. He was removed from office and is reported to have died a pauper.

The expulsion order which cost the colonists much in time, worry and money brought its particular blessings by bringing the colonists into forceful and congenial contact with the President of the Republic and General Carlos Pacheco, Secretary of Foreign Relations and Governor of Chihuahua. It made opportunity for those two key officials to put into writing and action the welcome and kindly feelings they had previously expressed. It removed from office the acting Governor, Fuero, whom Dr. Samaniego had warned was strongly anti-American, and brought an invitation from Governor Pacheco to refer any future trouble to him personally.<sup>17</sup>

With the expulsion order revoked, Federal approval assured, and religious freedom guaranteed, the Saints were assured a solid footing

<sup>16</sup>Journal of S. C. Richardson.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid.

in the new country. But the Saints were back to the problem of no homes and no prospects of land. They felt that they were at the bottom of everything and discouragement hovered around tent doors as they called a day of fasting and prayer for land. Early in the appointed testimony meeting a Danish Sister awakened all hearts to a better understanding of faith and works by her beautiful testimony. Among other things she said: "Ven ve are at de bottom it iss time to look oop. Den ve find blessings. If ve don't count blessings so vell in Engliss, ve count dem in Daniss un den dey voiks (work) in Spanis. . . . If ve feel to ron avay, den ver do ve ron? . . . If everything is vait, den ve vait. Bot Bruders un Sisters, skall ve also sit down?"

At the same meeting when Apostle Teasdale arose to speak, every heart stood still. For they knew that the pulpit was filled with God's representative in this foreign land. As his testimony and counsel took form in inspired words, all felt again the deep significance of their mission in Mexico. Spiritual roots sprouted again and they knew, like Nephi,<sup>12</sup> that the Lord never asks his children to do anything save he opens the way for them to accomplish it. As they returned to the door of their tents they seemed to have found a compass pointing the way to success and in their hearts they promised the Danish lady, "Ve skall not also sit down."

With renewed faith and vigor the Saints tackled the camp problems, and the Priesthood Brethren went into renewed action in their search for land. Groups from the camp searched locally both up and down the river, and at a conference at Corralitos with members from all camps, the people voted to send another exploration party into the Sierra Madre Mountains. This would be the largest exploring expedition since their arrival on the river and Elder Francis M. Lyman planned to be in El Paso on July 5, 1885 to participate in it. Here he was to meet Señor Ignacio Gomez del Campo, Government land agent from Distrito Federal (Mexico City) with the intention of examining and investigating land offers in Northern Chihuahua. Señor Campo was invested with power to sell any land offers which proved satisfactory.<sup>13</sup>

Back at La Ascension Elder George Teasdale, Brothers Charles Edmund Richardson, Jesse N. Smith and Israel Call got passports for themselves and outfits and boarded the train at San Jose station to join the Lyman and Gomez de Campo conference at El Paso. Here

<sup>12</sup>*Book of Mormon*, I Nephi 3:7.

<sup>13</sup>*Journal of Jesse N. Smith*.

they learned that Campo would be unable to meet them until Sunday. While waiting four days they spent some time in purchasing supplies, provisions, arms and ammunition for the exploration party and in overcoming the difficulties with customs officials that were constantly encountered in crossing the line. Jesse N. Smith tells, also, of assisting Elder George Teasdale in revising his biography, written for the history of Utah, then being published by Bancroft.

Because of danger from Geronimo's band of hostile Indians, Gomez ordered Lieutenant Colonel Angel Boquet to accompany the expedition with a group of Mexican soldiers. Campo and his Lieutenant arrived at San Jose station from Chihuahua City in time to accompany the Brethren overland to Corralitos. However, at San Domingo Springs they met a team with three outriders from La Ascencion, which had been sent to meet Colonel Boquet who then kindly delivered a note to Lot Smith at Ascencion, advising him of Elder Lyman's arrival at Corralitos.

As pre-arranged, Brother Smith immediately dispatched Brothers George C. (Parson) Williams, Martin Sanders and Joseph Fish from Ascencion to Corralitos with pack and saddle animals, provisions, and some arms and ammunition to help supply the exploration party. Joseph Fish returned but the other two men joined the exploring expedition. The Sisters at Corralitos made a shirt and a suit of underwear for Jesse N. Smith; washed and ironed clothes for the other men and prepared food as much as possible. As the final item of preparation, the men took a bath in the river.

For greater efficiency in functioning, Elder Lyman organized the company of ten men as follows: F. M. Lyman as president, George Teasdale as chaplain and recorder, George C. Williams as captain of the guard and Israel Call and Martin Sanders as packers, Charles E. Richardson as cook, Isaac Turley as commissary, A. F. MacDonald and Brother Farnsworth as supervisors of the horses and J. N. Smith as nurse and health inspector. They were accompanied by a Mexican guide.

Each man was supplied with a riding horse and the company shared four pack animals and two extra horses. At Camp Turley, near Corralitos, the company spent Sunday, July 19th, attending Church services, visiting the Saints, and inspecting the very promising crops. Next morning, after quieting the very unruly pack animals, they arrived at Casas Grandes to find Colonel Boquet and Patricio del Campo ready only with a promise to join them next day with a file

of soldiers. Going west from Casas Grandes, they camped the first night in a beautiful little valley on the Piedras Verdes River . . . future site of Colonia Juárez. Next morning their Mexican guide left them and returned to Casas Grandes.

Following up the Piedras Verdes River they climbed rugged timbered mountains with few valleys, over trails which they describe as "awful." At the top they found Strawberry Valley, Cave Valley and Corrales Basin in two of which Mormon settlements were later established. Signs of ancient habitation were everywhere present and as they walked over the terraced slopes and depressions indicating ancient cultivation, they felt as if they were walking in Book of Mormon days. At Cave Valley, so named because the canyon walls were dotted with cliff dwellings, they entered and carefully inspected the "Olla Cave," high on its west wall.

The cave is located some eight miles north-west of where Colonia Pacheco was eventually established and four miles south-west of the William's Ranch where the Tompson family was later murdered by



OLLA CAVE — Courtesy of Heaten Lunt

Apache Indians. The cave mouth, about 18 x 50 feet wide,<sup>20</sup> opens about two hundred feet above the creek bed below and marks the perpendicular center of the gigantic cliff. The approach to the cave is a single trail up a steep mountain and for considerable distance is worn into the almost solid rock face of a precipitous ledge. The cave roof slants gradually back for about two hundred feet to a height of perhaps two feet then extends back to an undetermined distance.

The cave shelters some twenty or more ancient dwellings; some of those near the entrance are two stories high while those farther back seem to be a series of cement-like one-story partitions connected by small entrances. An altar, in front of one of the buildings, suggests its use as a temple of worship.

In the foreground, at the southern end of the cave, stood a huge olla-shaped edifice about thirty-five feet in circumference and some twelve feet high.<sup>21</sup> Bear Grass and Willows were used in the mud forming the six or eight inch thick walls — conveniently perforated by portholes.<sup>22</sup> The finishing plaster of mud and cement showed many hand marks, indicating that the hand had been used instead of a trowel.

Hieroglyphics resembling those copied from Abraham in the *Pearl of Great Price* were inscribed on the wall surfaces. Inside the Olla, a two-foot wall served as a bench or seat circling inside the outer wall. Corncobs and a few ears of yellow and red corn indicated that the Olla had been used to store grain.

Continuing their journey, the exploration party reached Corrales Basin July 24, 1885 and camped on the ridge overlooking a long valley in the tops of the mountains. Here Elder Lyman shot two deer and Brother Farnsworth brought one down, so they declared a holiday to jerk the meat and to celebrate the anniversary of the Pioneer's entrance into Salt Lake Valley. Edmund Richardson, agile as a cat, climbed one of the trees, lopped off the branches to form a flagpole and unfurled the American Flag to the breeze, perhaps for the first time in this locality. The Flag was flown at half-mast,

<sup>20</sup>Thomas Romney, *Mormon Colonies in Old Mexico*, (Salt Lake City, Deseret Book, 1938), p. 103.

<sup>21</sup>Interview with Heaton Lunt.

<sup>22</sup>Brother Lunt states that he and his wife, Chloe Parmer Lunt, were two of a group of eight young people who entertained the Olla and danced a square-dance just for the novelty of it. In the Colonia Diaz school museum were two skulls taken from this cave: one of a woman and one of a baby whose frontal was still covered with considerable hair. (Author saw them).

along with all the flags in the United States, in deference to the passing of her ex-president, Ulysses S. Grant. Brother Sanders, who was ill, spent the day in bed under the care of Jessie N. Smith, camp nurse.

By this time, the men were very proficient in fashioning makeshift tents from wagon covers they had brought with them, and so when it rained during the afternoon, all were dry and comfortable. During the evening Brother Smith amused the fellows by making a phrenological examination of all their heads.

Before descending into the Janos Valley for the return trip, the party climbed a lookout which afforded a view into Sonora and the entire region. They saw rocky, timbered mountains cut by gorges but having no valleys of any size. On their descent, July 29th, they discovered the tracks of a party having mules, donkeys and horses who had entered the canyon from the east side not far from their camp. They thought it might have been the tracks of Boquet's group of soldiers who never did overtake the explorers.

The Janos Valley, through which they traveled on their return trip, was found to be very promising, large and grassy. On the 30th they camped on the Janos River at the crossing of the Corralitos trail. Here the party separated — Brothers MacDonald, Turkey and Farnsworth going to Corralitos. As the others passed a few miles below Janos on their way to the La Ascencion camps, they met a detachment of U.S. Cavalry who reported that two hundred United States Scouts were in the district hunting for Geronimo and his Apache Indian who were on the War Path and reported to be in the Sierra Madre Mountains. The exploration party reached their La Ascencion camp July 31, five p.m., to find that the American Soldiers had also passed through the camp.

In his report to the colonists on Sunday morning, August 2nd, of the expedition just finished, Elder Lyman said he was grateful that they had escaped trouble with either Indians or high water. He dwelt upon the merits of the Piedras Verdes Valley of their first night's camp and praised the three small Valleys in the tops of the Sierra Madre Mountains. "These three," he said, "offered a foothold in the heart of timberland, ideal for lumbering and cattle raising, but not large enough for farming." He said that he was partial to the latter location because it was somewhat isolated from the natives, which fact might minimize differences. Elder Lyman advised prayer night and morning without exception. "Live every principle of the Gospel."

he advised, "pay your tithing whether you have much or little, and be united and cultivate brotherly love."

Sometime during the day, the Saints were overjoyed to see Apostles John W. Taylor, Erastus Snow and his son, Franklin, drive into camp. Elder Snow assured the Saints by saying, "Do not any of you think that you or the Presidency made any mistake in your coming here. This is a forward movement . . . and you will stay here and show a willingness to obey the laws of the land." Elder Taylor said he rejoiced to see a set of people who had gone forth and kept some of the laws of the Celestial Kingdom of God. Many of us are seeking the goods of this world, but we will never prosper until our faith and our money are carried in the same vessel. . . . You in this land must not live on each other, but with each other, then you will prosper and be ready for the Savior.

After his Church session, Elder Taylor called a council meeting where land problems were discussed at length. His party then went over to Brother William's camp to spend the night and hold another council meeting before going to the other camps for the same purpose.

The consensus of all camp members was to buy land, especially the Piedras Verdes prospect, and as Elder Snow was en route to Mexico City and would take Elder Lyman with him, the land committee, Thatcher, MacDonald, and Lot and Jesse N. Smith, empowered them with authority in behalf of the Saints to make the purchase.<sup>23</sup>

But no deal was made and the Saints could have been thrown into despair except for the true pioneer spirit with which they continued to look to the future with faith. Their greatest asset against discouragement was the knowledge that, though they were without a country here, they were citizens of heaven and, could claim that citizenship through obedience to their Eternal Father. Elder Teasdale's constant reminder that besides seeking a refuge they were here to uplift the Lamanites<sup>24</sup> also gave greater purpose to their mission.

Unity among the people was fostered by the early morning prayer hour under the direction of chaplain, Sextus E. Johnson, which called all from tents, wagons, or open camps, as the case might be, to participate in daily worship. Here they renewed their faith and trust. Besides the spiritual uplift this hour afforded, it provided an opportunity for the people to discuss problems and plan for the day.

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<sup>23</sup>Journal by camp historian, Levi M. Savage.

<sup>24</sup>The name used in the Book of Mormon to designate the Indian.

and it fostered a sense of togetherness — togetherness in families, in camp, and in worship of their Lord.

This unity gave help and comfort to many in times of trouble or need. When Dan W. Jones, the early Mexican-mission explorer, brought the corpse of his son-in-law, John D. Brody, to the camps at La Ascencion, he found this togetherness adequate to meet his needs. The people listened with sympathy and understanding as he told his story. While John was helping to ship the rich ore from their Sabanal mine, he accidentally dropped his gun and it discharged, sending a bullet plowing through his body. A Mr. Jesse Steel nursed the injured man for eight days, thinking he was improving. However, one night an artery, injured by the bullet, ruptured and the man bled to death before help reached him. From there, the campers took over. Miles P. Romney made a coffin, the sisters prepared burial clothing while the Brethren dressed the corpse and conducted the funeral services.

Meanwhile the maturing crops, offering an abundant harvest, whispered "peace," but a peace based upon continued effort to establish themselves in this alien land. Every effort went into harvesting 1,000 bushels of excellent corn, a fine crop of wheat, potatoes, squash, and watermelon. Several men contracted to harvest Mexican wheat. This they cradled and shocked for two dollars in cash or one "Fenega" of wheat per acre. Meanwhile, the enterprising women dried squash from their own gardens, and fruit from the Mexican orchards. Much of the fruit was dried or picked on shares. Brother S. H. Rogers speaks of helping his wife make "squash butter." To take care of the crop of sugar cane, several of the Brethren rigged up a molasses mill and Jesse N. Smith records his share of molasses as seven and one-half gallons. A great feeling of success was experienced the day Joe James drove into camp with a load of the first flour ground from their own wheat. Better still, he had paid only two and one-half cents per hundred pounds instead of the usual eight cents.

Because these people were dependent upon their own resources, manufacturing was begun even in the camps. Many built and maintained their own equipment. Miles P. Romney took advantage of Señor Olguin's offer of Black Willows which he used to manufacture chairs. These he sold both in camps and in La Ascencion. After helping his wife wash Apostle Teasdale's clothes on a rock in the river, S. H. Rogers made her a washboard and soon was busy supplying the entire camp. Shoes were manufactured and mended, and even the ladies learned how to make canvas and denim shoes. Butter

was manufactured and one brother tells of bringing a crock from Deming in which to pack the butter.

Land offers continued to come and go like whirlwinds across the desert, but each one brought hope and was investigated before it dissolved. A few offers evoked more positive action. S. C. Richardson and John Fish began surveying some land north of the camps and negotiations continued with local land owners. Then Elder Lyman wrote that he and Elder Snow, at Mexico City, had made arrangements to purchase twenty "criteos" (about eight thousand seven hundred acres) of land in the mountains of Chihuahua; however, afterward the Mexicans retracted their offer and the Apostles returned to Salt Lake City determined to try again for land in the state of Sonora. Soon two letters arrived, one was from Helaman Pratt in Mexico City stating that there was still hope of obtaining land in the state of Chihuahua; the other was from Campo himself, introducing a representative to meet with them at La Ascencion November 2, 1885.<sup>25</sup> At this meeting, held at Brother Maxwell's house in La Ascencion, Campo offered to sell forty thousand hectares of any unclaimed land in Distrito Galeana at sixty-five cents per hectare. Wonderful! Except that no unclaimed land was found which could support a colony.<sup>26</sup>

With the failure of this land deal, most of the campers, like hens sitting on turkey eggs, adjusted themselves a bit more comfortably and settled down to a longer wait. "Well," rationalized one sister, "I have grown almost to like my piece of-canvas-around-a-lot-of-outdoors kitchen, and if I could find a place to put all the sand and dirt which blows in, we would have ample land without buying it." Her ability to jest under these conditions is better appreciated after reading the following entry from the camp journal:

January 1, 1886. We still lie here, about fifteen families with probably forty other families to other parts of the state, anxiously waiting for a land purchase to be made upon which we can settle. We are pilgrims in a strange land, among strangers, exposed to the heat of the sun and the cold of the winter. We camp in tents, wagons, and dugouts and for ten months we have expected every mail to bring us tidings of the success of our

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<sup>25</sup>Journal of Jesse N. Smith.

<sup>26</sup>As early as during the Spanish Rule, continuing during the Porfirio Diaz regime, Mexican government lands were squandered. Those not given as grants were bestowed upon individual favorites or potential enemies to the government. Thus Mexico had no good lands with available water. The only way to obtain such land was to buy from individual owners, which was hazardous because many tracts were without valid titles.

brethren who are negotiating for land in the republic. We are harrassed by horse thieves. . . . Still we have peace, health, and many of the comforts of life. The Lord is good to us."

Brother Peter McBride wrote:

I'd like a change of grub  
A shampoo and a scrub  
And to sit down to  
A richer bill of fare.

Sister Olive, C. E. Moffitt, leaves us the following from a woman's viewpoint:<sup>27</sup>

We entered the land of Mexico in March, 1885. We came willingly because we had to, for Uncle Sam got cross because there were so many of us women, you know. And why did we come? To save ourselves? Yes, and something more. Apostle Teasdale was with us then and told "us" that if we would be blessed ourselves, we must bless others. For said he, we should all be missionaries.

We loved our dark neighbors, we shouldn't do otherwise for we were in their country. After much trying we learned to *Hablar* (to speak) *Tratar* (to try) and *trabajar un poco* (to work a little). The wind blew then too, and gave us grit to keep on working and learning *poco más* (a little more). The natives didn't dress as well then as they do now, in fact, some of them didn't dress at all. But they did bid us welcome.

We camped on the banks of the river in the shade of the trees . . . like one big family. The nice warm ground looked promising, so we started planting the very next day and my, how those seeds did grow! They grew till the vines dragged the poor little squash for yards across the hot sand. I guess they wanted to go and see how the *maiz* (corn) and *frijoles* (beans) grew.

Some of we women learned to hitch and drive our own teams, but we didn't mind that, we were young then and ready for fun. We visited, worked, danced, sang, and worshipped in turn. We didn't mourn for what we had left behind, for life seemed good in Mexico.

And the babies, they didn't wait for us to build houses. They came right along and were welcomed in tent, shed, or wagon box so our numbers increased. We kept on growing.

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<sup>27</sup> By kind permission of Edith Clause and Lulu Moffit Millet.

spreading, working, and increasing until there were seven glorious colonies. The glorious sunshine, exquisite twilight, beautiful moon mixed with plenty of good cheer made life a round of pleasure. We had some ups and downs of course, and lots of bumps, why yes, but why remember them, brave hearts would not. 'Tis better far to be hopeful, be cheerful and never complain.

As time passed, the Colonists began to realize that they were forming close ties with their dark-skinned neighbors. Lot Smith expressed the consensus of the people when he said, "These natives have many good traits of character, as well as bad. Many of them speak of gratitude to the Lord for the blessings they enjoy. They rise early for work and are thorough. Many of their characteristic traits are commendable." The Colonists found it to be a fact that if you make a friend of the Mexicans and put trust in them they will go to immeasurable lengths to serve and live up to that trust. It is well that the Saints learned to cooperate with these native countrymen.

Deeming positive action to be a sure cure for dejection, Apostle Teasdale went out to select a townsite on the latest proposed land purchase. Near La Ascencion, he, with S. H. Rogers and Joseph Fish, Wesley Norton and Sextus E. Johnson, selected a spot some six miles west of the upper camp, near the west mountain on the Palatada Wash.<sup>28</sup> On February 11, 1886, after designating the southwest corner of the future townsite, Apostle Teasdale dedicated the plot and named it Rock Joseph, in honor of the Prophet Joseph Smith. After the dedicatory prayer, each of the other men was asked to offer a prayer also.<sup>29</sup> Next day Brothers Wesley Norton and Sextus E. Johnson moved onto the Rock Joseph site and they were soon followed by others including William Derby Johnson, Jr., and Darc LeBaron.

When again the land deal failed, W. D. Johnson wrote:<sup>30</sup>

The first week in June, 1886, we moved back to our old camp on friend Olgui's land. We were glad to get back into the shade as at the dusty camp it was very dry and warm. During the rainy season Olgui let us use two of his rooms and also offered more milk cows for the use of the people in the camp.

<sup>28</sup>Diary of Joseph Fish.

<sup>29</sup>Diary of S. H. Rogers.

<sup>30</sup>Diary of Joseph Fish. Diary of Samuel Hollister Rogers.

In spite of the failure of the purchase of land and the troublesome daily affairs of the Colonists, the ecclesiastical affairs of the camp ran smoothly under the direction of presiding elders who were themselves under the supervision of the appointed apostles. Chaplains were assigned to conduct the daily prayer services. After Jesse N. Smith, the first presiding Elder, was recalled to Arizona, Samuel Hollister Rogers presided until after the death of his wife by smallpox, when he moved away. He was followed by Sextus Johnson; Charles Whiting was the last presiding Elder before William Derby Johnson was made Bishop.

On June 4, 1886, Apostles Teasdale and Snow called a priesthood meeting and appointed Brother Charles Whiting to preside over the Lot Smith camp (which later became Colonia Diaz). At the same meeting they appointed Brother M. P. Mortensen and John Squires as ward teachers and Sullivan C. Richardson as camp historian.<sup>11</sup>

After his appointment, the genial disposition and wise counsel of Brother Whiting helped to alleviate the restlessness inspired by continued land disappointments and he ably conducted the Sacrament service and Sunday Schools which began soon after arrival at the camps. Fast day with its services was held on Thursday. Within two weeks after his appointment, Brother Whiting lost his wife, Amy Porter Whiting, and her little daughter Linnie, whom he had to bury in the La Ascencion cemetery. However, this great loss did not deter his church activities.

At Sunday services on June 20, 1886, Brother Whiting organized the first Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association with Sister Verona Whiting as President, Sisters Dinn Merrill as first and Ada Earl as second counselors, and Irene Richardson as secretary. Also, John Kartchner was made Sunday School Superintendent and L. M. Savage assistant secretary. At this meeting Brother Whiting announced that J. Squires would conduct a five-week day school free of charge.<sup>12</sup>

At a business meeting called this Sunday evening, it was decided to build a combination church and school house as soon as possible. Brother Levi M. Savage, who was put in charge of the building, had some old adobes hauled onto the building site. However, the project was abandoned with the purchase of land some time later.

When Brother Lot Smith lost his eighteen-month old son, Jesse Nathaniel, Brother S. C. Richardson made a coffin from some shelves

<sup>11</sup>Journal of camp historian, Levi M. Savage.

<sup>12</sup>The story of this school is given in more detail in the chapter on Schools.

which Sister Earl proffered. A burial spot was selected about one mile east of the camp site and here on September 19th they also buried little Kathie Savage, daughter of Nora and L. M. Savage.

As affairs within the camp progressed and strengthened, those outside were disquieting. Proof substantiating the warning of the U.S. soldiers that Indians were infesting the vicinity kept filtering into camp. Lot Smith, returning from a trip to Arizona, reported Indians on the war-path along the way and that several white men had been killed, one near Palomas on the border. When Elder Teasdale returned from the upper colonies and reported one man killed near Corralitos and four horses stolen, the people became more alarmed about the mysterious gun fire which had taken place near the Williams' camp. They organized for better protection with Joseph H. James acting as captain. Night guard was maintained for each camp with three reliefs each night. Soon the *presidente* of La Ascencion requested that a volunteer group of Mormons go out and operate against the Indians, but because there were so few Mormon men, no one went. This Indian infiltration of the Sierra Madre Mountains was undoubtedly the root of serious Indian trouble which later developed for the Mormons.

At this time a joyous event occurred which pushed the Indian problem into a place of secondary importance. After more than one and one half years of waiting, the long anticipated location for the "City of Refuge" was realized when in October, 1886, Ignacio del Campo sold to the Church seven thousand acres of land just north of La Ascencion. As soon as a purchase was reasonably sure, the campers went out in a body to select a townsite.

The spot they located was down the Great Valley a little west of center, across the Casas Grandes River three miles north of La Ascencion, and nineteen miles south-east of the corner boundary line, lowest point in the Gadsden purchase. Its position is further designated as ninety miles south of Deming, New Mexico, two hundred miles southwest of El Paso, Texas, and some 80 miles north of Colonia Juárez, her sister Colony.

William D. Johnson received word from E. Snow to survey a townsite under the direction of Charles Whiting as presiding Elder and to lay it out according to the farm-village system advocated by the Church since Nauvoo days. This system, in which the people live in a town and farm around it, affords protection and better religious, educational, and recreational opportunities. Brother Snow

also suggested that the main street run directly north and south in a straight line with traffic from La Ascencion to Deming, New Mexico, a railroad town of some eight hundred inhabitants.<sup>22</sup>

The townsitc was surveyed into one hundred forty-four blocks, each twenty-seven rods square and subdivided into four building lots. The blocks were separated by streets six rods wide flanked by six-foot sidewalks.) On all streets necessary to the distribution of irrigation water, ditches separated the streets and sidewalks.

Beginning from the south, streets running east and west were numbered from one to thirteen; while the streets running north and south were named. Beginning from the east side the names were: Olguin, Ancheta, Gandera, Pacheco, Mariscal, Julio, Main, Dubian, Baranda, Henojosa, Gonzales, Terrazas, and Hidalgo.<sup>23</sup>

The town plot was surrounded on the west, east and north with five acre lots while those on the south contained twelve acres. Beyond these were pastures both large and small. When the surveying and the planning stage was over, the Colonists gathered to begin the actual laying out of the town. It was a joyful and historic occasion. On a day during the laying out of the townsitc, Brother Miles P. Romney, an onlooker, slapped S. C. Richardson on the back and remarked, "Sullie, if you want your name to go down in history, pick up that hammer and hit one of those stakes a lick." While Sullie lifted the hammer into the air, both men laughed uproariously.<sup>24</sup>

Back at camp at a meeting held October 24, 1886, the people sustained W. D. Johnson, Jr., who had previously been made Bishop's Agent for the Mexican Mission, as Bishop over the new ward to be settled on the townsitc. At this time, the town's tentative name, "Teasdale" was changed to "St. George," still in honor of their beloved Apostle George Teasdale. Great rejoicing flared when the people learned of Brother Teasdale's plan to bring his family from Utah to be with him on the new townsitc. However, when Brother Teasdale received an unexpected missionary call to England, the welcoming party resolved itself into a farewell testimonial where Brother Teasdale said from the pulpit:

My dear brothers and sisters, we have had a singular experience since our arrival here, but all that has ever discouraged me

<sup>22</sup>Diary of William D. Johnson, Jr.

<sup>23</sup>Juarez Stake Wards, Unpublished Manuscript at Salt Lake City, Utah.

<sup>24</sup>Interview with Edmund A. Richardson.

## HEARTBEATS OF COLONIA DIAZ

has been the indifference of some of our people in regard to this mission. I have had calculations on having a family here and staying, but the Presidency has seen fit to call me to the British Isles. I have been away from my family for two years and now am to go without seeing them, to a foreign mission. It is a great trial but the Lord helped me. I don't wish to teach the people to obey counsel of their leaders and not practice it myself, and so I go obediently and with a prayer in my heart, . . . Brothers and Sisters, accept my grateful thanks for your kindness. You shall hear from me, for though I will be away from you, my interest is with you. I want to live in your hearts as you live in mine. I shall remember you when I fall on my knees before God. Depend upon me as your friend and remember me as I remember you, as one who has desired to serve God and do the work assigned me. The Lord has guided my footsteps as well as he has yours.

Have faith about the water you need. Remember that when they dedicated this land they prayed that springs would break out and all would have flowing wells, etc. God will give you water and you shall have the blessings of heaven and of the earth and of the air. And you shall be blessed in giving the Gospel to this nation and you will be thankful that you have had the honor of being here and laying the cornerstone of this colony. And you sisters shall be blessed and thankful for having been here and going through the troubles of this place and you shall have the privilege of teaching the Sisters of the Spanish speaking nation the principles of the Gospel and I'll prophesy in the name of Israel's God, that those that shall be awake and alive to their duties shall never want for bread, neither they nor their children. They shall never go naked and they shall bring them up to be an honor and they shall ever feel to glorify God and praise Him. If there is power in the Apostleship to bless, I leave you my blessings and ask God to record these blessings in heaven and the blessings heretofore promised you by his weak servants. Wherever we meet I shall be glad to see you. And I will say before I close, yield to the whims of the Custom Officers and you will get along better.

On November 9, 1886 Apostle Teasdale set William Derby Johnson, Jr. apart as Bishop of the Diaz Ward to be located upon the surveyed townsite. As can be seen, the name of the town had again been changed, this time to Colonia Diaz in honor of Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico, and this name she kept. Some three weeks later, November 28, at a meeting held in Brother Haycock's

home, Martin P. Mortensen was made first counselor to Bishop Johnson and Joseph H. James, second counselor.<sup>24</sup>

Of this, Brother Johnson said, "I was astonished at being sustained as the first Bishop in Mexico. I felt disappointed as I had served one term of nine years as Bishop in Kanab, Utah, so when Apostle Teasdale asked me if I would accept the office, I told him that I did not desire or want it, but if it was the wish of the brethren over me I would do the best I could, but would rather be excused as it was a very arduous calling. Brother Johnson's duties increased when he was sustained as Bishop Agent or Tithing Clerk for the Mexican Mission."<sup>25</sup>

When the Teasdale mantle fell upon Elder Moses Thatcher, who had so ably stood beside the Colonists in their struggle for land, the people felt happy and secure.

Years later in a publication discussing the success of Mormons as colonizers and the reason for this success, Richard T. Ely, an eminent economist, listed as contributing factors such attributes as industriousness, frugality, sobriety, brotherly love, a willingness to sacrifice for the good of the whole, the ability to subordinate and enjoy the present while reaching for high goals set in the future, and the social cement of their religion binding them together and bringing about submission to leadership.

In reference to the Mexican colonizers, Joseph Fish added to the above the ability to be leaders. He notes that of the thirty-three men from Snowflake who came to Mexico and remained, seven were Bishops, one a Stake President, and many others ex-bishops or bishops' counselors and high priests, and that all were leading men.<sup>26</sup>

Many of the colonists had reaped the benefits of living together in the "United Order"<sup>27</sup> where they had also learned cooperation and all had gone through the fiery furnace of waiting a year and a half for land in Mexico. Indeed, the participants in the Colonia Diaz settle-

<sup>24</sup>S. C. Richardson Diary.

<sup>25</sup>Diary of William D. Johnson, Jr.

<sup>26</sup>Fish says: "This number of leading men, with twenty-seven others who went elsewhere, was a heavy blow to the Snowflake Stake of only five-hundred families and stymied business very much. . . This expulsion has few equals in history. It has broken up many homes and made many in destitute circumstances who, hitherto, had good homes."

<sup>27</sup>In his *Mormon Doctrine* Bruce McConkie explains the "United Order" thus: In order to live the Law of Consecration, the early settlers in this dispensation set up the United Order as the local organization to receive consecration, convey stewardships back to donors, and to regulate the storehouses containing surplus properties.

ment were not commonplace men, they had gone the second mile in leading obedience to God's commandments and, morally, they were clean and of unquestionable integrity and high principles. Apostle Snow publicly recognized and appreciated these qualities and said they had proven their ability to stay in Mexico and they could now invite their friends to come and colonize with them. Although, most of these colonizers were financially destitute, they had fortitude and other characteristics necessary to succeed in colonization in a strange land and they wrote their success in a thriving community peopled with children of faith.

## Chapter IV

# BIRTH OF A CITY

As "stock in trade," the first fifteen families who moved, a few at a time, onto the Colonia Diaz town site had little more than bare hands and their religion. However, the feeling of security and permanency, engendered by the purchase of land, sent them eagerly out onto the sun-saturated flat to begin building their long-hoped-for City of Refuge. Well they knew the toil that city would exact, and that men, women, and children would share alike in its birth pains. They realized there was land to clear, ditches to dig, furrows to plow, and bridges and homes to build, but they had that pioneer imagination and faith which enabled them to enjoy the vision of things even as they struggled for their achievement.

Three jobs had to be tackled simultaneously — digging surface wells for water, clearing enough land to settle on, and building shelters. Foot-paths soon meandered through the brush connecting the various camps as neighbors assisted each other in setting up temporary shelters or carried water from a neighbor's well until their own had been dug.

The mesquite, with its maze of lateral roots massed a few inches under the surface of the ground and its great tap-root running down to the water table, imposed the greatest problem in clearing the land, especially since only primitive tools were available. However, as land clearing progressed, woodpiles grew and solved the previously knotty problem of fuel. Mesquite is hard wood and its large roots, burned in the fireplaces provided in every home, compared favorably with coal, both in heat and in burning time.

In this treeless valley the saints turned to sundried adobe as building material for their homes. It was as if their beloved land had raised up to shelter as well as support them. It needed but the addition of straw, water, and enough labor to convert the soil into suitable adobe shapes and there was building material, drying in the sun to be ready for walls. One man told of how he, impatient about the drying process, built the walls of his house with wet adobes,

and then built a fire to help the drying process while his family was comfortably housed. S. C. Richardson moved his two wives, Irene and Tressa, into their three-roomed house when it was little more than a foundation, and as the walls grew, they basked in the glow from the fireplace and imagined they were warm. Later Tressa's log house was moved down from the camps giving her the distinction of owning the only log house in town.<sup>1</sup> Brother James Ray is reputed to have built the first house in Colonia Diaz, but by the end of 1886 some half-dozen houses were nearing completion.<sup>2</sup> Each home had its outdoor comfort station or "privy," often called "The Back House" because of its secluded place in the back yard. Its open plumbing constituted a health problem which was often included among the items discussed by the Bishop in public meetings. Because the water table was so near the surface of the grounds, he explained, pit receptacles were absolutely taboo and a generous spreading of lime or wood-ashes must follow each occupancy. Furniture of this station consisted of a well scrubbed, one or two-holed seat with or without hinged covers, a can of lime or ashes, a small scoop, a Sears' catalogue or newspapers cut into suitable sizes. Inside and outside door fasteners, usually wooden pegs swiveled on a nail, or leather straps perforated on one end to slip over a nail driven into the door-jam, assured privacy and prevented the door swinging in the wind. A small cowbell was sometimes provided for tapping out a busy signal if necessary. Modest ladies usually sought its seclusion during the absence of the men folks, or if detected, they camouflaged their intention by swerving to the woodpile and returning to the kitchen with an armful of stove-wood or an apron of chips. Children often managed to stealthily find its locked-door seclusion during dish-washing or weeding time in hopes of escaping the job since reading a smuggled book was more [redacted]ing.

These first homes were built without rock foundations and most had dirt roofs and floors. The Mexicans taught them how to puddle and pack those floors until they could practically be mopped. Dirt roofs were made by covering heavy rafters of logs with willows, grasses, straw, etc. then topping all with heavy clay. If grasses or weeds could then be included to grow on the roof they aided materially in preventing roof-top erosion. One disadvantage of a dirt roof was that by the time a rain was over the saturated roof began to leak mud. However, with additional layers of dirt and years of tamping, mud-

<sup>1</sup>Interview with Edmund A. Richardson.

<sup>2</sup>According to Jess Rowley his house was the first red brick house. The brick was made by his brother-in-law, Benjamin Norton.

leaking decreased. At the time of the exodus in 1912 only one mud-roofed house remained in Diaz. However, a few of the early builders topped their houses with shingled gabled roofs. In time this latter practice became universal, setting the town off in sharp contrast to the flat roofs of the native homes. William Derby Johnson, Jr., Martin M. Sanders, and Martin P. Mortensen were among those who achieved these roofs by freighting lumber and building supplies from Deming, New Mexico, a railroad town some ninety-five miles distant. These they were able to purchase on credit from William Merrill, a friendly merchant of the town.<sup>2</sup> Bishop Johnson's home, into which he moved on December 15, 1886, is reputed to be the first house in all of Northern Chihuahua with a shingled roof and lumber floor.<sup>3</sup> It is reported that by December, 1887 all families in Colonia Diaz were comfortably housed.

Blue prints of the town called for the houses to be built facing the street behind a spacious front yard designed for flowers and trees. Corrals and stockyards, relegated to the center of the block at the adjoining four corners, were to be connected with the street by fenced lanes. Orchards and gardens would fill the rest of the lot.

Some of the nursery stock used for these orchards was brought from Mesa, Arizona, but most of it came from a Mr. G. J. Clough who visited the district periodically. The first plantings were watered with a bucket; but by 1890, the town had planted 15,000 fruit trees of all varieties acclimated to the temperate zone, five thousand grape vines, and two thousand shade trees. One could taste his way down Main Street beginning at Joseph Mortensen's strawberries on the north end, past Aunt Maud Acord's nectarines, Eliza Whiting's seedless grapes and Bartlett pears, John Earl's plums, Matt Acord's apples, and with watermelons from the Sanders farm on the south; this interspersed with fruit from all the places in between and from those on the other side of the street.

Fruit farmers constructed many devices to protect their crops. When Joseph H. James went into partnership with Mr. Clough to plant a twenty-acre orchard and vineyard just southeast of town, he hired Brother Gale and his son, William, to build an adobe-mud fence

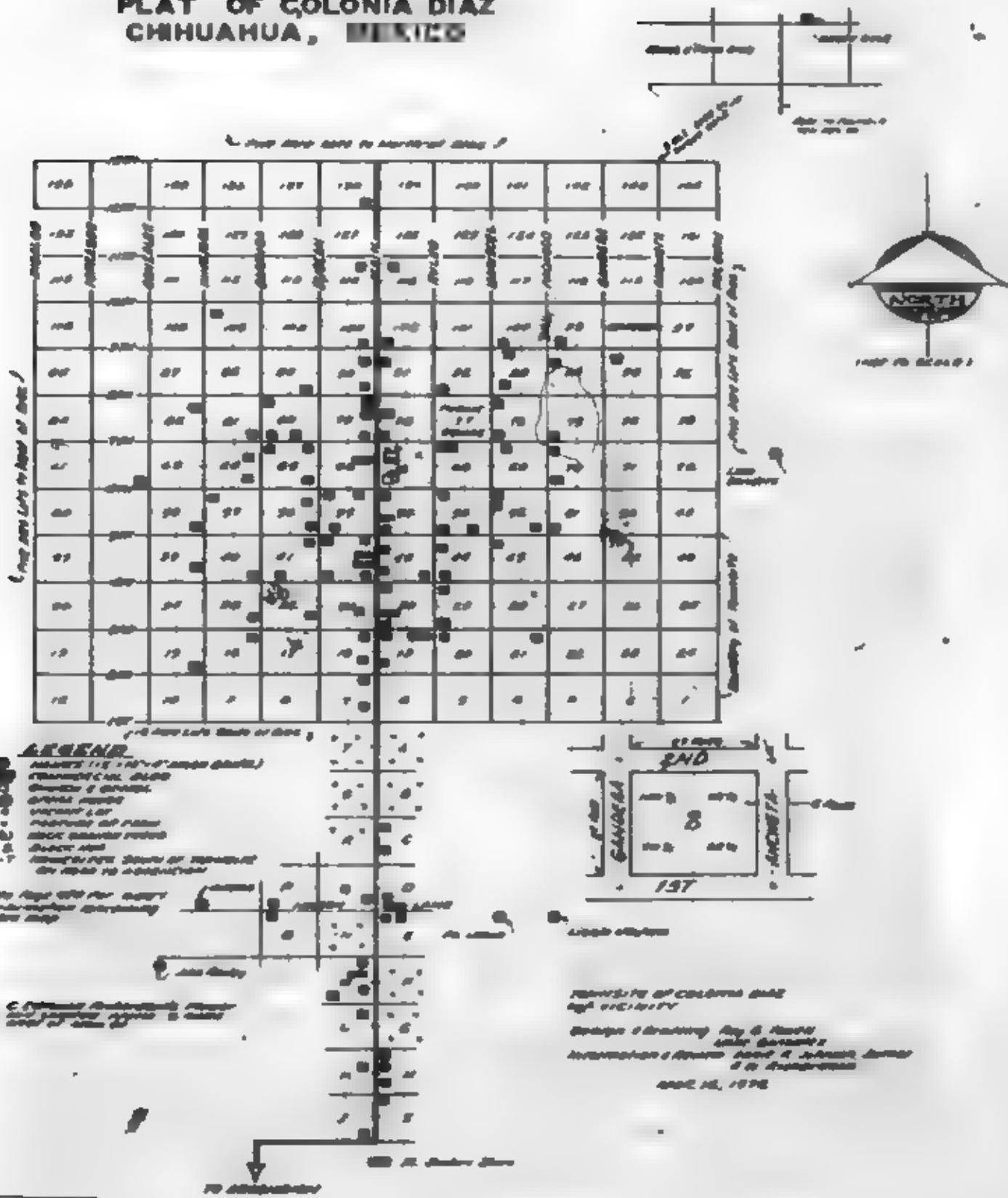
<sup>2</sup>Emma Mortensen Skousen (interviewed).

<sup>3</sup>Note. The following interesting observation was made by Maud Sanders LaFrankie, daughter of M. M. Sanders. "William D. Johnson and my father arrived in Colonia Diaz on the same day, April 21, 1885. When they built their houses across the street from each other, they ran a race to see who could finish the roof first. My father won by one shingle. Later Brother Sanders sold this place to Bishop William Derby Johnson, who then snubbed his wife Charissa into it."

**COLONIA DIAZ & HER SISTER  
COLONIES IN MEXICO**



**PLAT OF COLONIA DIAZ  
CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO**



around the plot to keep out rabbits as well as cattle and people. This was done by pouring puddled mud between lumber frames one foot apart and five feet high. As the mud dried, the frames were removed and reset to make another section of the fence. A three foot trench dug at the base of the fence to make the mud, heightened the fence to eight feet. As further protection, Brother James topped the fence with a hedge of ocotillo by forcing the end of the thorny rods into the wet mud. During frost danger the orchards were protected by setting up smudge-pots.

Brother David F. Wilson added an ingenious feature to his mud fence by putting the trench inside the enclosure with a "trip-trap" leading inside from an occasional porthole. When Mr. Rabbit crawled through the porthole onto the trap he was plunged into the trench and later used for chicken feed.\*

As homes were built on adjoining city lots, apportioned to each brother according to the number of wives he had, the town resolved itself into pleasing little family neighborhoods, unique to the Mormon Mexican colonias. Although each mother presided over her own home and family, the children of this favored neighborhood mingled freely in all the homes, loved the "Aunty Mothers," profited by their combined talents and felt security under the leadership and love of a wise father in the Patriarchal Order. Among the children the combined brothers and sisters also found social satisfaction with each other. At ward and school functions half-brother-and-sister chums teamed together, ran in the same crowd, escorted each other to dances and liked it. Having a brother or sister with twin birthdates a month or two apart was a common thing among these families, but strangers were often confused about how it could happen. When two little Johnson girls told an El Paso clerk that they were sisters, both eight years old but not twins, she was puzzled until the sisters explained; "Well, we are twins on the father's side." Perhaps the clerk was ■■■ puzzled.

People expanded their homes to fit increasing families by adding adobe rooms and uplifting the entire structure with gabled roofs, and then adding a coating of plaster and whitewash (lime wash). Or, perhaps, the old house sat humbly by while a fine red-brick house, ornate with fancy scroll-trimmed porches, ■■■ and lintels was erected in the spacious yard. The addition of trees, shrubs, vines and flowers glorified even the humblest home and marked the colony a paradise

\*Hester Wilson Lewis, daughter (interviewed).

beside the drab Mexican pueblos whose adobe houses resembled upturned shoe boxes set flush with the sidewalks in a continuous wall down the entire street. (Mexican landscaping confined itself to enclosed patios).

The inside of the dwellings in the colony also received loving attention. Probably Early American furniture would have blushed beside the elegance achieved by the Early-Colonia-Diaz-dry-goods-box furniture. It was not that the ugliness of the improvised furniture should be hidden by the crisp gingham curtains tacked around them and the crocheted doilies spread over the tops, but rather, that their usefulness should be glorified. Box tables standing on four plain legs, preened under gay oilcloth covers, and oblong boxes covered with hinged lids, became both storage chests and divans when covered with calico and strewed with inviting pillows. Little Mary Ellen Fenn said that the boxes were "Smug in their 'Paradisical Glory'."

Later, when lumber became available from the Mormon-operated sawmills in the mountains, fine custom-made furniture was built, then



House Built by Erastus Beck and later sold to Peter K. Lemmon Jr.

The contrast from the average adobe dwelling to this ornate 2-story brick home, displays the craftsmanship and progress of the Diaz builders. Leila Lemmon Caldwell holding Golda, Kim's daughter on balcony.

Sarah Lemmon, Kim's mother, his wife Lois Tenney Lemmon and baby Zoe on the porch. Abia Johnson leaning against the house.

Eins, Rue, brother and sister and Kim and his father Peter K. Lemmon Sr. standing.

(Photo by kindness of Leila Lemmon.)

painted and grained to resemble hard wood. Later still, when factory-made furniture was shipped in, these home-made pieces compared favorably and were used with pride even up to the time of the exodus in 1912.

Not many children of that day will forget the luxury of walking on the home-made, wall-to-wall carpet stretched taut over fresh straw and tacked to the floor or of falling asleep on its lap, lulled by the warmth of the fire and the ticking of the pendulum clock. The fireplace, central heating unit of the home, promoted family togetherness by drawing members out of cold corners to socialize within the fringe of its heat, or to read aloud some fine book as listeners finished off a day's work with patching, sewing on buttons, mending harnesses, or cutting shoe-laces from softened hides. Vigilant children watched delightedly as father's soldering iron grew red-hot in the embers of the fireplace ready to solder leaky pots and pans. When sister's beau called, the family retired early that the couple might enjoy young love, and hope for a future with a fireplace of their own.

In the kitchen everything, including the red geranium in the curtained window, was dominated by the little four-legged, four-holed stove jutting into the room. Saucily blinking its isinglass (micá) eyes and swinging its oven doors on either side, the stove had the appearance of intended flight except that it was grounded by the stove-pipe. It demanded perpetual attention, such as cleaning out ashes and soot, blacking and polishing its iron body, and forever feeding it corncobs, chips or wood. At its insistence, green mesquite and soggy cotton-wood had to be dried in the oven before it would burn. However, in exchange for this care, the stove turned the kitchen into a snug oasis, warmed with tantalizing cooking odors fragrant with spices. These stoves were later replaced by the Home Comfort range with its top warming oven, hot-water reservoir, front-opening oven door, and slide-out ash box.\*

The wash-bowl, just outside the kitchen door, with its bucket of water, long-handled dipper, wash basin, towel, and bar of home-made soap, was a busy unit though not the most popular with the children. The washbowl substituted as a shaving mug for the younger men, but there was no substitute for the long-handled razor and its strop.

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\*When Janey Johnson got her new range, a boarder of hers asked to buy the little discarded stove, then came back to complain about the grate being burned out. He said he had been deceived into believing that the stove was new because it was always so bright and shining.

The bedroom furniture most appreciated by the children was, perhaps, the bed-tick (mattress) overstuffed with corn shucks or straw. The fun of jumping on top of this high tick was second only to sliding down the haystack, and at night one felt like a human tamale comfortably folded in shucks. A little squirming made a luxurious form-fitting niche and the rustling of shucks lulled one to sleep. The master bedroom usually topped these shuck ticks with a feather bed, much patted and smoothed each morning and "woe betide" any offender who sat on the bed during the day.

Corners hidden by a curtain suspended on a cross wire made clothes closets with clothes hung on nails driven into the wall minus clothes hangers. The curtain around "My-lady's" dressing table sitting against the wall under a mirror usually matched the closet curtain. If the bedroom floor had no carpet, homemade throw rugs added comfort and elegance and muted footsteps so as not to disturb the baby sleeping in a homemade cradle.

Perhaps cleanliness was the elegant touch given these homes, for, with lye, soap, and elbow-grease, these Danish-Cleansers scrubbed bare floors until one visitors said they were clean enough to use as a dining table. Clean white walls frowned upon disarranged furniture or clothes thrown about. A place for everything and everything in its place was as imperative as the weekly wash.

The mothers of early Colonia Diaz were not only excellent housekeepers in spite of poverty and lack of elegant furniture, but also they successfully pitted their ingenuity and their cooking skills against a paucity of food variety and a scarcity of its supply. Their food staples --- corn, beans, and molasses, supplemented by drinks from steeped rose leaves, rose petals, peppermint, and browned bran, contained proteins, carbohydrates, and vitamins, though the people had never heard of these food values. Before the advent of the grist-mill, and during the drought, corn-bread, good or bad, was the staff of life. When this bread was made with vinegar, water, soda, salt, and cornmeal, only a big appetite could pronounce it savory, but when made with butter, cream and eggs and a little flour it was fit for a king. A popular dish for supper, dubbed "THIS" was made by adding vinegar and molasses to cool pump-water, crumbling corn-bread into it and eating it like bread and milk. As a dessert "THIS" was occasionally thickened to the consistency of white sauce and served like gravy, over corn-bread sweetened with molasses.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Olive Merrill Gonzales (interviewed).

Two illustrations might serve to verify the distaste all felt for corn bread. Young Libbie Acord wrote to her older brothers in Utah that she never went hungry but that sometimes she had to wet the corn bread under the pump to be able to swallow it.

When fourteen-year-old, Emma Mortensen worked for Arthur Simmons, manager of a grocery store in La Ascencion, he gave her a barrel of oats for her mother's chickens. But Sister Mortensen spread the oats on a sheet in the hot sun and when the weevil left she used the oats to make mush for her family. Her young son, Joseph, said this saved his life because he just couldn't choke down another bite of "that mildewy corn bread."

And beans! A day's work was seldom considered finished until a mess of beans had been cleaned and put to soak. Boiled with a bacon rind or a hamhock bone they were a pleasant cure for hunger. If the supply was short and the demand great, more water was added and a tantalizing flavor achieved by adding a little browned flour and grease. Hulled beans (beans parboiled in baking soda until the skins could be washed off and then boiled again until tender) had a delicate flavor all their own, perhaps enhanced by the white color. Instead of asking for cookies, a hungry three-year-old might plead, "Make beans, Ma, make beans!"

If beans were lacking, bread and good old "Mormon gravy" took over. Nine-year-old Otho Johnson once said, "Ma, if we can't have anything to eat but bread and gravy, for pitysakes, let's have enough of that." Young Orson James Richins related that for a time they had tallow gravy for breakfast. He remarked that because the tallow hardened in the roof of his mouth he had cold tallow for lunch. All he had to carry to school was a tooth pick.

Once, two eleven-year-old half-sisters, with three months difference in their birthdates, decided to have their families eat a surprise breakfast together. Lacking ingredients for gravy, they awakened their neighbors at 4:30 o'clock to borrow a pan of skimmed milk. The neighbor's parting advice "Next time wait until morning before borrowing milk," dampened neither the sisters' happiness as they stirred the gravy bubbling to completion nor the family togetherness as they shared a bread-and-gravy breakfast. These people shared a sentiment expressed by Will Rogers who said, "Not to be raised on gravy would be like not going swimming in the creek."

Conditions during this time, however, were not as bad for the thrifty Mormons as they were for their Mexican neighbors. Albert

Garcia, a prominent citizen of Chihuahua, said that because of no rain for two years there was extensive famine throughout the state. "Cattle are dying by the thousands," he said, "and men, women, and children are driven mad with hunger." Upon appeal President Diaz suspended custom duties so food could be imported from the United States with less cost and thereby relieve the suffering of the people of the area.

The end of the drought and the advent of the grist-mill with its supply of flour, shorts, graham, and bran, (discussed elsewhere) revolutionized the delicious menu of the town. Fluffy biscuits replaced squatly corn-bread and "light" bread, baked many loaves at a time, minimized work and the worry of bread shortage. Light bread was of two varieties, "salt-rising" and yeast. Salt rising is leaven made by trapping wild yeast from the air in a batter of coarse flour and a little salt and keeping it warm many hours until it ferments, doubles its bulk, and smells worse than sauerkraut. After rising again in a second batter, the leaven is ready to be mixed into bread using "shorts," a coarse flour unsuited for yeast bread, but delectable in salt-rising bread and most popular for the bread-and-milk suppers often served. However, before mixing her bread, the housewife usually shared a start with all her neighbors until Sister Jennie Laws began selling starts each Thursday for a cup of flour or a half cup of sugar. Other sisters, such as Janey Johnson, Janet Anderson, Dorothy Mortensen and Sister Jorgensen sold potato yeast in the same manner. Children who came to buy the yeast were never tempted to drink the foul-smelling salt-rising sponge on the way home, but few of them resisted sipping the yeast. Going after yeast in the evenings brought varied experiences to the children, such as being startled by night hawks screeching and wheeling around their heads or trembling because a pair of cat's eyes glowed at them in the dark. Rachel Mortensen told the following story of being sent on such an errand:

Sister Janet Anderson was out of yeast by the time I arrived at her home but she gave me an empty flour sack to take home to my mother. After deciding to play ghost and scare my younger sister, Amanda, I pulled the sack down over my head almost to my ankles and stealthily approached her in the dark. Because my arms were bound inside the sack I was powerless to fend off the vicious blows with which Amanda attacked the supposed ghost and she was so frightened she paid no attention to my calls, 'Stop Amanda! I'm Rachel, not a ghost!' I was finally rescued by my older sister, Dagmar, but I had paid for my prank.

Canned fresh fruit featured big in the year's food supply. Wheat and corn bins were filled, flour sacked and stored on hanging shelves as protection against rodents, sacks of dried fruit and green corn hung from rafters above the wheat, potatoes, onions, turnips and squash standing ready for use. Parsnips were better left in the ground until after frost. Most families had their own milk, butter, cheese and egg supply, and killed their own hog. Molasses and honey, imperative as sugar, was also in great supply. In later years food was never rationed.

The first culinary water was drawn in buckets from surface wells eight to twelve feet deep. They were usually curbed and supplied with a pulley and a rope well-knotted at the loose end to prevent it sliding through the pulley into the well. The bucket lowered faster than it lifted and the pulley squeaked its disapproval during the process. Butter and cream were often refrigerated in jars suspended some half way down one side of the well. One young man used the well as a means of correction when he seated his younger brother in the "Old Oaken Bucket" and suspended him in the well just above the water until he promised to return to the abandoned job of tramping mud for adobe.

Pitcher pumps, which later replaced the open wells, were considered a luxury especially when they were moved into the kitchen and supplied with a sink. To install them an oblong hole was dug long and wide enough to allow the workman to toss the dirt out with a shovel and deep enough to reach the water table (8 to 12 feet). However, a few inches before reaching the water, a dirt floor was left over most of the pit with only one end going on down to water. A long pipe, perhaps 15 feet, attached to a three foot cylinder — pointed, perforated, and screened to keep out the sand was then driven into the ground in the sunken end. In lieu of power drills, a hardwood block was placed over the pipe then struck with a sledge hammer when necessary by workmen standing upon a raised platform.

One such well was being constructed upon the Edmund Richardson town home. Several young children were making houses in the sand by patting the wet sand of the open pit over one hand then carefully withdrawing it. The author boasted that she could jump over the entire village. Backing up for a run she fell into the pit. Measuring the depth of the pool by the depth of the sky reflected in it she pressed against the pit walls in horror. What a comfort it was to look up and see the pit top fringed with the faces of the playmates she loved. When suddenly they all disappeared, she panicked and

pressing her hands and feet against opposite walls she climbed out. Then, fearful of being teased, she hid. How puzzled the rescuers were to find an empty pit and no one around.

If the pump was in the yard, thirsty children never used a glass but instead cupped their hand around the end of the spout, pumped it full of water and drank. There were no glasses to wash.

A few enterprising people finally piped water into their homes from elevated tanks filled by the windmills, and bath tubs began to appear. Harriet Persis Johnson, daughter of William D. Johnson, Jr. says that she was baptized in her grandfather's bath tub.

As the city grew, so grew its need to maintain its relation with the outside world. The first means of communication at Colonia Diaz was by means of emigrants or travelers, but soon mail was sent to San Jose' station by way of El Paso, Texas, and El Paso del Norte and brought into Colonia Diaz by chance travelers or by special trips made overland by team and buggy or wagon. The main newspaper was the *Deseret News* from Salt Lake City subscribed to by a few people, Joe James among them, and shared with others. All were especially anxious to learn of the conditions concerning plurality of wives. Later, perhaps, mail arrived in La Ascencion and Palomas, with Martin Sanders, John Donaldson, E. W. Johnson, and others as carriers at different times.

Finally a local paper came into being, *El Progresso*, published in Casas Grandes and Dublan. Each church ward had a reporter who sent in local news. Sister Violet Johnson was the Diaz reporter. In 1905 Peter Mortensen announced that he was subscription agent for this paper. Not many families missed subscribing.

Although Colonia Diaz had no telephone system there were yet many means of communication by which the pulsing life of the community flowed out to each individual member. Chief among these were the church, school, and the post office. By the time the bi-weekly mail reached the post office, the waiting crowd had discussed politics, town affairs, and personal opinions until these gatherings had some of the aspects of a continued story. Then, while the mail was being sorted, it questioned the mail carrier about news from the border, road conditions, and the state of cattle and fences he had seen enroute. If people the postmistress called for, answered, "Here!" the mail passed hand-over-hand to its recipient, thus informing the crowd as to the constancy of absent lovers, of family members, the arrival of new magazines (to be borrowed later) or the time to expect some

child to call at your home selling jewelry or packaged seed obtained by answering some 'ad-ver-tise-ment!' Occasionally a bashful fiancee arranged for a silent letter delivery.

Daily communication began in the pre-dawn with smoke signals from the kitchen stove pipe. The first puffs from a chimney indicated the family's rising time, and that breakfast was in the making; and a canopy of smoke columns, waving above golden windows blinking neighborly greetings throughout the town, spoke eloquently of people ambitious to multiply working hours. A smokeless chimney or sudden puffs in the night might be a call for help. Once when the soot in Sadie Richardson's fireplace ignited and the chimney belched billows of black smoke, gutted with sparks and flames, the neighbors had a bucket brigade operating and were carrying out furniture before the harmless flames in the chimney burned out.

Clothes lines revealed the family's laundry habits, its size, sex, and the amount of ironing to be done before Sunday. When sickness invaded a home, an empty clothes line prompted a neighbor to take the laundry into her own home to be done.

The stage of crop production was clearly indicated by the type of farm implements trailing the wagon out into the fields, and the hum of a mowing machine prompted a prayer for good weather while the owner's hay was "Down."

The first "Good mornings" were likely said at the corral where members of four families met at milking time, and the number of cows trailing down the lane to the cow-herd indicated the neighbor's milk supply and when the gift of a pan of skimmed milk might be appreciated. Drooping limbs on a sidewalk tree tattled on children who had been swinging, Tarzan-like out over the ditch and around to the other side of the tree. A broken limb suggested that someone had taken more than the weekly bath. One day a woman asked who had come to town because she had seen a strange dog on the street.

Then, always there was the church bell reminding, announcing, calling, for solace or rejoicing, but always clapping out some message of cooperation and security. Finally, however, the Boyd and Booker Cattle Co. did make telephone connection between their ranch and the Diaz store. They used the top wire of James Jacobson's Box Pasture fence to the C. E. Richardson corner; then ran a wire up over the gate posts and out to the ranch. The first telephone conversation Willis Jacobson ever heard was John Boyd talking from his ranch to the Diaz store about cattle business.

It has been said that the history of any city is the history of its water. The Colonia Diaz "water history" showed both a drastic lack of water at one time, and an overabundance at another when sudden angry floods belched over the river-banks and threatened to destroy the town. In our present-day living, such emergencies would merit Federal Aid, but these Colonists, unused to such dependence, tackled the ensuing problems by themselves. Their implements were faith, scrapers, shovels, bare hands, and a determination to win the battle.

The lack of water was a constant problem on which the brethren of Colonia Diaz counseled often, seeking sources of irrigation water and means of bringing underground water to the surface. They considered pumps, endless-bucket chains, windmills and artesian wells. Windmills were favorably considered since the Diaz Valley had plenty of wind and an abundance of underground water near the surface. In addition to this, windmills could be purchased cheaply at Deming, New Mexico, and brought across the line free of duty.

As a result of these conditions on May 25<sup>th</sup>, 1888, Bishop William Derby Johnson installed Djaz's first windmill near the home of his wife, Lucy, on Main Street. This mill was a twelve-foot "Eclipse" purchased at Deming, New Mexico for \$120. The price included sufficient pipe, a five inch cylinder, and installation. According to Bishop Johnson's report, the mill "worked splendidly and furnished, at least, enough water to irrigate one lot." For gardens it was cheaper and more convenient than ditch water.

Brother Charles Edmund Richardson, who perhaps installed the second windmill for irrigation, built the entire mill in his blacksmith shop and set it up on his lot just west of Brother Charles Whiting's place. He called it the "Valley Tan" and painted the name on both sides of the vane or tail, thereby proclaiming to the world Mormon pride in home-made commodities. Olive Merrill Gonzales says that this mill functioned as well or better than any mill in town. A slight breeze set it pumping enough water to irrigate Richardson's own orchard and garden and that of a neighbor as well. As a result of these installations, Brother John Rowley installed a windmill to furnish power for running a small grist mill, and during the process of time some twenty-five or more windmills dotted the town.

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\*In early Salt Lake Valley history, imported leather was inferior to Valley tanned leather and customers began insisting on buying only goods made from this "valley tanned" leather. The words "valley tanned" came to mean 'superior quality' and finally grew to mean anything home-made.

When frequent, sudden winds struck, the windmills shuddered throughout their steel frames and creaked a protest as they snapped their tails into the wind and churned the water through a three-inch pipe into the water tank. But in the quiet evening breeze the murmur of turning wheels seemed to bring a sense of security, lulling many a tired child to sleep.

Because the water from these windmills in Colonia Diaz was inadequate for irrigating large fields, the brethren began considering the feasibility of artesian wells. On March 27, 1887, Brother W. F. Colton, a well driller, moved his equipment onto Bishop Johnson's lot and began drilling a test well. All the brethren had agreed to share the expense equally in the case of failure to tap a flow; Bishop Johnson would pay for it if it were successful. When Brother Colton struck hardpan and broke the pipe twice, he offered larger pipe to the colonists if they would pay the freight from Salt Lake City. Toward this fund each of the brethren contributed \$1.50 and the pipe arrived.<sup>9</sup> However, when at a depth of fifty feet the pipe clogged, no one felt able, just then, to buy smaller pipe with which to clean it out and the work ceased. At the close of 1888 work had not been resumed and the well was never finished; thus, eliminating one hoped-for source of water supply.<sup>10</sup>

The idea of utilizing that abundant underground water supply was never completely abandoned. Through the years, Brother Charles Edmund Richardson made two efforts to surface it — both unique at that time. Through an investigation and a survey which he made in the early nineteen hundreds, Brother Richardson discovered that the water-table, at a point north of the river, was higher than the meadow land on his Dustydale Ranch. Knowing that the lateral flow of underground water at the water-table level sometimes found exit through springs, he believed he could make an artificial spring by digging a well or reservoir at the high point and bringing the water to his ranch by gravity.

After obtaining a right-of-way across the intervening Richins' ranch, Richardson dug a two and one-half mile canal, eight and one-half feet deep at the head, eight feet at the Lone Tree, with the depth continuing to decrease as it neared his ranch. The canal was completed

<sup>9</sup>The seventeen men participating in this project were: Bishop William Derby Johnson, M. P. Mortensen, Joseph H. James, John H. Earl, Sullivan C. Richardson, Charles Whiting, Martin M. Sanders, A. N. Olsen, J. Wesley Norton, L. M. Savage, J. H. Harris, John Squires, J. Haycock, George Barber, James Gale, William Merrill, P. C. Haymore. (Diary of William D. Johnson)

<sup>10</sup>Diary of William D. Johnson.

in about one year and Richardson's calculations were justified. Soon after this however, the Casas Grandes river went into a rampage in the greatest flood of its recorded history, inundating much of the valley and threatening the life of Colonia Diaz itself. In spite of everything Brother Richardson did to prevent it, flood waters poured through his canal in such frenzy as to tear put its banks past all redemption. As one of the great chunks of land fell into the surging waters it carried Richardson's young son, Lynn, with it and had it not been for the heroic action of Frank Whiting, who swam to the child's rescue, the incident would have proved disastrous.

In about 1910, Edmund Richardson made another innovation by installing two gasoline pumps to raise underground water for irrigation. With both pumps working in one fifteen-foot well, the water could be seen surging into the well to replace that which had been raised to the surface. Raising water from such a shallow depth proved economical, especially when, as Richardson proved, crude oil could be used as fuel. By 1912 several other gasoline pumps had been installed in the valley. However, the exodus of that year cut short the promised Utopia before it was well begun. It is interesting to note that some twenty-five years after the exodus and the burning of Colonia Diaz, several corporations moved in and dotted the valley with gasoline pumps.

One other method of raising underground water was demonstrated in Colonia Diaz when Mr. Van Rhoeder, a well-to-do, non-Mormon German who moved into the community, raised water by means of a bucket-chain or water wheel.

Even while struggling to find means of raising underground water, the colonists made efforts to obtain surface water. The only two sources of surface irrigation water available to the Diaz Valley — the river and a set of springs — were already appropriated by the citizens of La Ascencion. But the Saints had faith in the promise of the Lord that they would have water and they set out to find it by seeking shares in both of the sources. They tried to buy water rights in the Mexican ditch and bring it to their colony but the Mexicans utterly refused to allow the water to be taken off the land for which it had been designated by the government.

The Mexicans had tapped the river to irrigate the farms on its southern side but allowed waste water to flow past the dam on down the river. The Mormons desired to use this waste water by tapping the river on the north side and bringing it to their farms. Some of the

difficulties encountered in obtaining this water were disclosed in the Savage-Richardson Journal under the date of January, 1888.

At a business meeting we discussed asking the citizens of La Ascencion to allow us to make a ditch from the river as there is always water in the river from the latter part of the rainy season 'till spring and by soaking up the land it might keep corn alive until the rains came. Then, by carrying water a little later, it might help us to raise considerable garden stuff. We nominated Joseph H. James to act as a committee of one to arrange for a consultation with the Mexican water users.

After three unsuccessful trips over to Ascencion, according to appointment, we finally gained an audience; but the Mexicans and officials talked so much against it that we were discouraged. Some of the brethren went over again and were given permission to put in a petition to the Counsel, which we did, and at last they called a "Junta" (meeting) of all the men of La Ascencion to meet with us. There we argued for about three hours, assuring them over and over again that we wanted only the water they could not use, and that we would sign any agreement they wished in regard to their claim on the water.

We assured them we would take it out below their old dam and when they needed the water we would use only what they let come down. Even after all this, one man was not in favor of letting us have the water either above or below and they asked for time to study on it.

We were about to leave in despair and told them "No, we have asked only for what you can't use and goes to waste and if you won't give it now, we will bother you no more. If you will not use it nor let us there is no use having time to study."

The Presidente asked us not to go yet, and talked a few minutes with his citizens, then put the question to a vote and the water was given to us almost unanimously — only eight persons voting against it.

Our old friend, Senor José Maria Olguin, is the only man who has always stood by us since we have been here. He stood for us when we were ordered out of the country, he has given us timber for corrals when none other would hardly have sold us any, he has been kind in every way when others would have put us down and run over us. May God bless him for it. He was the only man in the meeting who did not, at some point, take sides against us. But the Lord ruled and gave us the water to use while there was plenty in the river. I am surprised at how soon the water was running through five miles of ditch,

one mile of which was from two feet deep at one end to five feet on the other. The tap on the river was made some four miles southwest of Colonia Diaz several miles below the Mexican intake. The project cost the Colonists some 2,000 dollars.

Since the river was dry part of the year, and the water supply through the canal was erratic during the rest of the time, the town was still drastically in need of a constant water supply and turned its attention to the western Palatada Springs.

On March 25, 1886, when Lot Smith, A. Gardner, Joseph H. James, and Martin M. Sanders went out twenty-five or thirty miles southwest of Colonia Diaz to inspect the source of the Mexican irrigation water for their farms north of the river, they found it came from a series of constant springs called the Palatada.<sup>11</sup> The two largest of these springs were known as *El Ojo de La Virgen* (Virgin Springs) and *El Ojo Santa Maria* (St. Mary Springs). This water was carried to the Mexican farms through a thirty-five mile canal designated as the "Palatada Ditch." The Virgin Springs were in a valley over a limestone ridge west of the others. The brethren were disappointed in the amount of water supplied by these springs but attributed the small flow to the fact that they were choked by moss and reeds.

Some time later M. L. Gruwell and Hendricks Co. bought the Ojo de la Virgen from Señor Escarity of La Ascencion and hired S. C. Richardson, Charles Whiting, Andrew Anderson and three or four others, to dig a ditch four or five miles between the Joe James and Richardson Mills to connect with the Palatada Ditch.<sup>12</sup> The party received seven shares for making the ditch. One share meant twelve hours of water. Milton Jensen said he used one and one-half shares on a fifteen acre farm and found it sufficient.

After some of the brethren bought Mexican farms with water-rights in the Palatada the colonists obtained permission from Mexican officials to clear out the springs and to buy up water shares amounting to the increase, if any, after cleaning. When the springs doubled their output after cleaning, the colonists felt that the Lord had fulfilled the promise that they should obtain water. They finally owned half the water rights in the Palatada system.

A two-way headgate was installed in the ditch just below the Joe James mill to divide the Mexican and the Mormon water. A

<sup>11</sup>If the word is spelled Palatada it could mean dug with a shovel. If spelled Palotada one Mexican explained it could mean tough sticks or reeds growing around a marsh or perhaps partly covered with water.

<sup>12</sup>Lorin Adams (Interviewed).

three-way headgate nearer Diaz divided the Mormon water. There were 144 shares in the ditch each worth \$75.00. The river and the Palatada water projects cost the Diazistes \$4,000 in ditches besides the cost of the shares. But Sister Trena Mortensen thought it worth this price the night she reached its banks after a fearful night of being lost while searching for her milk cows. At home her children rested easy, thinking she was spending the night with the other wife, Martina, as she occasionally did. Almost caressingly, Sister Mortensen put her hand into the water to determine its downward flow, then followed it to town and home.

Except for the Gruwell and Hendericks five mile canal, these first ditches were constructed through cooperative effort, even to the divisions and sub-divisions reaching the individual farms. The water users directed the management of the water and the canal system through a committee known as the Irrigation Committee or Board of Directors elected annually or periodically.<sup>12</sup>

In preparation for the annual cleanup and repairing of the canal system, the irrigation committee estimated the cost of the job, placed a stipulated wage for man and team, and notified each water user about his portion of the work, based upon the number of water shares he owned. Usually the farmer did his own work though occasionally some help was hired.

The water-master<sup>13</sup>, most important officer of the Irrigation Committee, devoted his time to making a just distribution and rotation of the water, allowing a stipulated number of hours for each water-right. His job also entailed the keeping of dams, headgates, and ditches in order, and notifying each water owner when and how long to irrigate. In case of misunderstandings over water he acted as arbitrator.

Occasionally trouble over water arose between the Mexicans and the colonists when the Mexicans took their turn too soon or held it over-long. One Mexican farmer, otherwise a very fine and cooperative neighbor of Andrew Anderson's, "hustled" water when his crops needed it. Once when he appropriated Brother Anderson's water turn, it took Mexican officials four days to get it returned. Usually

<sup>12</sup>Members of the Irrigation Committee elected Feb. 7, 1898 were: Andrew Anderson, Andrew C. Jensen, Frands P. Peterson, S. Harris (perhaps Hanson), and John Donaldson.

The following year, 1899, when John Donaldson was made watermaster, the Bishop suggested they pay him more than one 'senega' of wheat per water right which the committee had previously paid.

(Diary of William Derby Johnson, Jr.)

the troubles were minor, but tragedy occurred in Colonia Guadalupe when a Mexican shot and killed Brother George A. Black as he was opening the headgate to take his allotted water turn. Still it is surprising that during the twenty-five or thirty years of cooperative water there were so few difficulties.

The de-mossing and upkeep of the thirty-five mile Palatada ditch and its laterals was no small task. Two crews of men handled this job — one cutting the moss loose, the other dredging it out of the ditch. The Mexicans helped with the Palatada job.

Upon one occasion Andrew C. Jensen and his young son, Milton, went to work with a Mexican crew cleaning the Palatada ditch. Instead of the job being done in one day as expected, it lasted a week. During the week when provisions ran low, ingenious Darrio Teren, a Mexican resident of Colonia Diaz and son-in-law of John Donaldson, supplied venison by bringing in a deer. He camouflaged himself by throwing an antelope hide over his head and shoulders and crept right out among the herd to make his kill.

About twice a year all water users — Mexican and Whites — united in cleaning the ditch. Around the evening fire under a brilliant moon, the rigors of ditch cleaning were forgotten as men of two nationalities harmonized both in song and in spirit. The American barber-shop songs soon paled under the pulsing rhythm of Mexican male voices harmonizing the tragic story of their lives. Soft liquid tone oozed suppressed resentment to centuries of servitude imposed upon them by their various governments, and throbbed with a yearning for the land they once owned. As they sang, hope welled up in a flood of tenor to explode in a hilarious, "Ay-yi-yi" and settle again in a fallout of alto and deep base. Indeed, the message, beauty, and enchantment of a Mexican male chorus is unique unto itself but its beauty and restfulness are apparent to all.

On one ditch-cleaning occasion, however, the weather became the most important factor. Edmund A. Richardson, a ditch-cleaning participant, writes of the incident:

A certain March morning injected booster-shots of spring into the air, electrifying plants, birds, animals, and men into intensified action. Men sang or whistled as they worked and the teams sloshed the dredge through the ditch with effortless rhythm. A ten o'clock sun, however, laid a June heatwave over the land shimmering in mystifying mirage and distorted imagery.

Our little village of Colonia Diaz, some twenty miles across the plain, began to assume fantastic shapes, now receding, now approaching, as the different atmospheric pressures vied with each other in creating the unbelievable. . . .

About eleven o'clock a slight but steady breeze came up. The temperature dropped. Off to the southeast there appeared a great brown cloud-bank that grew in dimensions as it approached. Fleeing before it over our heads, went numberless birds of every description, giving vent to their feelings in frightened cries, conscious only that a storm threat relentlessly pursued. Behind them roiled the wind, tossing corn-shucks, paper, and what-not into the air as high as the eye could see, now dashing them down only to be lifted again and whirled into space, shrieking and roaring, driving horses, cows and all living things before it. Soon it was upon us, obscuring all objects to within a few feet away, and pelting us with rocks as large as peas. The dogs howled, horses stamped, kicked, and neighed in fright. Our arms ached with the effort to control them, our heads, bare because our hats were gone with the wind, were sore from the incessant barrage of the rock. The wind soon settled to a more steady blow, but our ditch was full of sand. All our light camp outfit was gone. What was left of our lunch was full of dirt and uneatable; quilts and canvases were here and there flapping in the wind, having caught onto something stable, which held them. Here was power and energy of another sort, and all we wanted.

Forty minutes after the storm hit us, all was quiet again, but it had left destruction in its path. All the little green plant shoots were either cut off or buried in the sand. Over head there was a dark canopy of heavy black clouds that cast a gloom as heavy and oppressive as the early morning had been enervating and light. It was not long until nature began to lay a shroud of white over all, accompanied by a chill that penetrated to our very bones. It remains in my memory as the coldest snow-storm I ever experienced.

We soon had our horses attached to the wagons and were thankful that home had as strong a call for them as for us. We let them go, knowing that instinct was a surer guide than judgment in such a blinding storm. It was dark when we reached home, and what a haven of light and warmth it was.<sup>14</sup>

Such were the satisfactions and rigors of the imperative ditch-cleaning job.

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<sup>14</sup>Written by Edmund A. Richardson.

The water story must conclude with an earthquake experience and its effect upon the water problem.<sup>15</sup> About three p.m. on May 3, 1887, Sister Francis (Fan) Merrill opened her door and greeted Sister Hannah Mortensen Nelson with, "For Goodness Sakes! Come on in, imagine YOU calling on me. We'll either have a green snow or an earthquake." It was not sheer friendship which drew them into each other's arms, for at that moment the earth heaved and shook itself into three minutes of the severest earthquake ever recorded in the district. To their astonishment the house and all its contents seemed to come alive. Medicine and bluing bottles jittered off the shelf, dishes courtesied to each other, pictures fell from the walls, pans spewed milk in reckless abandon.<sup>16</sup> One wall of the house cracked from side to side. Practically every house in Colonia Diaz was damaged some.<sup>17</sup>

Reactions to the quake were as varied as the number of homes and people affected. Sister Verona Whiting, practicing a group of Primary girls in her front room, rushed them out into the yard to kneel in prayer. As her husband, Charles, abandoning his job of roofing an outdoor building, rushed past, she implored him to come and join them in prayer. His answer, "Oh I'm one ahead of you, I prayed this morning" jolted back to her as he bolted into the animated house to rescue the swaying clock and nervous furniture.

Brother Mortensen, lying on his stomach to drink from the canal, began to feel like a measuring worm humping up and down as the tremors shuddered eastward under his body until the agitated water splashed over his head choking him into a sitting position. Levi M. Savage rhymed his feelings thus:

Last Tuesday how the earth did shake  
And stop and start, and reel and shake  
Like broncos never saddled.  
And when the walls begin to crack  
We feel a weakness in the back  
So out we all skiddadled.

The folks were running to and fro  
Not knowing where they wished to go

<sup>15</sup>Olive Merrill Gonzales (interviewed).

<sup>16</sup>Olive Merrill Gonzales (interviewed).

<sup>17</sup>Diary of William D. Johnson, Jr.

They made a wonderous clatter.  
 With faces pale and trembling hands  
 So dizzy they could hardly stand  
 Saying, "Oh what is the matter."

I cannot keep my knees apart  
 I'm feeling faint in head and heart  
 My stomach seems a-churning  
 I fear I'm going to have a fit  
 And crazy I am turning." . . .

With several houses falling in La Ascencion, many of her people panicked under the added shock of having their "Virgin Mary" topple to the floor even as they knelt in the church imploring her protection.

At Corralitos, Brother Andrew Anderson shouted for his team to stand still because he couldn't hook the tugs to a dancing single tree. When Brother Gale, co-renter with Anderson, saw the water in a tub sitting in his house churn itself into water-spouts, he scooted his children outside the house; just as the adobe chimney of their home toppled. Only the fact that it fell away from the children saved them from injury or disaster.

The Mormon Colonies in the mountains just west of Colonia Juarez were the hardest hit. Landslides roaring down into the canyon filled the air with dust almost to the suffocation point and friction ignited a forest fire to add to the dilemma. It is reported that a fissure opened up to swallow a milk house and then close itself again.<sup>11</sup> True it is that permanent fissures opened through which new streams of water flowed into the Piedras Verdes River to supply the suffering Mountain Colonies and Colonia Juarez with sufficient water for irrigation and culinary purposes.

This was in fulfillment of prophesy or a prayer made at the time of the dedication of the country to colonization and to the spread of the gospel among the natives. Springs should open up, it said, and streams made to flow to supply the necessary water. At Diaz, the Palatada springs were made to double their usual water supply and new streams flowing into the Piedras Verdes supplied water for the upper colonies. Surely the "Lord moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

Even though Colonia Diaz felt deep gratitude for the lifegiving waters of the Casas Grandes River, she learned to fear its angry flood

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<sup>11</sup>Diary of Brother Gale.

stage. In about 1898 the colonists built some five miles of clay embankment several feet high and wide enough to support a wagon road on top, between their town and the natural north bank of the river.<sup>19</sup> Since every family helped in the construction of this levee and also attended its dedicatory services it assumed the proportions of an institution, perhaps as important to them as the dykes were to Holland. Its care was entrusted to two worthy men who supervised a levee committee in constant watchfulness for possible damage from gophers, prairie-dogs or rains.<sup>20</sup>

In times of high water an all-night and an all-day vigil was kept and any emergency was proclaimed by a horseman galloping through the streets as he shouted, "Everybody out with your shovels!" The church bell also tolled the warning.

A dangerous flood crest usually lasted only a few hours or a day before beginning to settle back into the river-bed but occasionally one persisted longer. The big flood of about 1905 or 1906 lasted for some four days, and through its washes and ravines, inundated much of the valley making a quagmire so deep that cattle had trouble moving about without getting stuck in the mud. When a big red bull, stranded on a tiny island not much larger than himself, bellowed at the encroaching water but flatly refused to wade out, a group of men tied his feet together and floated and snaked him to safety and feed.<sup>21</sup> However, some critters were not so lucky for as the levee demanded more and more attention, less time was available for cattle on the range.

To add to the danger, flood water sweeping around the eastern end of the dyke spread through the south-eastern part of the colony endangering several homes and the small levees hastily thrown around them. Aunt Lizzie Maybin, widow, and mother of Martha and "Wee Samuel," refused to abandon her home. She spent two anxious nights shoveling right beside two young guards, Gilbert Richardson and a companion, as they raised the little embankment ahead of the flood and re-inforced weak spots. Her house was saved but that of Aunt Julia Johnson's farther north was not so fortunate. Water seeping through and under the little impromptu levee melted the adobe walls letting her roof squat down over a mound of gooey mud, minutes after her furniture had been carried through the water to safety.

<sup>19</sup>Abia E. Johnson reports that the part of the levee he helped to build near brother John Donaldson's place south of town, was six feet high.

<sup>20</sup>At one time the supervisors were: Brother Charles Whiling and Andrew Anderson.

<sup>21</sup>Gilbert Richardson (interviewed).

As she watched her house dissolve she thought about the lady from St. George, Utah, who said "My house riz right up outa the mud I stood on 'n' when it rained oozed right back down agin."

As the townsmen worked on the main levee battling the river, the sisters were there dispensing cold lemonade or hot chocolate, as the case might be, but sandwiches, fried chicken, pies, cake and cookies were traditional no matter what the weather.

However, as the rainsoaked hours dragged slowly into days of incessant battle with the flood, both the men and the levee sagged and the sisters persuaded their jaded menfolks to divide into relays and come to a hot meal to be served at Aunt Charisetta Johnson's home. A group of young girls were then sent to canvass the town for groceries and supplies which in record time, were cooked and ready to serve.<sup>22</sup> However, just as the first group of men were about ready to sit down to eat, the tolling of the church bell and a runner shouting, "Everybody out with your shovels, the water is running over the levee!" sent them all back to the danger spot, with only a smell of the savory food. The meal was later served at the levee "A la chuck-wagon" style.

Viewed from the top of the levee, the muddy, swirling water tossing trees and logs like match-sticks, was frighteningly broad, deep and powerful, dwarfing man's feeble ability to cope with it. But the property, homes, and the very lives of the colonists depended upon a successful encounter and with a prayer in every heart, they pooled their efforts to accomplish it.

Women and girls filled sandbags by the dozens while mud-smeared men and boys scraped and shoveled dirt wherever angry waters threatened. And then the dreaded inevitable happened! The persistent water chewed its way through a gopher hole under the embankment and gushed through a hole no larger than a fruit jar. As the hole widened, cracks fanned up to the top of the levee which soon splintered, loosing a roaring tidal wave through the gap.

When sandbags tossed into the hole floated away like chaff, Professor Charles Fillerup, big both as to stature and character, jumped into the waist-high torrent while the others dropped sandbags in behind him by way of a human chain or conveyor belt. The bags held and the river was thwarted. However, not before enough water

<sup>22</sup>The group consisted of Viva, Ivy, Beryl, Tessie, and Verna Johnson, Lurline Tenney, Myrtle Whiting, and others.

had gushed through the gap to flood Main Street as far north as Andrew Jensen's residence.

Because the Richardson Dustydale ranch, located some three miles northeast of Colonia Diaz, was on slightly high ground it became an island in the spreading flood. But the rising water-table made the ground spongy under foot. It was the rock foundation walls lining the four foot deep basement which saved the two and one-half story master-house on the ranch when underground water seeped through the dirt floor to fill the full basement with a wall to wall pool six inches deep. Even then the brick masonry cracked across one corner as the house settled.

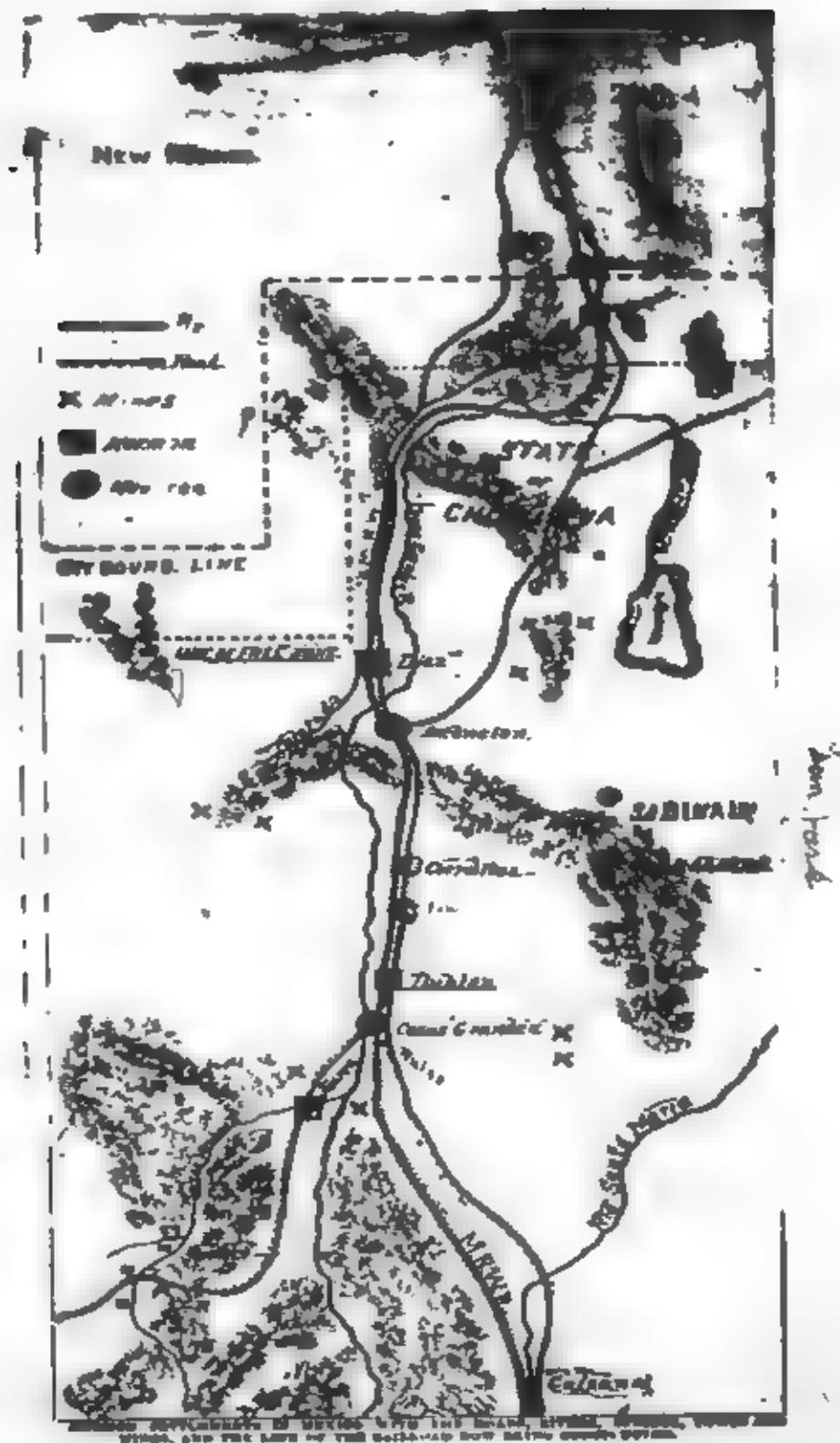
The exhausted colonists rejoiced when the flood-crest passed and the river began to retire to its bed. The following "fast-day" everyone expressed gratitude to the Lord for their deliverance and later, of course, a "Sandbag Shindig" was planned in celebration.

As soon as the land dried out enough, the colonists set about strengthening the weak spots discovered in the levee and no one complained at the suggestion of raising its height a few feet. They had learned the might of an angry river.

Despite these perilous bouts with the river the people realized their dependence upon its life-giving water and in gratitude to the Lord, they quoted from Psalms:

He sendeth the springs into the Valley,  
Which run among the hills.  
They give drink to every beast of the field;  
. . . He watereth the hills from His chambers . . .  
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,  
And herbs for the service of man.  
Happy is the city hard by a river.

When the brethren decided to lasso the river with a bridge an investigating committee was called with Erastus Beck as chairman, and Peter Mortensen and William Adams as assistants. They found an upper and a lower site, the upper with the estimated cost being \$2,000 and the lower one double that amount. By July 19, 1907, the bridge was finished except for some flooring which they had to wait for. At E. V. Romney's suggestion the brethren over eighteen years of age taxed themselves one dollar each to finish the bridge. With irrigation established, agriculture flourished and prosperity smiled upon the townspeople.



Map of the proposed Mexican N. Western Railroad (evidently changed to Mexican Pacific Railroad (known to colonists as John W. Young Railroad (then later as the Mafiana (tomorrow) Railroad as published in *Deseret News*.

There were many problems other than water with which the colonists were concerned. Transportation conditions were difficult to surmount and the saints were responsive to any possibilities of conquering the endless miles between them and more urban areas.

Shipping points for Colonia Diaz were San José on the Mexican Central Railroad, one hundred and fifty miles southeast (three hundred miles round trip) and Deming, New Mexico some 91 miles north; (182 miles round trip). A trip to either by team and wagon over ungraded wagon roads, subjected to seasonal weather changes with its dust, mud, or floodwaters required several days of uncomfortable travel. Of one trip from Deming, William Derby Johnson writes: "December 1, 1888 — got home today; we were eight days on the way; it rained every day; had a terrible time; ran out of provisions, wet nearly all the time, but no one got sick."

Consequently, when John W. Young, son of Brigham Young, informed Bishop Johnson that a Mr. Lewis Huller planned to build a railroad from Deming, New Mexico south through Colonia Diaz, all but the skeptics rejoiced. Locally the line would run from Deming thirty-five miles to the International boundary line, four miles to Palomas, Mexico, twelve miles to the Casas Grandes river, where it would bend and follow the river through the Boca Grande pass, and thence to Colonia Diaz forty miles, making a distance of ninety-one miles.

Leaving Diaz the road would continue south three miles to La Ascencion; then on south through Corralitos, Colonia Dublan and Casas Grandes; turn east to Concepcion in the Santa Maria valley, abounding in timber, through the mineral region of El Valle to Las Cruces and Santo Thomás. Here a spur would connect with the Mexican Central Railroad at Chihuahua City while the main line continued to the Pacific Coast. Total distance would be fifteen hundred miles. The Mexican government gave full sanction to the project.

When on November 11, 1890, John W. Young and Ladislas Webber arrived at Colonia Diaz to report favorable inspection of the Boca Grande lands, then owned by Lewis Huller and himself, even the skeptics of Colonia Diaz were half convinced a road might go through.<sup>22</sup>

Pleased with what he saw, John W. Young accompanied by Lewis Huller, Ladislas Webber, A. F. MacDonald and William Derby John-

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<sup>22</sup>Huller was a German-Mexican, apparently wealthy, who became insolvent after selling the Dublan lands to some two hundred colonists. Though his creditors refused possession of the land they did return the money.

son, Jr., went immediately to Chihuahua City to make a bid for the railroad construction contract. Under date of February 20, 1891, Johnson wrote: "After much work all matters (railroad) were arranged and contract signed by John W. Young, Faust, Huller, Sissons, and Moemanus." For this concession Young paid fifty thousand dollars down and signed a note for seven hundred twenty thousand. He was to receive two-thirds of the profits. Johnson continues: "Yesterday John W. Young and others incorporated the Mexican Pacific Railway Company, with John W. Young as President. I, as Treasurer and Director am to receive three hundred dollars per month."

Some of the other officials were: J. F. Smith, chief of construction, with Joseph E. Young, son of John W. Young, as assistant; William Crosby, right-of-way agent; S. L. Wakunbury, head of party on line; Ladislas Webber, chief engineer, with assistants T. V. Booze, Jr., H. K. Threk, and others; J. S. Ray, interpreter; and Dr. George Booth, physician.

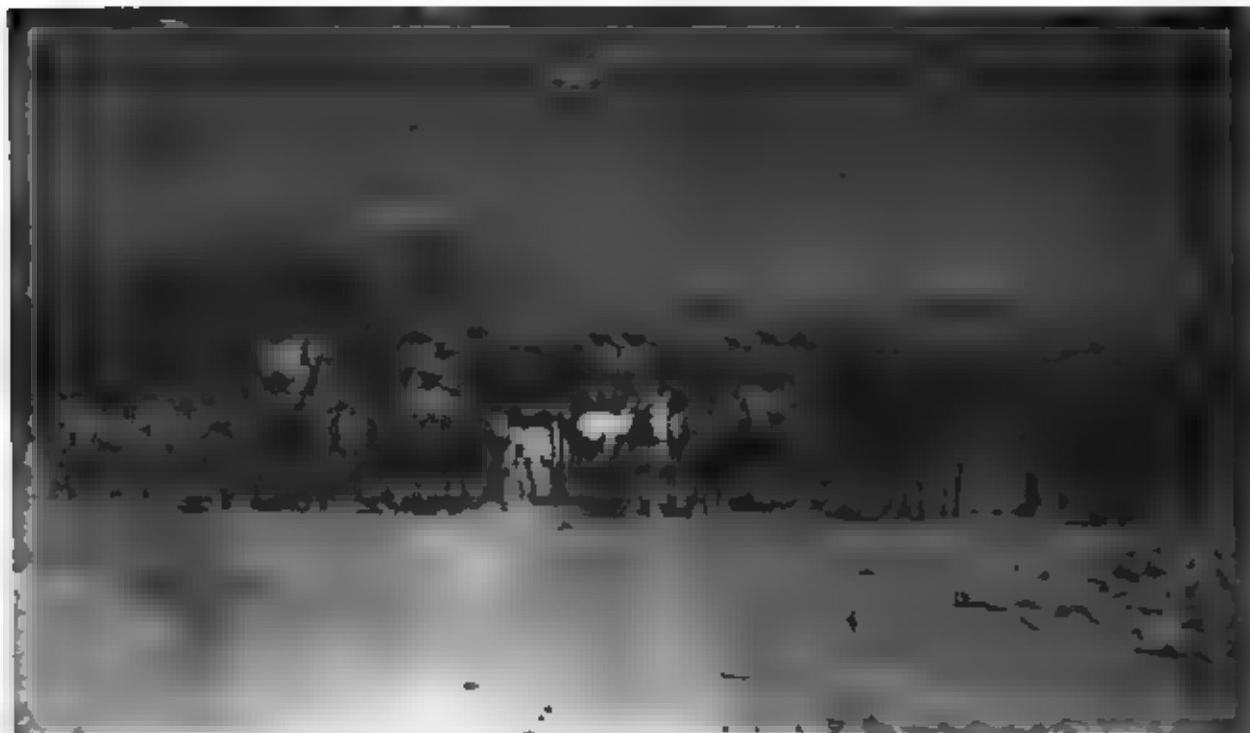
Deming, New Mexico became the headquarters. Here William Derby Johnson converted the building he rented from J. A. Majopsy for five dollars and fifty cents per month, into seven rooms — four to be used as living quarters for his wife, Lucy, and family, one as storage, and two as offices. Johnson shared his office with his secretary and bookkeeper, Elmer W. Johnson, Sr. and J. F. Smith. The building became a chapel on Sundays.<sup>24</sup>

With permits to begin work simultaneously at Deming and Chihuahua City Ladislas Webber took a surveying party into the field at Palomas, Mexico on March 7, 1891 with the assurance that the road would reach Corralitos above Diaz in six months, September 15, 1891.

Meanwhile Colonia Diaz was a beehive of activity with the brethren who had contracted to do a stipulated stretch of railroad grade recruiting workmen, outfits, and supplies and the others digging in to keep the home fires burning during their absence. Wives made shirts, pants, and coats for their menfolks or readied themselves and children to accompany them.

The culmination of this activity was the parade of freight outfits on Main Street the morning the men began to move out onto the railroad job. The first to appear was Joe James' twelve-mule team and new wagon driven by James Gale to whom Joe had sublet his contract. Each mule was worth fifty to seventy-five dollars. But the lead mule

<sup>24</sup>Diary of William D. Johnson, Jr. by kind permission of his family, especially Viva Johnson Van Dyke and Persus Johnson Seider, daughters.



A. C. Peterson's Company ready to go out on the John W. Young Railroad near Chihuahua City, Mexico. (Note mexican help.)

Courtesy of Hazel R. Taylor

was worth much more since she was trained in all the arts of team leadership.<sup>25</sup>

When hitched onto the wagon the twelve mules were arranged into four divisions — the wheel team, spike team, swing team, and leaders. The wheelers consisted of two mules worked one on each side of the wagon-tongue, the spike and swing each had two teams divided to work one team on each side of a leader-chain fastened to the front axle. The two-mule leader-team one of which was the "line-mule" worked in front of the jerk and swing teams. From astride the back of one of the wheeler mules, the driver managed the leader team by means of a long jerkline or jerkcheck fastened to the left side of the leader-mule's bridle and a jockey-stock swung from her harness to the bridle bit of her right hand co-worker, this to harmonize his movements with hers.

The leader-mule understood the spoken words "whoa" and "go" and responded to the slightest movement of the "jerkline." Above her hames she wore a set of small bells which tinkled when she moved her head, thus warning the other mules that it was time to

<sup>25</sup>Interview with William Gale, Duncan, Arizona.

start. All the mules understood she was their leader. This was the railroad outfit, similar to those of Erastus Beck, Andrew C. Peterson, and others.

There were also fine outfits using horse teams such as that of J. J. Adams, (Grandpa Adams) and his son, John, who took both of his wives to cook for the gangs. Some of the others lined up for work were P. C. Haynie, J. B. Jackson, Charles Mathews, William Merrill and wife Dinn, J. H. Earl, Brother Spierman, and their hired Mexicans.

The A. C. Peterson and party went south to begin the grading job near Chihuahua City and the others drove north to set up camps on their concessions distributed between Boca Grande and Deming, New Mexico.<sup>22</sup>

As the wives and mothers entered their homes after the departure, the sky of their future blazed with rekindled dreams of spacious homes, carriages, barns and needed farm machinery. They visualized missions, better schools, and colleges for their children. Someone remarked, "There is not a cloud in our future sky." These women hoped to be informed of the progress of the project through the weekly Palomas mail and letters arriving daily by means of travelers, and all news was shared as the town settled down to its regular routine and new HOPE.

The brethren, inured to camp techniques, soon supplied the tent cities, mushrooming along the right-of-way, with the necessary water and transportation of feeds and supplies. However, the problems of duties and fines at the vexatious custom-house multiplied and cost much in money and time. Peter McBride tells that on April 3, 1891, customs officials confiscated the teams and outfits of his boss, Wilford Webb, and held them at Palomas. They were not released until May 9, after Webb had made several trips to La Ascencion and brought the U. S. consul from Tucson.

Workmen learned road-building techniques under foremen serving on the various concessions. Jim Gale, Superintendent of Construction on his concessions, used J. B. Jackson as foreman over clearing and burning brush on the right-of-way, Peter C. Peterson over-grade construction, Andrew Andersen, grade finish, and an eastern man over surveying the finished grade. Gale's brother, William T., drove the

<sup>22</sup>Dairies of William Derby Johnson, Jr., Peter McBride, J. K. Rogers. Interview with William Taylor Gale, Duncan, Arizona. Charles Merrill, Salt Lake City, Utah. Olive Merrill Gonzales, Mesa, Arizona. Emma Mortensen Skousen, Mesa, Arizona.

twelve-mule team used on the stump puller, a large walking-plow affair with a great steel spear replacing the plow-share. Digging mesquite roots was an arduous job because of the long hardwood taproot and its maze of lateral surface roots. Plows and scrapers followed the rooter to elevate the road grade. According to L.A. Wilson, seventy-five miles of grade was ready for ties by May 29, 1891.

With wives doing the cooking job, the kitchen-tent became a home which, like the "Ark-of-the-Covenant," was carried from camp to camp to maintain the refining influence of good women and to encourage religious attitudes through the tri-daily blessing on the food. A non-member supervisor said he had to change his talking habits because they didn't fit in with the oathless and clean conversation about him.

The progress of the railroad, however, was not to be smooth. John W. Young ran into financial difficulties and after some time of successful operation, railroad payrolls began arriving late, causing work lay-overs for lack of food and supplies. Though workers chafed under the delay, they waited for *Mañana* (tomorrow) after *mañana* hoping for the check which would send them back to work. After several repetitions of this they dubbed the line "The Mañana Railroad." Peter McBride rhymed the story thus:

"Oh my! It makes me sigh.  
To wait for "Mañana" I am bound. . . .  
The burro will salute you with "Mañana"  
The mosquito hum "Mañana" in your ears,  
"Mañana" in the breeze, "Mañana" in the trees,  
"Mañana" is the only thing I hear,

"The Mañana Mexicana Mormon Railroad"  
Is no place to get your money back.  
Though you work both night and day  
When you go to get your pay  
You are told to take a lien upon the track."

Peter McBride's rhyme was almost prophetic. When John W. failed to honor Johnson's draft of \$5,500 and went off to England, contractors continued work only because of Johnson's promise to make their pay secure by holding John W.'s land, part of which was in his name, until they received their pay. However, later when the bank refused another loan and John W. sent money only to pay the Mexicans, they all quit except W. Webb.

Johnson, second to John W. in command, then spoke of trouble and worry at the Deming office. He said some of the employees tried to indict him for fraud because he could not pay them and some of the brethren complained to the Church authorities who then wrote Johnson for particulars.

Finally, in response to John W's telegram and ticket for passage to England, William D. Johnson, Jr., and Elder H. Lund, land agent representing W. B. Preston, who had made John W. Young a Church-loan, arrived in London for a business conference with him. They found that the Company backing the Railroad in question could not or would not advance any money right then but that Young wanted to liquidate his debts to the men by selling them stocks and bonds in the company. When this offer was refused three weeks were spent in an attempt to work out satisfactory arrangements with Young's land held in trust by Johnson. Even this plan was upset by Crosby as explained by Johnson:

Crosby, who acted as attorney for John W. and the railroad has started a suit of attachment against Young's land, there being one-half of it in his name as joint trustee with me. He demands John W. to give him two notes payable January 1st secured by a mortgage on all the land on his account. If anything fails we all lose all . . . I feel very bad that Crosby can now make us do as he wishes. This mortgage, however, does not include the Gonzales purchase. Of this Gonzales purchase the Church gets 27,000 acres to secure its loan to John W. leaving only 40,000 acres to cover our debt of \$90,000. At best this land would be worth only about \$20,000 and at a forced sale it would bring only five or ten thousand dollars. Thus, our outlook is not very bright. I leave England, September 16, 1892, with a much heavier heart than when I came.

Thus the Railroad Company dissolved before any ties were laid and the grade finished only between Deming and the Boca Grande, leaving its creditors still creditors without even a road to take a "lien" upon. The youngest creditors were four and six year old Charles and Rhoda Merrill who had been hired to pick up kernels of corn spilled by the horses while eating. To them the loss of pay for those two nosesacks full of grain was the bitterest loss on the road. With this work stoppage the John W. railroad became permanently the "Mañana Railroad," and workers from Colonia Diaz went home to her dirt roads and far-flung shipping points.

Back in Diaz, after personally visiting every family in the ward in an attempt to dispel the hard feelings incurred through their adverse railroad experience, Bishop Johnson left the majority feeling fine but found some criticism of himself for neglect of ward duties. Consequently he recorded of the next sacrament meeting the following:

I spoke thirty minutes and said if I had done wrong, I asked their forgiveness. If I had slighted my counselors, I asked their forgiveness and would do so no more. I realized I had been so much away from home that I had neglected my duty as a bishop but, with the help of the Lord, I would now stay at home. I wished to do nothing in the ward without the consent of my brethren. If things had seemed so, it had not been meant, I was willing to do anything to restore good feelings, and if anyone still had feelings against me, I invited them to call and see me and I would do all in my power to satisfy them.

Bishop's two counselors, Brothers Curtis and James, also spoke, asking forgiveness for anything they may have done amiss and Brother James said he felt that if the Bishop had done wrong it was a mistake of the head and not of the heart.

This same spirit was manifest in the Thursday fast-meeting where sixty-two testimony-bearers spoke of both repentance and forgiveness. Through these experiences they were fully primed to accept the explanation of L. John Nuttall, from Salt Lake City, that John W. Young intended to do good to the people of this land, when he started the railroad but met with his disappointments along with the rest. He ought not to be blamed — he nor Bishop Johnson or anyone else, nor should anyone apostatize and go into darkness on account of the railroad. They also had faith with B. H. Roberts that Mormons and Mormonism thrive on adversity, even in Mexico.

The railroad experience was not an entire loss, for the people learned much in tolerance, fortitude, and faith and the fine equipment they acquired proved advantageous in promoting the town's advancement.

Life in Diaz was not all problems and grim reality. There was a lighter side that made life tolerable and pleasant. The children had no parks or organized playgrounds and no commercial entertainment but they had fine amusements which they, themselves, supplied. Besides the games mentioned in the school story, there was the after-school favorite of "Ante-I-Over" signaling the ball's flight over the barn.

After catching the ball the race for the opposite side begins, meanwhile tagging as many of the fleeing team as possible. When all players are on the same side it is time to choose up again and begin over. Many and varied were summer moon-light games, chief among them being "Pomp-pomp, Pull Away," "Kick-the-can," "Drop-the-handkerchief," "Hide-and-go-seek," "Stink Base," and "Run, Sheep, Run."

Candidates for the latter game gathered to select two captains, then waited impatiently as they, in turn, called out names for their sides. Fastest runners were chosen first but even "lambs" were acceptable and could be maneuvered into assets. The character of the two groups was determined by lots whether sheep or wolves. While the wolves remained at the goal, the huddled sheep planned secret hiding places and code-calls which would mean "Lie-low," "Danger" or "Run, sheep run!" which the shepherd would use in directing them back to the goal. Playgrounds were bounded only by the daring and judgment of the leader. With the sheep hidden, the pack of wolves were loosed and followed the shepherd. The muted sheep melted into the darkness, edging nearer to the goal only as directed by the secret calls. After what seemed an eternity of suspense while the wolves were being maneuvered into a safe distance, the call of "Run, sheep run!" sent the flock streaking to the goal, hearts pounding and bodies tingling with the delicious competition in the air.

Perhaps the most popular form of neighborhood entertainment was the house party, especially if it was trimmed with the element of surprise. Though each party was influenced by the personality of its hostess, stock games, illustrated by the following, were popular: "Musical chairs," "Spin the plate," "Spin the bottle," or "Fruit basket." In the latter, the leader standing in front of a circle, quickly pointed to a participant demanding the name of a fruit beginning with his initials. At the call of "Basket tipped over!" players exchanged seats. If, in the scramble, the leader was successful in stealing a seat, the seatless player became next leader. "Pussy wants a Corner" worked on the same principle but used only five or six players or pussies, four of which had corners and the others wanting one. The leader pussy called out several things a cat wants, such as "Pussy wants a rat," etc. But when he called "Pussy wants a corner" all pussies must change corners. Cornerless cats then led. For "Going to Heaven on An Ironing Board," several players were sent from the room to be called back one at a time. They were instructed to stand on a board lying flat on the floor, be blindfolded and lifted high, then to jump from that height. In order to steady the ascender she places her hand

upon the head of a person standing at either side of the board. The board is lifted only a few inches from the floor but in the process the steadiers slowly squat until the stander had to stoop to hold on to their heads. She was then left to jump to the floor. How surprised she was to find that she hadn't been lifted much.

In "Hunt the Whistle" all players were seated in a circle except a few who left the room to be called in one at a time to play "IT." As the leader explained to "IT" that the whistle would be passed around the circle and she must locate the blower, he pinned a string tied to a whistle on "IT'S" back. As "IT" turned to catch the blower someone behind carefully picked up the dangling whistle and gave it a blow. Things became quite confusing and hilarious until some blower was too slow and "IT" discovered that the whistle was attached to her back. There was also "Truth Upon Honor" where a victim was selected by counting right hands as they were stacked one above the other and drawn from the bottom to put on top again until a specified number was reached. Then all hands were withdrawn and the victim had to answer truthfully a barrage of questions. "Poor Pussy," and "Cross Questions and Crooked Answers" were other popular games. Candy pulls and corn popping parties terminated with a song festival under the stars, were always enjoyed. Popular with the young folks were the forfeit games such as "The Old Woman" (Here comes an old woman with a stick and a staff; and you must neither smile nor laugh but say right now, "I will," etc.).

With forfeits collected, the Judge with his redeeming program, loosed a ballyhoo of fun limited only by his wit and stock of ludicrous tasks. With the Judge conspicuously seated, the forfeit held over his head by an accomplice from behind, the following conversation was chanted:

"Heavy, heavy hangs over your poor head."

"Fine or superfine?" (to determine the sex of the forfeiter)

"What shall the owner do to redeem it?"

Most popular were the sentences involving kissing, unlicensed at any other time. "Stamp two letters for so-and-so" meant kissing both cheeks, usually of a secretly admired miss. "Kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one you love the best," sent a bashful young man stumbling over his feet, too dazed by the uproarious laughter to plan more than stoic compliance.

Charades and "I have An Idea" were ever popular. In the latter a player must guess the identity of a group-decided object or person

from clues given by ideas called out. Example: "I have an idea." "What is it like?" "Like you." "How?" "It has a lovely smile." Occasionally Brother S. C. Richardson was invited to come and entertain with his sleight-of-hand tricks so popular at his own parties.

Children's ingenuity in creating their own entertainment developed talent, self-reliance, and leadership. Shows were popular because multiple families furnished enough personnel for both actors and spectators. Dialogues were favorites but original plays were also in demand. At the Richardson Dustydale ranch, Rebecca's little girls, (ten years and under) Edna, Lenore and their cousin Iris (chief author) wrote the following drama and staged it on the child-improvised semi-permanent, "Little Theatre" upstairs in the Richardson grainery. This was followed by a program of songs, reading, and dramatized Mother Goose rhymes.

### "OUR PLAY"

#### Characters

Jane Payne	Edna Richardson
Susie Nevel	Lenore Richardson
Lilly Lighters	Madge Richardson
Roy Goldsmith	Iris Whiting
Colored Cook	Floss Richardson

#### SCENE I

Three girls seated at the table laughing and talking. Cookies and milk are on the table. The cook comes in with mashed potatoes and gravy and puts it on the table. Roy Goldsmith sneaks in and crawls under the table. The long tablecloth hides him.

*Jane*—"Susie, these cookies are very good. But you don't know who my boyfriend is."

*Lilly*—"Do tell us."

*Susie*—"Please tell us. We will never tell a soul."

*Jane*—"Will you promise?"

*Both girls*—"We promise."

*Jane*—"Cross-your-heart-and-hope-to-die promise?"

*Both girls*—"Yes, yes."

*Jane*—(Glances around the room, then whispers loudly.) "He is Roy Goldsmith."

*Susie and Lilly both shout: "No! He is mine! He is mine!"*

As the girls chase Jane around the room Roy comes out from under the table and put his arm around her. As the girls keep on chasing and hitting them with a ruler and a broom, the cook comes in with the potato masher and helps them. Curtain

## SCENE II

Jane's living room daintly fixed up.

Roy and Jane all bandaged up, are sitting on the sofa. He puts his arm around Jane and says:

*Roy—"Well, Dear, we got a few bruises the other day and though our bodies are weak, our love is still strong.",*

## CURTAIN

Perhaps every family had its "Little Theatre." But if not, then there was its dress up time with mothers visiting, neighboring, holding "Rag Bees" and giving help and advice in case of illness.

Another type of socialized constructive play began in Sister Verona Whiting's orchard when her little son, Herman, and grandson, Carl Beck, began a Sardine-can railroad. Playmates wishing to participate were required to bring a sardine can. The railroad spread throughout the orchard as American stations appeared built of miniature adobes, fashioned by hand, and Mexican towns, made of upturned shoe-boxes. Tunnels arched over the railroad tracks, slightly sunken to help the sardine cars to trail. Engineers made their own whistles from green cottonwood sticks, and cowbells merrily clanged the train's approach. The orchard was an especially fine playground as it furnished both shade and refreshments. Perhaps this "Orchard Railroad" was an outcropping from the John W. Young railroad.

## Chapter V

# BUILDERS ALL

The orchards, shade trees and flowers surrounding the beautiful homes of Colonia Diaz, forming an oasis in an otherwise treeless desert, were always a surprise to passing travelers. Also, her shingled, gabled roofs and her red brick homes of later years, were so out of texture with her neighboring Mexican villages, that it seemed as if a slice of United States had been moved south of the border. When asked how such a miracle had been accomplished in so short a time, the Bishop answered, "Because we are all builders, and are building to stay."

During the nearly two years delay in land purchase, the colonists learned that stock raising and agriculture were natural to the climate and conditions of northern Chihuahua and made these their paramount occupations. Most crops indigenous to the temperate zone could be grown here, but corn and wheat were especially adapted to the area because they could be planted early and then harvested before the rainy season in July.

During those early years farming methods were very primitive, ground was plowed, one furrow at a time, by a horse-drawn walking-plow and everything was planted by hand — wheat, oats, and alfalfa seed were sown and this was an art which many farmers mastered well. Corn, beans and melons were planted with a hoe. As the soil was drawn forward, some one, perhaps a child, threw three or four seeds under the hoe, and then the soil was released and tamped over the seeds. If a farmer had to plant alone, he used a shovel and pushed the soil forward in order to drop the seeds. The best seeds of each crop were saved for next years' planting.

Methods of harvesting wheat began humbly, with the Mormons using the Mexican methods of tramping out the grain with goats or horses or by flailing the grain from the wheat heads after it had been hand cut with sickles and bound into sheaves. It was then ready to winnow the chaff away with the wind. However, the Diazites later

co-operated to buy a horse drawn header and a horse-powered thresher. Then in 1906, Professor Charles R. Fillerup bought another header harvester and worked with his father-in-law, William D. Johnson, Jr. who operated a thresher.<sup>1</sup>

The header, with its horizontal revolving bars out front, set low enough to push even the shortest grain heads onto the cutting knife, moves into a field of ripened grain. Seeming to ignore the four horses pushing from behind, the machine cuts swath after swath of wheat heads and, by means of revolving belts, elevates them to drop into a header-box wagon hugging its side. During this operation a man constantly pulled the heads away from the feeder and distributed them evenly inside the header-box. When the box was full, the man swung onto the elevator where he waited for the next empty header-box to drive under. It required three header-boxes each with a team and driver, to carry away the heads from the header machine, and pile them in oblong stacks to cure until the thresher arrived. Though the machine ate all day, the men hungered, so an extra team and driver was hired to call at the homes and pick up a lunch for each workman. Later on, the host farmer arranged to feed the workmen.

In the year 1910, Will Andersen contracted to do the heading for Charles Fillerup and hired Joseph Larsen, a young teen-ager, to pitch the grain in the header-box. One day after the noon lunches arrived, Will, who enjoyed playing pranks, slyly opened Joseph's lunch box and hid his pie for a while. Then after dinner Will smuggled three baby mice into the empty pail before it was returned home. How Will laughed when he learned that sister Larsen had said, "Dat Vill Andesen ar' a stinka! He hid Yoseph's pie and den put rats in his pail. Troubles cum to Yoseph!" Troubles also came to Will when, while harvesting on a Mexican farm, he decided to work on Sunday rather than drive the 20 miles back to Colonia Diaz. So many things happened to cause delays, that the day netted Will only financial loss and Joseph had cause to think, "Troubles also cum to Vill." However, he was too wise to mention it.

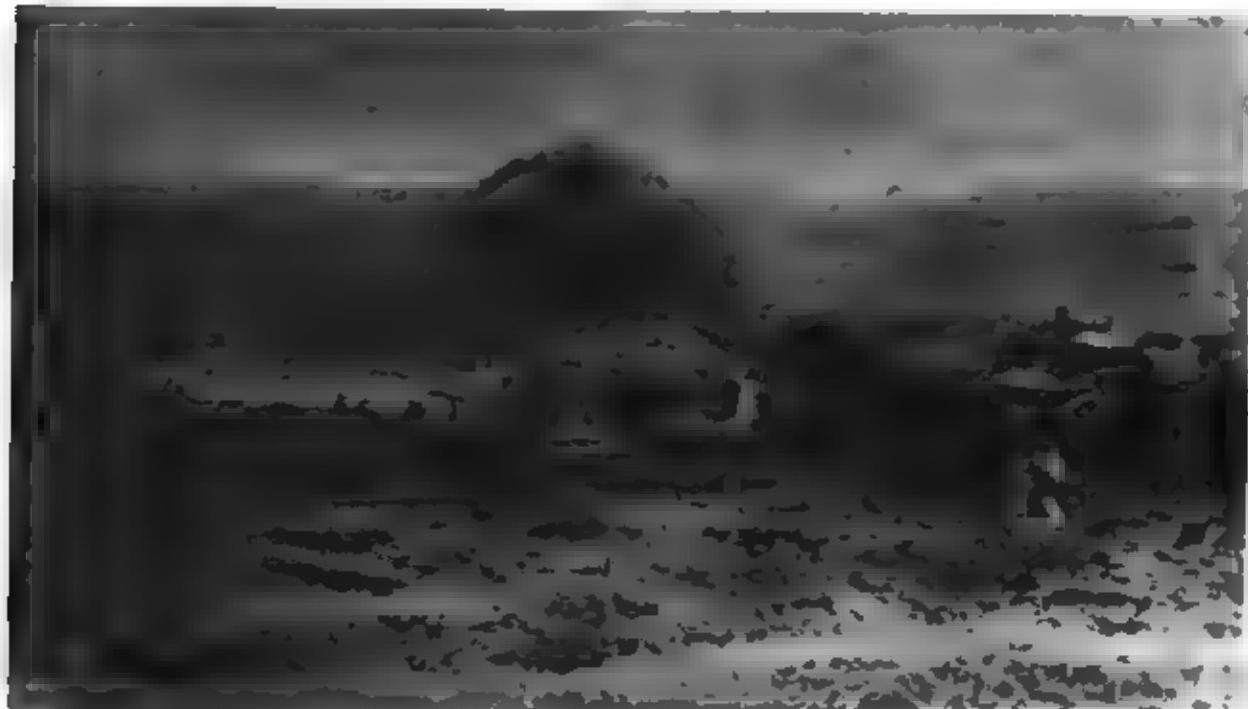
Both the heading and threshing of wheat were important operations in the economy of Colonia Diaz and threshing involved the interests and efforts of the entire family. The regular threshing crew consisted of five men and twelve head of horses. The farmer was responsible for men to feed the grain into the thresher and clear the chaff away from the machine. This sometimes amounted to as

<sup>1</sup>By kind permission of Moneta Fillerup from an unpublished manuscript.

many as fifteen men and twenty-four or six head of horses, all of which the farmer had to feed while on the job. The men were paid in grain called a "toll" which a "toll-man" delivered.

Cooking for the threshers was a major task especially if the threshing lasted for days or weeks. The regular crew members were served three meals a day and the fifteen or twenty extra men had at least the noon meal. Breakfast was served before sunup. There were not short cuts to preparation either, as all supplies came from the farm. Well the housewife knew that her reputation as a cook depended upon how well she measured up to those hungry appetites. She must serve meat — roast, steak or chicken — plenty of mashed potatoes, and several vegetables, augmented with pickles, jams, jellies and stacks of homemade light bread or hot biscuits, saturated in butter. Dessert was usually cake, pie or rice pudding. The women and children ate after the men were fed but they usually had to wash dishes before a second table could be set.

To the children, the advent of the thresher was equal in importance to a circus combined with a Thanksgiving feast. The circus began when the big red box-like threshing machine drawn by four



Horse powered thresher — Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Grunwell



Harvesting with horse drawn header and header boxes.

Courtesy of Clyde Sparks

horses, edged in between, the stacks of headed grain, disposed of the horses and settled down into a working position with the straw carrier reaching out behind like a long flat tail.

The thresher was powered by six teams of horses, each team hitched to the outer end of an iron rod extending from a huge cogwheel lying flat on its hub. As the horses traveled round and round, the cogs connected with a tumbling rod which reached over some forty feet to connect with other cogs that propelled the mechanism of the threshing machine.\*

The only merry-go-round some of the children had ever seen went into action when the driver took his seat above the flat cogwheel and started the twelve horses simultaneously. The calliope began with the low growl of the machine as it started operations, then increased in speed and volume until the noise was so deafening that everyone must shout to be heard. The operation soon settled down to a rhythm of movement, with the horses stepping the same gait round and round

\*Interview with Orson James Richins.



F. R. R. Stowell grist mill at Colonia Juarez.<sup>a</sup>

the circle and the men gearing every movement to the needs of the machine. As several men pitched wheat heads onto the threshing table, a "roper" pushed it into the machine to be threshed. This done, the grain dropped to the bottom and was fed out through a spout to be stacked or sacked and the chaff was blown out behind through the straw-carrier in clouds of stifling dust. Here a man, protected with a red bandana over his mouth and nose, and goggles over his eyes, moved the straw with a pitch-fork and had to work fast to keep from being buried in straw and chaff. All workers wore bandanas around their necks. Exciting as the operation was to the children, the farmers and cooks were glad when the threshing was finished, especially so if the harvest had been bounteous.

Threshing was only the first step in preparing the wheat for consumption. The wheat must be ground into flour and the inhabitants of Colonia Diaz rejoiced when W. R. R. Stowell built a gristmill at Colonia Juarez because it reduced their freighting distance for "bread-stuff" and promised no more grinding of flour by hand on little coffee mills. However, the mill soon became so overloaded with grists that Diazistes sometimes had to camp there for days or a week to await

<sup>a</sup>By kind permission of Nellie Spillsbury Hatch, Colonia Juarez. (Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah, 1954).

grinding. In one case young Rass Jacobson said he was glad he had smuggled a coffee mill along to grind flour for breakfast hotcakes, and M. L. Gruwell offered the miller a cow for every sack of flour he could spare.\* During these times of waiting the evenings were whiled away in song and someone boasted that they could sing an evening to death without repeating one song.

In 1891 Brother John Rowley, Sr., built the first grist mill in Colonia Diaz. It was an ingeniously devised, wind-powered mill, housed in a fine two-storied, rock house on the southwest corner of the Diaz townsite. A revolving belt connected home-made burrs with the windmill to do the grinding. As the ground wheat shimmied over a flat horizontal screen, flour sifted through fine perforations in the upper half, and shorts through the coarser ones near the end. The bran fell over the end. Brother Rowley made a good grade of flour but when mining companies contracted large orders of grinding and the wind became erratic, he was unable to adequately supply the townspeople with flour. The only other mill in the entire district was a small Mexican-owned one at La Ascencion. This was powered by a little burro who pulled a wooden beam round and round turning the burrs to grind a poor grade of flour.<sup>a</sup>

When Charles Edmund Richardson returned from his mission to find his family without "breadstuff" and Brother Rowley's mill becalmed by the wind and also over-contracted, he decided there was room enough for two local gristmills. He immediately began planning for a water-powered mill on the Palatada ditch some two and one-half miles southwest of Colonia Diaz. After obtaining permission to utilize the town irrigation water to power the mill, he hired William Gale<sup>b</sup> to dyke up the canal banks above the mill-site in order to raise the water level enough to spill onto and turn an undershot waterwheel. He then excavated a mill-race below the wheel to increase the fall, regulate the stream to suit the mill and then send it on down to the farms as before. He also made a spillway above the mill and a ditch to carry any overflow water around the mill and back into the town ditch, thus assuring no water loss to the farmers. Besides

\*Interview with Earl Stowell, a grandson.

<sup>a</sup>During the construction of his mill, Brother Rowley received an injury from which he never fully recovered. Consequently, he moved part of his family to Pacheco and contracted the mill to his young son, Jess. Later Rass Anderson ran it, but finally Rowley sold the windmill to William Galbraith for two yoke of oxen, and the mill was closed. The family converted the building into a home.

<sup>b</sup>Interview with Brother Gale.

building and installing the great water wheel, making the adobes and laying up the building, Edmund also manufactured all the necessary machinery except the grinding burrs, which he ordered, by mail, to be shipped to Deming, New Mexico.

One little Danish neighbor voiced his fear that Edmund was working too hard when he said to Eliza Whiting, "Dat Edmund iss moving everlasting." meaning that Edmund was perpetual motion. Edmund's wives were equally worried about his over-working and though the project also curtailed the already short supplies at home, they did everything possible to support him. When Sadie and Becky had only three house dresses between them, they cheerfully borrowed the extra dress while they washed the one they were wearing. Eddie, Sadie's son, says that because of ragged shoes, the women sometimes left bloody foot prints while carrying daily hot meals to the mill.

While Brother Anton Frederickson, the carpenter, was building the four shafts to house the revolving elevator-cup-belts which lifted the wheat to the grinding burrs above and also the bins for catching the different grades of flour as it was bolted over a silken screen, Joe James laughingly remarked that it would take years to put the mill into operation. Edmund then made Joe a bet that the mill would be grinding flour within a month.

When John Adams, whom Edmund had hired to freight the burrs from Deming, failed to bring them, Joe was certain he would win the bet, but not so Edmund. He purchased a hand mill from Parley Biglow, removed the handle, ran a belt around the shaft and set the mill to work grinding wheat which the family hand-picked and threw into the little hopper. There was flour a day before the specified time of the bet. The feat created much fun and merriment. Soon a fine set of French burrs and a smutting machine were installed and the mill really went to work. Among the colorful array of Mexican and white patrons coming and leaving in various types of horse-drawn vehicles, was the pathetic peon carrying the grist on his back. His bare or sandaled feet shuffled along through the road dust as if to keep up with his head protruding from under the load on his sagging back. He knew he was among friends with the Mormons for they seldom passed without giving him a lift.

When Edmund needed a trademark with which to label his produce, he remembered that someone had said his mill would never make a dollar as it ground one wheat kernel at a time. So he coined

the name, "Molinero Jolero" (busy dollar-making mill).<sup>7</sup> This name always brought a smile to the Mexicans. The Mexicans also smiled when Edmund and his friend, Anton Frederickson, loaned them money to finance planting their wheat and accepted promissory notes to be paid in wheat at harvest time. Many of the farmers met their payments honestly but others forgot unless someone was there to receive the wheat at threshing time or soon thereafter. This arrangement proved profitable to both sides and when Frederickson finished doing the carpentry work on the Molinero Jolero he asked to be paid with these contracts at a discount, knowing that if he collected only half of them he would double the amount of his wages. Also it was from this source that Edmund supplied his mill with surplus wheat above the individual grists brought in. This wheat was stored loose in great bins and drawn out through spouts in the front wall. However, it sometimes entailed hauling wheat late at night causing much worry to Edmund's wives and some danger for himself. Twice he felt impressed to use a round-about road in crossing the river bottoms and later learned that robbers had planned to waylay him at the regular crossing.

Although Edmund ground wheat for only fifty centavos (cents) a fenega (bushel) and also returned the shorts and the bran, the mill paid expenses, made a living and proved to be a great blessing to the community.

When Edmund was called on a mission by the Church authorities to study law at the University of Mexico in order to protect the Colonists in judicial and political cases, it was the mill, under the supervision of William Black that supported him and his family. For a time David J. Wilson and his wife, Olive Merrill Wilson, operated the mill. Edmund later sold the mill to Rass Anderson for a tidy sum in those days, \$4,000 dollars. The mill was still in operation in 1912 at the time of the exodus.

Encouraged by the success of the Richardson mill, Joseph James, a man of vision, and William D. Hendricks, who had some capital, built a mill on the Palatada, some seven and one-half miles above the Richardson mill. It was powered by a turbine wheel and the machinery was shipped into Colonia Diaz from a dismantled mill in Cache Valley, Utah. Later the mill was modernized with French burrs, a

<sup>7</sup>S. C. Richardson explained the coining of the name thus: In Spanish "Ero" means "One Who Does" and "Molino" means mill. Then "Molinero" means one who grinds. "Jola" is a paper dollar and so Edmund coined the word "Jolero" and made his trademark "Molinero Jolero" (dollar making mill).

cleaner, elevator, and cooler. During the years several people operated this mill, among whom were Irie Pierce and his wife, Elsey Peterson Pierce, Ross Anderson and wife, A. Frederickson, and perhaps Brother Pulsipher. At the time of the exodus in 1912 and for a few years before, John Norton was the miller. Because of the fine grade of flour from these mills, and the baking skills of the mothers, the town enjoyed excellent bread.

Like wheat, corn was a profitable crop and reasonably sure because if planted in the early spring, it matured without much later watering, and two crops of corn could be raised annually. Besides the Mexican field corn, they raised a sweet corn having smaller, softer kernels. This was delicious parched and served with butter and salt or made into molasses candy balls. It was also delicious when parched and ground into pinole, an Indian dish, and served with cream and sugar.

Although grain was the primary agricultural product, alfalfa, that great forage plant with its six annual crops, was perhaps next in importance. It contributed generously, both commercially and aesthetically, to the Colonia Diaz culture. As feed, it quickly supplemented or replaced wild hay, corn-fodder and straw. Primarily it was cut, cured in the fields, raked into piles and stacked on the town lot near the corrals where it was used for feed. Later horse-powered balers were used, making it easier to ship away to markets.

Driving past the green alfalfa fields, while the breeze chucked blue clover-like blossoms under the chin, was a pleasant, cooling experience on a hot day. The intrigue of the hay-making time began when the tall, green lucerne plants fell under the onslaught of the horizontal steel blade of the mowing machine, cutting swath after swath as it circled the field.

Then came the hay-rake stirring up the odor of new-mown hay as its long arched teeth raked up the hay to drop it in oblong piles to finish curing, ready to be hauled and stacked. For the children, the acme of delight was to slide down these stacks of hay. One never knew how much of the stack would slide with him or if the other children would wait for him to extricate himself or land on top of him. Occasionally, the parents did the landing. Alfalfa was indeed both profitable and delightful.

Other crops and products stimulated the colonists to engage in many pioneer industries. In the fields Diazites also grew molasses cane — the makings of a sweet spread for bread and other uses.



Home powered hay bailer — Courtesy of Richard A. Schwartlose



Elmer W. Johnson, Jr., ready to mow hay.

The corn-like stalks often reached a height of eight to ten feet, meanwhile producing compact tassel seeds at the top. Harvesting began when the tassel turned brown and the seeds were hard as wheat. With a stout short stick the long leaves were stripped from the standing canes which were then cut just above the ground with a sickle or short handled hoe and laid in piles across the furrows. After cutting off the tassels to use as feed for poultry or animals, the canes were hauled to the molasses mill. Here the juice was extracted by running the canes through a horse-powered crusher or roller. The juice was boiled through a series of vats arranged over a furnace of graduated heights in such a manner that the syrup could be drawn from one vat to another as it boiled and thickened. Since a fine grade of molasses depended upon meticulous care during this process it was presided over by at least two experts, a fireman and a boiler supervisor. The fireman must maintain a steady heat as he pitchforked fuel into the open end of the furnace and the juices must be skimmed, regulated, and tested in its boiling passage through the vats. The skimmings, ladled out with a long-handled dipper, were stored in barrels to be made into vinegar or were given to sweet-hungry children to boil into candy at home. Burned molasses was unpalatable and good molasses must have a clear amber color and maintain a standard consistency. The finished product was stored in five, ten or twenty gallon barrels or other containers furnished by the owners. The operators usually received their pay in molasses.

The sweets afforded by the molasses mill were more than the amber syrup manufactured there. During operations it grew to be a social center where each evening groups gathered to fraternize and chew the sweet cane. A community candy-pull, presided over by the Bishop and opened and closed with prayer, usually terminated the molasses making season. It was a gala evening which usually developed into hilarious fun and jokes as each one stretched into taffy his share of the candy made from forty gallons of molasses.

The first molasses mill was brought into Colonia Diaz by Brother McClellan on July 28, 1885 while the people were still camped on the river. Two months later the camp historian wrote: "Quite a number of the brethren are busy making molasses." The business continued throughout Diaz history under several different operators such as Frank Cheney, George Hardy and Joe James. Also for years William Merrill and Almon Holden owned and operated a mill with Brother Merrill acting as fireman. He attributed his loss of sight in one eye, to the glare and heat of the furnace. In some opinions

the high grade of Diaz molasses surpassed that of the Dixie molasses of today.

Honey, another source of sweets for the Diazistes, came from the mesquite blossoms, but the producers sent out the industrious bee to manufacture it. Records show that Brother Charles Whiting brought a stand of bees with him in 1884, and that later B. F. Johnson and his son-in-law, David J. Wilson shipped many stands of bees into Diaz from Mesa, Arizona. When Brother Johnson returned to Mesa he probably sold his bees to Edmund Richardson, John H. Earl and A. Frederickson. Perhaps others bought and traded bees, but every owner watched his apiary with a "bee-eye" during the honey flow time and kept a "for rent" hive ready for any swarming bees. A queen bee, with an itching wing, usually left the hive on a sunny day between nine and three o'clock, taking some three-fourths of her subjects with her. They hovered in the air some fifteen or twenty minutes then clustered on some bush or tree. If the farmer could then shake the cluster, including the queen, into the hive he could then remove the "for rent" sign and add another colony of bees to his apiary. But if they took wing again, they were off, with a loud buzzing hum, to seek some distant cave or hollow tree. This hum brought out the people hearing it to force the bees to cluster again by tossing dust and water up into the swarm to addle them and pounding tin pans and steel frying pans to make so much noise that they could not hear their own hum. In most cases, the bees clustered again and were hived comfortably in the town.

Brother Frederickson, who specialized in honey-in-the-comb, provided his hives with frames, some three or four inches square, having a line of bee's wax spread just under the top. Some said he trained his bees to build their honeycomb straight because if they began building otherwise, he cut off the error. So beautiful was the finished product that, at Christmas time, those who received one as a gift from Brother Frederickson, were loath to cut into it.

When Brother Earl, another beeman, decided that he would rather harvest his honey during the day than to have some of the boys harvest it at night, he loaded his shotgun with rock salt and when evening came sat beside the opening in his adobe fence where the ditch brought water only during his irrigation turn. When the first boy was crawling through the opening, Brother Earl asked, "Where are you going?" Seeing the gun, the intruder quickly answered, "I'm going back."

Once after attending a conference at Colonia Juarez, Brother Wilson, another beeman of Colonia Diaz, returned home to find that his son, David, and his daughter, Esther, had extracted the honey from their 300 beehives. They presented their father with eleven forty-gallon barrels of honey. The grateful father gave one barrel to Patriarch Lunt in appreciation of the time he spent in giving blessings to the large Wilson family. The Wilson sisters occasionally sweetened up a school recess by sharing chunks of granulated honey with their friends. Honey made a pleasing variety to the Colonia Diaz sweet ~~menu~~

In many pioneer areas a town grew up around a store at some cross-road, but Colonia Diaz was one town whose inhabitants were in need of a store. They had to trade at La Ascencion or across the border in United States. However, she finally built herself several stores.

In 1890 George M. Brown Esq., formerly a practicing lawyer in Provo, Utah, brought his two families to Colonia Diaz and opened a store on Main Street just north of Andrew Anderson's home. A long building housed the store in a center room and his families lived one on each side. Four years later the store was for sale and on August 16, 1894, Bishop Johnson called a meeting to discuss the advisability of the town buying it on a co-operative basis. Since the year's crops were the best ever and more money had changed hands than usual, he felt that now was the time to act. However, he explained that they would need \$500.00 to \$1000.00 to purchase it. He also explained that they could organize a company now, but could not afford to register until later.<sup>10</sup> Added impetus toward making a favorable decision came when Señor Gonzales and another merchant from La Ascencion made an offer to buy the entire store. After Brother Haynie reported that the goods could be bought at a reduction of fifty percent on the show case goods, thirty-three and one-half percent on the rest and the unopened goods at cost plus freight, the die was cast and the people began raising the money for the purchase. Brother Simon Hansen began by donating fifty dollars. Other investors were: William D. Johnson, both senior and junior, Anton Frederickson, Erastus Beck, Abraham Acord (Uncle Abe), J. H. Earl, Joseph B. Jackson, I. W. Pierce and others. These people donated \$646.00. The Relief Society sisters then canvassed the town and returned with \$371.00. A Board of Directors then drew up a set of by-laws and the following officers were elected: William D. Johnson, Jr., President;

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<sup>10</sup>Unpublished diary of William D. Johnson, Jr., 1895-1902, Book C, p. 1.

Joseph B. Jackson, Vice President; and Simon Hansen, Secretary of the "Diaz Co-operative Mercantile Institution." Brothers Haynie and Wilson were commissioned to make the purchase and to rent the building on Main Street just west of the school. For a time the children were more interested in the store than in the school and the clerk, William Laws, was always thankful when the school bell called the children back to classes.

After some time William Galbraith bought the store by repaying each donor what he had invested plus interest on his money. Galbraith moved his wife, Lilly, back of the store into a house, whose patio boasted an elderberry tree, unique in the town.

Finally Brother Galbraith sold to Henry Bowman, of Dublan, who then moved the store two and one-half blocks south on Main Street between the Irene Richardson and Verona Whiting homes. Bowman shipped merchandise by rail from El Paso to Dublan and then freighted it by team and wagon to supply the Diaz store.

When Bowman made Ernest Van Romney manager of the Diaz branch and gave him half the proceeds, Ernest hired P. K. Lemmon, Jr. of Diaz to assist him. Some of the clerks were: Ruthie Johnson, Verna Johnson, and Lurline Tenney. The latter was working at the time of the exodus.

Brother Martin M. Sanders established a store in his own home at the extreme southern end of Main Street. He hired the services of Martha N. Holden, widow, who was supporting six of her husband's children by a deceased wife and three of her own. After work she made overalls to sell at the store.

The little store and refreshment stand, which Peter and Mamie Mortensen opened at their home west of Main Street, was especially interesting to children and young people. On special occasions they made and sold ice cream. This was no small job because ice had to be shipped in to freeze it. Sister Mortensen's singing and her ability to make everyone, even the most bashful children, feel important and happy, added much to the popularity of the place. Peter finally sold out to Bowman and then freighted goods for him to the Diaz mercantile branch.

The Orson O. Richins store, last to appear on Main Street, was established just before he left to fill a mission in the state of Illinois. Blanch, his step-daughter, said the store was a sixty-foot wide adobe building with a large front room used for the store, followed by

two bedrooms, a large kitchen, and two other rooms — all in a long line and used for living quarters for the family. Upstairs, above this, was a dance hall reached by an outside stairway. This was Colonia Diaz' only dance hall other than the one at the Church. When Brother Richins moved his wife, Sadie, to his ranch and the building was condemned as unsafe for dancing, Will Adams bought the property, demolished the building and built stables instead.

In addition to these stores, Colonia Diaz turned to her skilled artisans and craftsmen to supply her needs. Home manufacturing held precedent over factory production and developed as necessity demanded. Each occupation had its colorful page in the colony's economy and added to its comfort and development. There were coopers, tinsmiths, blacksmiths, shoemakers, brickmakers, carpenters, bricklayers, farmers, horticulturists, truck gardeners, weavers, dressmakers, tailors, etc., and every family raised poultry and milked cows. All this so involved the children that it was as if they had been apprenticed to their parents to learn a trade and to learn how to work. Perhaps the town's sweetest commercial business was Elmer and Janey Johnson's candy factory begun in 1888. The establishment was born when Sister Janey looked at the dirt floor of her spotless kitchen and a fifteen pound *pilón* of Mexican sugar and decided to pit one against the other. Sugar could be turned into candy, she thought, and candy into money to buy lumber flooring (if the lumber could be spared for flooring).

After hacking pieces off the *pilón*<sup>11</sup> and grinding them in a hand-mill, she measured ingredients into a shining copper kettle and began the process of boiling it into candy. She encountered many problems, for her local business was paid for in produce such as eggs and butter, and shipments were curtailed because the candy stuck together when packed. Undaunted, Sister Johnson hunted up a United States candy manufacturer who sold her a "non-stick" secret for one hundred dollars. With this secret, which she carefully guarded, she could ship her candy to any market and her profits grew. When she and the girls were unable to supply the demand from the kitchen, her husband, Elmer W. Johnson, built a factory on the northwest corner of the lot facing Main Street. Here they installed marble working slabs and metal molding machines for such shapes as fish and drops. Pulled cocoanut taffy and lemon drops were favorite candies, but hard sticks with white centers or twisted stripes were also in great demand. Their market included all the colonies, Northern Chihuahua Mexican towns.

<sup>11</sup>A cone-shaped mass weighing some fifteen or twenty pounds.

local mines, and Chihuahua City. After 1896 when the Johnsons displayed their candy at the Coyoacan Fair, Mexico City merchants began soliciting their trade and the Johnson factory had to be enlarged. On dance nights at Colonia Diaz, the factory sales room was opened to sell candy and a drink that Sister Johnson manufactured and called "soda pop."

Yes, this was a sweet business, but perhaps it couldn't hold a candle to the MAGIC of blacksmithing which fashioned steel and scrap iron into necessary and otherwise unobtainable machinery; primed and sharpened plows; made and replaced wheels and kept them rolling for transportation; and also shod horses and mules. In fact, there seemed to be no limit to the blacksmith's ingenuity in meeting the people's needs for tools and equipment. Charles Edmund Richardson set up a blacksmith shop early, but moved it to his Dustydale ranch and left other Diazistes to take over. The Rowley brothers, Jess and James, each were operating shops at the time of the exodus.

Other tradesmen were also quick to note community needs and set about supplying them. When Brother Wesley Norton, who was among the first to arrive at Diaz, discovered the Limestone Ridge west of town, he went to the mountain to tap its supply. At its foot he built a great rocklined firebox over which he constructed a kiln filled with limestone slanted up to a rounding roof with a chimney or vent on top.<sup>13</sup> When the furnace was flanked on either side with mountains of mesquite and greasewood fuel, the seven days of constant firing began. Each opening of the furnace for another thrust of fuel, disclosed violent flames, licking at almost molten rock and releasing insufferable glare which, at night, devoured a circle of darkness to reveal the tent where slept a Norton son readying to relieve his father's night shift. When the furnace closed again, the feeble moon traced only the outline of the mountains. When the burning was finished, all that needed hauling back to town was the white lime product, thus proving the advisability of going to the mountain to make the kiln.

Lime was needed as a disinfectant around the barns and privys and to prevent fly-blow on wounded cattle. It was also used to harden plaster and mortar. Whitewashing (kalsomining) the inside walls of each home was a must during the spring cleaning, and the Church building and many homes were also plastered and white-washed on the outside as well. The clean, white smell of a freshly white-washed

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<sup>13</sup>Interview with Lilly Norton, daughter.

room added to the sense of security felt by the children after house cleaning and after the carpets and furniture had been returned. One morning upon looking out of the window at an infrequent snow storm, which had come during the night, a child exclaimed, "Oh look, Mama, the Heavenly Father has white-washed the earth."

The white-wash was prepared by slaking lime with water and mixing it to a brush-spreading consistency. (During this process the lime generated a tremendous amount of heat, enough to burn flesh.) The white-wash brush was perforated in several different places for inserting long or short handles for ease in reaching different heights or in changing positions. Amateurs at the job might spatter themselves and the floor, but an expert seldom dripped a drop.

Brother Norton's next venture — the manufacture of brooms in 1889-90 — also concerned itself with sanitation. Its success was practically assured when the necessary broom-corn weathered even the devastating drought of that year. He manufactured brooms in three sizes which sold for fifty, sixty, and seventy-five centavos (cents), respectively.

At Christmas time Brother Norton put a toy broom on the Christmas tree for every little girl in town.<sup>12</sup> By 1894, Norton's market included all the Colonies, local mines, Durango, and Chihuahua City. Even a second shop opened by Brother David F. Wilson did not glut the market.

Only the seed tassel of the corn was used for brooms and Brother Wilson's daughter, Esther, says her father built a revolving wooden cylinder, porcupined with headless nails, under which the children held the tassels to beat off the seeds. The children complained about this job because of itching caused by the lint.

When the de-seeded tassel-straw became pliable, after soaking in clear water for a time, it was wired upside down on opposite sides of the broomstick, then bent back to form the hip of the broom. As the center of the brush was filled in, a machine turned the handle, wrapping the wire around until sufficient straw was fastened. While a vice held the straws together at the right width, they were bound permanently with three or four lines of twine passing around just under the broom hip. A process called "sewing" fastened the side twines together by passing a special needle through the straws at one-inch intervals to knot the twines tightly. At the Wilson factory, Centenan, the oldest daughter, did the sewing. At the Colonia Diaz Fair, both

<sup>12</sup>Ibid.

the Wilson brooms and the daughter received a prize. Hers was for being the prettiest girl in town. The Wilsons later moved away from Diaz, but the Norton factory was still in operation at the time of the exodus.

Occasionally a business was developed co-operatively under the direction of the Diaz Agricultural and Manufacturing Association. In 1894 they organized to build a tannery at a cost of \$700.00 American money, as estimated by Brother Rowberry.<sup>14</sup> Members of the association were to receive annual dividends. At the building site, south on Main Street, they cemented four large vats — each four feet high — then heightened them with brick. Water for the vats was run through a steel tank supplied by a windmill. Brother William Merrill, who had operated a tannery during the United Order at Brigham City, Arizona, was made chief tanner.

Since this was a treeless valley, the usual tanning barks were unobtainable, but Northern Chihuahua state did produce the necessary acid ingredients in *Canaigre* (sour cane)<sup>15</sup> a plant belonging to the dock family. Its great tuberous roots resembled a sweet potato. It grew profusely on the western sand hills of the valley and was reported to yield 80% tannin as used in tanning leather. As the Canaigre was harvested with a shovel, it was thrown into a horse-drawn sled and then transferred into a wagon at the foot of the hill. At the tannery the root was dried, ground in a horse-powered mill, and then mixed with the water in the vats. The necessary acid content was maintained by measuring with an instrument acting much as a thermometer does in indicating temperature.

The vats could handle five hundred hides at a time, but the process required weeks of work and soaking to make a finished product. When the hair was loosened in the first vat, by a lime-water solution, each hide was hand scraped on each side to remove both hair and fats, then put through a series of vats containing regulated tannin mixtures. It required both energy and skill to produce a fine product, but in return they found ample market for it.

Finally, Brother Merrill traded his interest in the tannery to Brother Edsin Porter, a tanner from Dublin, for a home and lot in

<sup>14</sup>Johnson, Jr., Book C.

<sup>15</sup>From a newspaper article by William D. Johnson Jr., Canaigre grows in almost inexhaustible quantities in Northern Chihuahua. Its tanning properties cannot be excelled. Large quantities are shipped to Europe, as well as to the United States and Mexico. A Deming, New Mexico Co. has now begun the manufacture of a Canaigre extract and exports it in that form. They pay \$20.00 per ton for the root. Our people are now experimenting in the culture of Canaigre because of its market value.

that city and the two men exchanged places. However, Brother Porter soon tired of having his families separated, one in Dublan and one in Diaz, and moved back to Dublan, leaving the tannery to the care of Alfred Mortensen who operated it until the exodus. The children say that gathering Canaire became a family outing which no one cared to miss.

As these industries prospered, others also developed. Parley Johnson and Rass Anderson set up a shoe shop in part of the Johnson home on Main Street north of the tannery. They used the Diaz tanned leather to manufacture as well as mend shoes. When eight year old Annie Richardson<sup>14</sup> was having her feet measured for a pair of new shoes, she asked Kirstan Anderson to please make her shoes squeak. To the child's delight, they did.

Besides these permanent industrial activities, there were some seasonal jobs, such as hog-killing, which usually occurred in the fall after the animals had been fattened on Mesquite beans and corn. This was also a cooperative affair involving the family and usually the neighbors as well. While the animal was being stunned with a blow on the head ready for severance of the jugular vein, little girls ran the other way and did more squealing than the pig. But if a boy turned pale at the sight, he camouflaged his emotions by picking up rocks and throwing them. However, the girls returned to see the great carcass lowered into a barrel of scalding water to loosen the hair follicles, and then lifted by several men onto a table to be quickly scraped clean of hair. After spreading the hind legs with a strong stick sharpened at both ends to penetrate the hocks, the carcass was suspended from a scaffold and the intestines drawn into a tub to be cleaned for soap making. The ghost-like hulk hanging there to cool might have been a bit frightening to the children except that they were playing with the inflated bladder, the only balloon some of them had ever seen.

During the carving process, all excess fat was removed for rendering into lard, and the desired amount of lean meat was sliced off to be ground into sausage. Trimmed hams and shoulders were cured in brine then smoked by being suspended from rafters over a smoldering fire in a tightly-closed room. In lieu of a smoke house, a barrel, fitted with a stove pipe, was used. The hogs head was cleaned (eyes, ears, teeth and brains removed) boiled, and made into headcheese by cutting off the well-done meat, seasoning it highly and pressing into

<sup>14</sup>The author.

a brick. This was then sliced and served in various ways. The ladies were usually concerned with making the sausage, grinding, seasoning, and pressing the meat into patties to pack into crocks and cover with lard for future use.

Sometimes it was stuffed into gut casings for smoking. After emptying the intestines, the casings were cut into the desired lengths, washed in many waters, brushed and scraped, then turned over the pointed end of a cowhorn and washed again before soaking in brine. The lengths were tied at the bottom and the open end fastened to a funnel or a piece of cowhorn cut from the large end. Through this funnel, the sausage was stuffed into the now transparent casings. The air, trapped in the casing during the stuffing process, squeaked its way out when the casing was pricked with a pin. The stuffed casings were then smoked with the hams. Fats from the ribs, belly and jowls were rendered into lard. The best of the cracklings<sup>11</sup> were used in cooking. The rest went into the hoarded soap-fats of bacon rinds, table scraps, and fats stripped from animal intestines.

Soap making usually followed hog killing. It was an art every woman aspired to, and most achieved, though each batch required two or three hours of constant watching, testing and stirring. After carefully weighing and measuring the ingredients of fats, water, and lye, she mixed them in a large container sitting upon a tripod of rocks over an outdoor fire. As the heat and lye dissolved the fats, she stirred and tested hoping always to bring the mixture to that honeylike consistency where it sheeted over the raised paddle and ended in spun hairs and a spoonful jelled in a saucer. If this stage delayed, testing began again. The touch of the tongue to the saucer-cooled spoonful determined if more lye was needed, and if not, the addition of water, a quart at a time, usually did the trick. After cooling and solidifying over night, the soap was emptied onto a table and cut into the desired size with the back of a carpenter's saw, ready to be dried and stored. Great quantities of this was made because the soap served for personal hygiene as well as for all other household purposes.

However, this did not end the work, for each weekly wash required as much time and labor as did soap making. After water was pumped or drawn from a well, it was heated either outside or on the kitchen stove in a wash boiler, softened with lye, sudsed with shaved soap, and then poured over the soiled clothes in a number

<sup>11</sup>Residue after rendering.

three zinc tub. After the clothes were rubbed by hand on the wash board, they were boiled, rubbed again if any soif remained, then rinsed, blued and hung on the line to dry. Since the families were large, this was no small job, but the housewife felt that home-made soap had no equal in cleansing properties. As proof of her premise, not many washes showed tattle-tale gray.

Another task for the housewife of Colonia Diaz, was straw-hat making which was as popular as was soap making. The women preceded the header into the wheat fields to gather the choice straw to be graded, one at time, as "fine" or "coarse." The coarse straws were used to make work hats, the fine to make "Sunday" hats. If more pliability was desired, as in Leghorn hats, the straws were split. Types of braids were determined by the number of straws used in the braiding. Seven coarse straws went into braids for the work hats while eleven or more formed the finer braids. Straws were soaked in warm water prior to braiding. Variance in color was achieved by bleaching the straw with sulphur or by dying them much as cloth is dyed. Men's hats were often braided in black and white. Before sewing the hats to the measurements and specifications of its owner, the straws were flattened by pressing the braids under a heavy damp cloth, or by soaking the braids and flattening the straw with a rolling pin. The hats, when trimmed with flowers, ribbon-streamers, bands, or bows, justified the pride with which the owners walked under them.

Although most of the ladies in town made hats, only a certain few had looms for weaving dress materials and rugs. Among these were Martina Mortensen, Christine Rohwer, Annie Tenney, and perhaps, Sister Thygerson. When the Rohwer family moved back to Utah, Sister Tenney bought the loom, squeezed it into her little house and kept busy weaving carpets and rugs.

Some employment took heads of far "as far from home. Centered, as Colonia Diaz was, in a great valley devoid of shipping facilities, she developed a freighting system of horse-drawn vehicles to transport her imports and exports to and from mines and railroad terminals. The business began as soon as the Saints landed on the banks of the Casas Grandes river, nearly two years before the townsite was surveyed, and continued during the entire town history. In fact, Brother Peter Mortensen arrived in Colonia Diaz with a load of merchandise for the store, not more than an hour before the exodus.



TENNEY FAMILY

Front row: Louis, Mrs. Annie Eager Tenney, Lurline.

Back row: Rasailis, Levi, Almon, Amanda, Bosworth.

The dress Sister Tenney (center) is wearing was woven by Christine Rohwer.

Hay and grain were freighted out from the colony, and machinery, building materials, furniture and other supplies were freighted in. Lumber was freighted down from the sawmills located in the mountain colonies over a hundred miles to the southwest. It would have been better brought in from the United States except for high duties which created a problem on many supplies. One merchant freighter from the upper colonies attempted to evade the high duty charged on silks by concealing them under a false bottom built into his wagon box. When he was finally caught at La Ascencion, his outfits were confiscated, false bottom and all, and forever after, the Diazistes knew him as "The False-bottom Freighter."

The mining industry of northwestern Chihuahua, which meant so much to the colonies by way of employment and a market for



Shaggy rug designed by Eliza Whiting made of inch squares of wooden material from worn out coats and machine stitched on a background in straight lines using the designated colors. Rug design reproduced in 1969 by Sister Whiting's niece, Annie R. Johnson and displayed by Annie's granddaughters Cheryl and Ann Sparks.

their produce, was developed by foreign companies on the northern end of the "Mineralized Mexican strip" reported as containing the richest silver districts in the world. It also produced gold, copper, zinc and tin. Some of the principal mines were the San Pedro, Leon, Sabinal, Bismark and San Blas. The Sabinal mines, discovered in 1882 by two American prospectors, continued operation during both the Indian terrorism and the 1910 revolution. Her first cargo, shipped to Deming, New Mexico, by burro, brought \$60,000 and soon developed a boom which opened up many other mines. The San Pedro mine, opened in 1684, is said to be the oldest mine of the district. Later Pack animals transported the ore twenty miles to the Corralitos and Barrancos smelter. At that smelter, mesquite roots, grubbed for miles around, fueled the shaft-type furnace, tapped in front, and bellows-

blown from behind. In 1960 ruins of this smelter were still evident. At that time a chimney still topped the hill with its rock flume serpentineing down the hill to the furnace ruins sitting at its foot. The Bismark mine was situated between Colonia Diaz and her railroad station, Guzman.

These mines were heavy purchasers of colony supplies — cattle, farm products, poultry and eggs, cheese, butter, fruits and manufactured products. Mine superintendents contracted with peddlers to furnish produce for their districts, thereby assuring the peddlers a market. If the peddler could manage to haul a load both ways, the business became a lucrative one. Some of the peddlers serving Colonia Diaz were: William Merrill, Orson Oriel Richins, J. D. Harvey, David F. Stout, Peter Mortensen, John Rowley and others. In fact, practically every family freighted some of its supplies at one time or another. The peddlers tried to cooperate with each other as illustrated by this January-of-1907 agreement between D. F. Stout, then freighting from the upper colonies, and J. D. Harvey of Colonia Diaz. They agreed to exchange any commodity one could obtain cheaper or had difficulty in procuring.<sup>11</sup> These arrangements continued in effect until Brother Stout decided to cancel his contract with the mines because of the scarcity of fruit, (a severe snow storm in November 1906 almost completely destroyed the Colonia Juarez fruit orchards, thus curtailing the 1907 fruit crop).

In 1909, when the San Pedro mines gave their patronage to Brother Peter Mortensen, he used his two sons, Arvon and Robert to help with the added business and hired Brother Zenos Laws to operate the "Dribbling Route." This consisted of La Ascencion, the mills, and the scattered ranches. The natives were most delighted with the packaged peanuts, candy and gum which Brother Laws had to offer in addition to his regular supplies. However, Zenos said that the sweetest thing he occasionally took with him was his young bride, Lewella Rowley Laws.<sup>22</sup>

The lack of railroad facilities also brought groups of hunters from across the border into Colonia Diaz seeking guides and transportation into the hunting grounds of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which abounded with such game as deer, bear, javelinas, mountain lions, bobcats and turkey. These hunters frequently hired James Gale, Jr., who was a good cook, knew the habitat of the deer, and could lure

<sup>11</sup> Wayne Q. Stout, *Our Pioneer Ancestors* (Salt Lake City, 1944), p. 186.

<sup>22</sup> Interview with Mrs. Laws.



James Gale's outfit ready to take U. S. hunters into the Sierra Madre Mountains for a safari.

turkey cocks into shooting distance by imitating their mating call.<sup>21</sup> The hunters paid James \$5.00 per day, plus \$1.00 per day for horses and all expenses paid for two weeks.

Bear stories around the campfire tell of Brother Steagall, a great trapper from Pacheco, trailing a bear he had caught in a trap chained to a drag. In a steep canyon near an eight foot waterfall, then only a trickle, the bear made a lunge and Steagall tried to climb the waterfall but slipped back to what he thought was death, but the bear had stopped at the end of his chain.

Two Neagle boys from Pacheco were tracking a bear they had shot and wounded.<sup>22</sup> One boy found the bear just behind a log, but his gun jammed and the bear killed him before the brother could come to the rescue. The body was carried home on a mule.

Christmas goodies at Colonia Diaz were precarious, one year, when young Arvon Mortensen with his load of oranges and apples was stalled on the road by a snow storm and a sick horse. Undaunted, Arvon wrapped his feet in burlap bags as protection from the cold and rode a horse into Diaz for help. He and Edmund A. Richardson

<sup>21</sup>The call was done on a bone whistle made from a hen turkey wing.

<sup>22</sup>Interview with Otto Gale.

returned for the outfit and the children received the regular oranges in the toe of their stockings unaware that they had almost been deprived of this annual treat.

Prices on produce fluctuated considerably and a lady once said she wished the price of eggs would hurry and come down so that they could afford to eat a few. Brother Mortensen then told her that she could better afford to eat eggs when the price was high than when it was low because it took fewer eggs to bring the same amount of money. It is doubtful that the lady was converted. But the town was converted to the necessity of freighting.

Even celebrations, begun as holidays, grew into big business with unforeseen effects upon the Mormons.

\* The bounteous harvest of 1894, which followed several years of struggle against a series of misfortunes including famine, prompted the Diazistes to stage a fair as an expression of their gratitude to the great Provider. It was the first regional fair attempted by the Mexican-Mormon colonists and is reported to be the first in Northern Chihuahua.

As the first step toward the necessary organization, The Agricultural and Manufacturing Association of Colonia Diaz was effected June 21, 1894 with Bishop William Derby Johnson, Jr., as President and James A. Little as secretary.

After setting the fair date for September 13 and 14th, necessary committees were named to superintend the various divisions of the exhibit, and an executive committee appointed to conduct the general business. Invitations were sent to the Governor of the State of Chihuahua, Miguel Ahumada, and the Municipal Council, also the citizens of La Ascencion. President George Teasdale and the Bishops of the various Mormon Colonies and their members were also invited.

The school building was selected to house the indoor exhibits, the school grounds, the display of farm and other machinery, and the adjacent Peterson corrals to hold the livestock. The beauty of the interior decorations satisfied both the Mexican and the American guests. The giant Mexican flag, suspended from the ceiling, rippled a welcome, and appropriate Spanish mottoes spoke friendship from the walls.

Brother James A. Little writes: "The arrangements of the exhibition were quite complete on the evening of the 12th. At 9 o'clock a.m. of the 13th, the doors were opened to the public and 10 o'clock was appointed for the commencement of the opening exercises. There

was some delay in waiting for expected friends from La Ascencion. The president of the municipality, Jose Mario Martinez, could not attend, but he sent an able representative in the person of Señor Carlos G. Gonzales, a merchant of La Ascencion. He was accompanied by Pedro Gonzales Guitierrez and other prominent citizens.

Brother I. W. Pierce gave the opening and dedicatory prayer and the opening speech was made by the president of the association, Bishop William Derby Johnson. Mexican friends seemed to enter at once into the spirit of the occasion. Señor Gonzales made an eloquent and pleasing speech. (Charles Edmund Richardson acted as interpreter). He was followed by Señor Guitierrez who said, in part: "We acknowledge your superiority in thrift, and appreciate the examples of prosperity and progress you have set for us, and we hope to profit by it. We open our arms to you and receive you as brothers. The motto I see at the head of the hall beside our flag, "Long live our adopted country," gives me much pleasure, and I say, welcome to our midst and I hope we shall all grow together into one nation." After a comical song by E. W. Johnson, and a short speech by William Galbraith, vocal and instrumental music enlivened the occasion. Then President Johnson read the program for the following day and declared the fair open.

Since this was the first general fair ever held in Northern Mexico, the Mexican guests were astonished as they viewed the excellent exhibits in every department. Brother Little continues: "One of the small rooms was occupied with ladies' work and we felt that the exhibit would be a credit to any of the towns in Utah. The fine art department attracted considerable attention. Some kinds of fruit were out of season, but the show of peaches, pears and grapes was fine. Probably finer specimens of field and garden produce cannot be produced anywhere. The exhibit of dairy products, of bottled, canned, dried, and preserved fruits, of honey, and other skills of the ladies in the kitchen were all very satisfactory. In home manufactures there were good samples of furniture, brooms, wooden tubs, copper ware and machinery. For the size of the colony there was a good show of farm implements. By way of contrast, a Mexican farmer was there with his rude cart drawn by oxen, attached to it with the yoke strapped to them in front of the horns. In the cart was an old-time Mexican plow or sharpened stick. The outfit represented the general condition of the native farmer in the country. The colonists were, however, hopeful of their future, for there was a spirit of improvement in those around Diaz.

Some good stock was on exhibition, but there was neither time to prepare for nor convenience for making a showing as the people were capable of producing. The Diazites reserved their best crop to put on exhibition next morning "her citizenry." This she did by means of "Beauty" and "Achievement" contests.

The Most Beautiful Baby show attracted wide interest and the number of eligible babies spoke well for the future of the colony. Among the babies entered were: Ina Acord, Inez Merrill — fair skin, big blue eyes, and long golden curls; and Inez Beck'— blue eyes and bald-head. Miss Beck wore just a diaper and a very sheer, low necked, sleeveless dress which showed up her dimples and clear, pink skin. Around her neck he wore a gold, heart-shaped locket. She won the prize. In a song Bert Wilson composed about the baby show, he sang, "The prize went to a baby dress with a kid thrown in for filling."<sup>22</sup>

Some of the young ladies who entered the beauty contest were: Juanitta Johnson, Olive Merrill, Lucy Pierce, Hettie Acord, and a daughter of one of the visiting officials. The latter won the prize.

There were no volunteers for the "Ugliest Man in Town" contest, though Joe James maintained that every fellow had some ugly qualities.

In the sight reading contest, Olive Merrill won by a slight margin over Pearl Whiting and Millie Gruwell with her rendition of *Thanatopsis*. The poetry prize went to Josephine Gruwell almost by the time she had finished the lines.

"Whence comes those shrieks  
So wild and shrill  
That like an arrow  
Cleave the air"

After a few more competitions in penmanship and reading in English and Spanish, the afternoon was spent in a ball game.

Brother Little's comments of the affair concluded with these words, "As a people, we are well satisfied with our efforts. We did not expect to do nearly so well. It is designed to hold these Fairs annually in the future, and we hope to show a marked advancement next season."

The second Annual Fair held on September 11, 12, 13, 1895 was equally successful.

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<sup>22</sup>Interview with Olive Merrill who was in attendance.

Plans for the third annual exposition surpassed the very successful performance of the other two in several ways. The purpose of the colonists to find greater markets for their produce, gain recognition for themselves as Mexican-Anglo Saints, and cement friendly relationships with their adopted countrymen dominated its program. The Agricultural and Manufacturing Company of Colonia Diaz sent invitations to General Porfirio Diaz, President of the Republic, Miguel Ahumada, governor of Chihuahua State, Joaquin Cortezar, Secretary of State and members of the Municipal Council at La Ascencion, asking them to attend.

In his answer, dated June 20, 1896, the National President said:

"Señor W. Derby Johnson, Colonia Diaz

Esteemed Sir: I am very thankful as well for the distinction which you have conferred upon me, making me an honorary member of the Agricultural and Manufacturing Association of Colonia Diaz of which you are the honored president, as well as for the invitation which you were pleased to send me, which, although I am not able to accept because of multiplicity of official duties, I esteem highly and I will send at once to Governor Miguel Ahumada asking him to represent me in the ceremony of the inauguration of the Fair.

Your faithful servant,  
Porfirio Diaz

The date of the fair was changed to September 23 and 24 to meet the more convenient time for the Governor, as indicated in his note of acceptance. All other invited dignitaries accepted their invitation and, by arrangement, all were expected to arrive in La Ascencion, three miles south of Colonia Diaz at 3 p.m. on the 22nd.

At the appointed date and time, two messengers from Colonia Diaz boated across the usually dry Casas Grandes River to La Ascencion and learned that the Governor had arrived. Other dignitaries in the party were: Miguel Ahumada, Chief Executive of the State of Chihuahua; Señor Joaquin Cortezar, Secretary of State; Señor Ciro V. Amarillas, Chief of the Governor's Staff; Captain J. Marquez; Lieutenant José J. Elecsir and Severo C. De La Fuente, Aid-to-Camps; Señor Jose M. Gandara, State Prosecuting Attorney; Señor Carlos A. Nieto, General Inspector of Government Telegraph Lines; Señor Salvador Arellano, civil engineer and Editor of the Mining Gazette, Chihuahua; Señor Joaquin Cortezar, son of the Secretary of State and Attorney at Law; the members of the municipal council of

La Ascencion; Señor Don Carlos Gonzales, merchant; a small detachment of soldiers acting as guard for the Governor and a band of musicians who had accompanied the Governor's party from Sabinal. The Bishop hired the services of this band for the duration of the fair.

Getting this large crowd across the swollen Casas Grandes River was a problem. Flash floods such as this one usually begin to subside in a day or two and next morning a crossing, thought feasible, was found four miles up the river. Here the teams, to escort the visitors to Colonia Diaz, crossed with only the loss of a harness which had to be cut to save a horse from drowning. At 10:30 the party arrived at Colonia Diaz. As they approached the exposition building on Main Street, they found the Sunday School children, in holiday attire, arranged in line under the shade trees on the west side of the street, and the adult population on the opposite side. They gave the Governor a cordial reception with the salutation in Spanish, "Long live the Governor," who acknowledged the ovation with uncovered head. With music by the band the party was escorted to the commodious bowery which had been erected on the north side of the exposition building for the assemblage of the people during the fair. The opening exercises for the fair were commenced by the choir singing the national hymn in Spanish, after which Chaplain James A. Little offered prayer. After welcoming all the guests to the fair, with special mention given to Governor Ahumada in his dual capacity as Governor of Chihuahua and representative of the President of the Republic, W. D. Johnson said: "I feel grateful that in the day of trouble we found a home and protection on the soils of Mexico. We highly appreciate this blessing, and I will add, we have come to stay."

Elder Helaman Pratt, as a member of the Presidency of the Juarez Stake extended a greeting from all the Mormon colonies. He made special mention of Señor José Gandara whom, he recalled, had been a staunch friend ever since the Mormons arrived on Mexican soil. Elder Pratt then called for three cheers for Governor Ahumada and three for the Republic of Mexico.

After several of the Mexican officials had spoken, President W. D. Johnson introduced the Governor who extended greetings from both himself and President Diaz, then said:

"I have come for the purpose of seeing you in your homes, of witnessing the results of your labors, and the progress you have made in developing the resources of the country; in fact, to become acquainted with you as a people and to open in form your

exposition. I shall give an account to President Diaz of what I see and hear. . . . I congratulate you on the results of your labors and the progress you have made since you have been here. The sight before me of so many bright and healthy children, born on the soil of Mexico is very pleasing. It promises well for your future growth and development in the country of your adoption. The annual fair for 1896 of the Agricultural and Manufacturing Company is now open." (Charles Edmund Richardson, interpreter)

The reception closed at 11:30 a.m. The guests then began a tour of the exhibits where they found that the word was 'variety.' The right side of the spacious west room was banked with a floral display, breath-taking in its beauty. Fine floral specimens from the town's gardens fraternized with potted plants of many varieties and the song of pet canaries added a jubilant note. Some flowers for judging occupied the foreground. The left or north wall of the room displaying photographs of the Salt Lake Temple and of the Church leaders, from Joseph Smith on down to the current president, attracted much attention. The art and relic display beneath also invited examination. On a central table the Adventure Mining and Milling Company of Sabinal, Mexico, had a fine display of rocks, crude ores, minerals and bottled concentrates. A special feature here was a native paint found in abundance in the mine.

All the home-grown excitement and pride in the fair burst into view as wide sliding doors easily admitted the people into the long main room of the building where the first thing in evidence was a life size portrait of the National President, Porfirio Diaz, draped with the national colors, red, white, and green. On his right, the north end of the room housed a display of home manufactures, showing machinery, methods and finished products. Represented among these were the candy factory, molasses mill, grist mills, tannery, harness and shoe shop, broom factories, tin shop, blacksmith shops, carpenter shops, brick making, lime kiln, soap making, and weaving of cloth, carpets and rugs.

The women's and children's department held in the south end of the room displayed tailored suits for both men and women, fine dresses, work clothes, house linens, crochet and knit laces, embroidery work and sofa pillows. Braided straw hats were a novelty to the visitors. Braided, shaggy and hooked rugs were shown in the process of being made. A quilt, set up on the frames ready for quilting, gained more

interest because of a display of home-carded wool bats prepared for its filling.

To the children their department was the most important feature of the fair, and as seven-year-old Annie Richardson admired her entry of curtain tie-backs made by suspending three small velvet covered drums from ribbon, she felt that they justified the fair; and at ninety years of age, Esther Wilson Lewis recalls her joy at receiving a prize for the wreath of hair-flowers she entered.

In the third room, bleachers covered with muslin made an excellent means of displaying the abundant farm and garden produce. Squash, pumpkins and watermelons, too large for easy handling, were arranged on the floor at the foot of the bleachers. Bushels of corn, wheat, oats and broom-corn seed finished out the line. Ears of colored corn, half shucked and arranged in long clusters by their shucks, vied with ropes of dried red chili in adding color to the exhibit. From among the fruit display, the most spectacular single object was a giant cluster of grapes, equal to those the children of Israel brought back from the Land of Canaan, displayed by Brother Anton Fredrickson. Brother Will Adam's luscious sweet potatoes were also giants. At one time he sent a thirty-seven pound potato to the World's Fair at Kansas City, Kansas.

Dairy and culinary products were exhibited in the fourth room. Innumerable pyramids of butter and cheese became even more attractive because some cheeses were cut to sample. But after sampling countless entries of baked goods, jellies, jams and candies the judges lost both their zest for sweets and the ability to taste. Joe James said, "Even though we drank water in between bites, our taste buds withered on the vine."

Colonia Diaz reserved the afternoon for the display of her most precious crop — the children. Several of the school grades put on exercises intended to show, to some extent, the educational status of the people. Another leading feature of the program was the young ladies band of Colonia Diaz who played harmonicas, mandolins and guitars. They called themselves "The Stellar Band" and were appreciated both for their fine music and their star-spangled costumes.

After the performances, the visitors were entertained and banqueted at the home of W. D. Johnson, Jr., where they also spent the night. The Governor was very gracious and paid much attention to the children. When he complimented Ruthie, Bishop's twelve-year-old

daughter, about her beautiful eyes, he said he would like to use them as cuff links on his shirt.

Next day, September 24 at 10:00 a.m. the people again met under the bowery with the Governor and his party. They heard essays read, and musical performances in competition for prizes. These were interspersed with other performances, some of which were of much interest. The Governor and his party entered so much into the spirit of the occasion, that four of them took an active part in the exercises. The governor gave special attention to the useful things, without neglecting the artistic and beautiful. A part of the singing and also of the exercises were in Spanish.

Near the close the Governor addressed the assembly. He expressed his great satisfaction in view of the results of their labors as shown in the surroundings and more especially in the departments of the exposition which he had carefully examined. The Colonists could count on him as their friend, he said, and he would do all in his power to promote their material prosperity and their growth in intelligence and virtue. At the close of the exercises the Governor and his party stood in front of the stand and invited all who wished to come and shake hands with them, especially the children. Probably everyone from the little tot to the grey-headed took advantage of the opportunity.

About four o'clock several conveyances drawn by the best teams in the colony and an escort of some twenty-five mounted men were in line to take the party across the river to La Ascencion.

After having a photograph by Messrs Stringham and Stringham, the visitors left immediately. They were taken to Colonia Juarez to meet with the state authorities and inspect the colony.

"Governor Miguel Ahumada is a man of commanding physique, six feet six inches tall and weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds," writes J. A. Little, "He does not appear to carry too much extra flesh. He is easily approached, courteous and affable in manner, and soon evinced a kind heart in his love for children and music. He is past the meridian of life. His term of office will expire soon, but he has been re-elected for a second term."

The publicity occurring from the Colonia Diaz fairs brought invitations for the Mormon colonists to participate in expositions of both state, national and international proportions. In May of 1896, an invitation to participate in the national fair to be held at Coyoacan, near Mexico City, came through the Board of Trade which was com-



Governor of Chihuahua MIGUEL AHUMADA and staff who visited the Diaz Fair and then were entertained by Stake President A. W. Ivins at Colonia Juarez. Governor seated with his dog at his feet, Henry Eyring at right, Anthony W. Ivins at left and Charles Edmund Richardson, behind governor Helaman Pratt behind Ivins left shoulder and Bishop William D. Johnson middle row extreme left. (Names of Governor Ahumada's staff members unknown. Identification of people in photo according to Nellie S. Hatch.)

posed of members from all the Mormon colonies in northern Chihuahua. The invitation stated that President Diaz was personally interested in learning more of what the Mormons had accomplished and that the Government would pay shipping charges on all exhibits sent.

The Board readily accepted the invitation certain that they could justify the President's hopes and at the same time help provide new markets and better prices for the colony's surplus products. Colonia Diaz sent her contributions by team and wagon overland to the upper colonies and put them in charge of Joseph C. Bentley, business manager for the Board of Trade, who was in charge of the project.

Arriving in Coyoacan with a carload of choice exhibits, indicative of Mormon thrift and ingenuity, Joseph C. Bentley was cordially received by the fair officials. They gave him a choice spot in an oblong room for his display, an abundance of red, white and green bunting and then assigned him a group of peons to unload and move his produce.<sup>25</sup>

With the help of some of the missionaries and of Brother and Sister Hyrum S. Harris, formerly of Colonia Diaz, the displays were

<sup>25</sup>Moffitt, *Essay on Mormon Colonies* (Unpublished)

attractively displayed in four divisions. As a background for exhibit one, hides tanned in colony vats were hung on the wall interspersed with ears of ripe field-corn geometrically arranged. This was flanked on either side with leather harnesses resplendent in fine quality and workmanship. In the foreground, on decorative counters, were pyramids of cheese and sacks of white and graham flour, of which some of the sacks were labeled with "Molinero Jolero," trade mark of Charles Edmund Richardson's grist mill in Colonia Diaz. Conspicuous in this exhibit were Norton brooms from Colonia Diaz and also leather saddles and horse collars from Colonia Juarez.

Across the room, exhibit two featured domestic art with an incredible display of wearing apparel, quilts, rugs, gloves, needle work, sofa pillows and braided straw hats. In the end of the room, display number three authenticated colony history by means of photographs of mills, factories, businesses, schools, public buildings, homes, fields, orchards and blooded animals.

Exhibit number four, occupying the center of the room, displayed fresh fruits, mostly apples, from Colonia Juarez; these were supplemented by stacks of canned and bottled fruit, jellies, preserves, and pickles all put up in American fashion. There were also jars and boxes of candy from the Elmer W. Johnson, Sr. factory of Colonia Diaz.

It was an exhibit which invited repeated inspection and with its decorations of national colors under a great Mexican flag, it left small doubt as to the loyalty of the colonists to their adopted country.

The highlight of the exhibit, however, was the personal interest shown by President Diaz. After inspecting the exhibits he said it appeared to him to represent the thrift and energy of fifty years rather than the short ten years' time the Mormons had been in the country. He then instructed the Minister of Fomento to address a note to the Mormon agent requesting him to take back to the colonists his personal thanks for the excellent manner in which they had colonized in Mexico and for the industry and good example exhibited since coming.<sup>24</sup> He also proposed using colony products to serve at the presidential banquet immediately following the fair. At the close of the very successful banquet each minister was given samples of Johnson candy and other produce to carry home with them. There was no trouble disposing of the colony products and Brother Bentley returned home with eleven medals, one a grand prize, eleven diplomas, and

<sup>24</sup>Thomas C. Romney, *The Mormon Colonies in Mexico*, The Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah 1938.

many blue ribbons.<sup>27</sup> Best of all, new contacts had been made with President Diaz and some of his key officers, and new markets opened up which served the colonists for many years.

In spite of the success of the early fairs, interest in them seems to have later subsided until in 1909 when Stake President, Junius Romney, received and accepted an invitation for colony participation in a regional fair to be held in November at El Paso, Texas. As an authorized member of the committee to assist with preparations for the fair, Bishop William D. Johnson Jr., of Colonia Diaz, paid one hundred and twenty dollars for colony exhibition space. However, interest in preparations for the fair was temporarily focused on the momentous event of the meeting of the Presidents — William Howard Taft of United States and Porfirio Diaz of Mexico. The meeting was scheduled for October 16 on the international bridge spanning the Rio Grande between the twin cities of El Paso and Ciudad Juarez of Mexico.

On his way to attend this meeting, Porfirio Diaz received homage from all the cities through which he passed. That the Mormons also had a chance to show him appreciation was due to an invitation from Enrique C. Creel, governor of Chihuahua, to participate in a spur-of-the-moment fair at Chihuahua City, where only Chihuahua products would be exhibited.

Mormon committee members already at work on the El Paso fair redoubled their efforts and made up a fine display amounting to three-fourths of the Chihuahua exhibit, without which, the exposition would have failed. The eye-catching center of the Mormon show had VIVA MEXICO written in luscious red apples against a background of green ones.

At Chihuahua City after the 4 o'clock arrival of the President's special train, Governor Creel informed the Mormons there would be time for only a greeting with the President then introduced them as a group of Mormons from the colonies of Distrito Galeana (the official name of the Mormon colonies).

After recognizing the introduction, the President gave special attention to his friend William Derby Johnson, Jr., Bishop of Colonia Diaz and said, "Please take my greetings to the industrious members of your colony who were pleased to name their city in my honor. I feel that their industry is also an honor to me and to our country as well. I have ever been interested in Mormon colonization and in

<sup>27</sup>The Deseret Weekly, III, No. 16, April 14, 1896, p. 493-494.

their children born on Mexican soil." "We have 1700 young people in our schools," volunteered Brother Romney, "who send their love and best wishes to you."<sup>24</sup> The pleasure expressed on the President's face at hearing this, increased as he expressed the hope that there would be 1700 leaders among them, equal to their parents and those who helped to establish them in Mexico. He then inquired concerning some of those leaders, A. F. MacDonald, Moses Thatcher, A. W. Ivins, Helaman Pratt and others, and talked at length concerning each one.

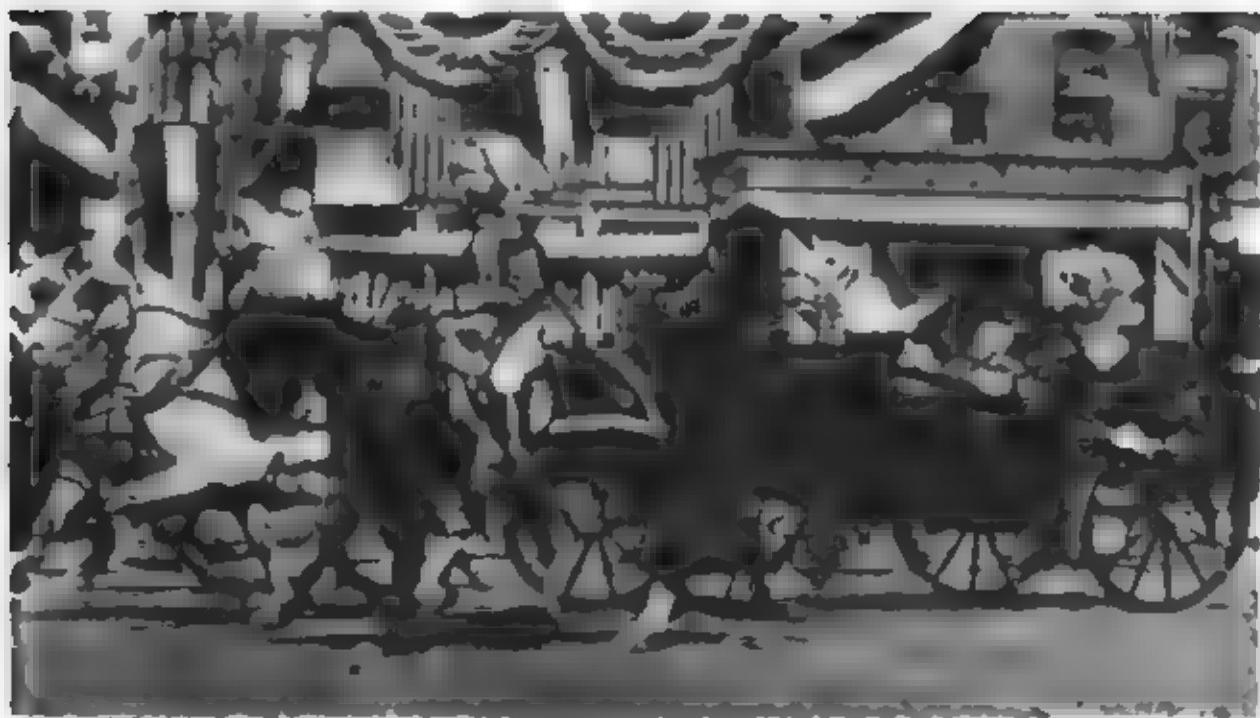
As the interview lengthened, Captain Diaz, the son ever solicitous of his father's wishes, made excuses to those waiting outside. Brother Romney then presented President Diaz with an autographed portfolio containing thirty-six photographs representing some of the achievements of the various colonies. After seeing the portfolio with its views of the Juarez Stake Academy, the Dublan Canal and Union Mercantile, the Colonia Diaz Church and grist mills, the Juarez bridge and several beautiful homes, and inspecting the Mormon display at the fair, the President exclaimed, "What I could do with my beloved Mexico if I only had more citizens and settlers like the Mormons!"<sup>25</sup>

This recognition of the President and the renewed acquaintance of key men such as Gomez del Campo who had sold the land on which Colonia Diaz was established, and Señor Gandara, the brilliant young lawyer who was instrumental in revoking the order for Mormon expulsion, enhanced Mormon prestige in the country.

When President Diaz' special train reached Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, after leaving Chihuahua City, he was feted and lodged in the reception hall. Next morning the crash of cymbals and the roll of drums preceded the Mexican National Anthem played by the federal band as President Porfirio Diaz entered his special coach to keep his rendezvous with President Taft of the United States. His regal bearing dominated the splendor of an overwhelming display of medals glistening on the breast and shoulders of his dark suit. The route to the Calle Comercio bridge was equally decorated. On each side of the street spaced pillars stood in rows — tall white pillars supporting a golden eagle perched up on a golden ball, a captive serpent writhing in his talons — all this beneath a canopy of fluttering flags, glittering tinsel, and gay piñatas. Through this splendor, President Diaz rode like a Czar in a gilded coach.

<sup>24</sup>Nellie Spilsbury Hatch, *Colonia Juarez*, Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah 1954, p. 110. Copyright Author by kind permission.

<sup>25</sup>McClintock, *State Fair at Chihuahua City*.



Mexican President Porfirio Diaz riding in the carriage in Ciudad Juarez enroute to meet President Taft of the U.S. on the bridge of the Rio Grande between El Paso and Juarez. Note: Photo taken in front of Singer Sewing Machine Shop with spectators viewing from the windows.

From his elevated eminence the stately coachman managed four great, sleek steeds, each wearing a silver studded harness. They were trained to lift their prancing feet in such a manner as to display silver horseshoes put on with golden nails.<sup>11</sup> A group of twelve guards followed, mounted on beautiful brown steeds whose gold-trimmed saddles and bridles gleamed in the sunlight.

Gritos (cheers) of *Viva Mexico! Viva Porfirio Diaz!* spangled the Diaz march to the bridge center where the Presidents met. Lorin Adams, a teen-ager from Colonia Diaz, who witnessed the meeting said he was ashamed that President Taft looked so plain beside the elegance of President Diaz.

After the meeting each President entertained the other, but true to his flair for elegance, President Diaz had an entertainment at Ciudad Juarez and an elaborate banquet which required hours to serve. This accounts for the fact that President Taft is designated the first United States President to step on foreign soil while in office.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>11</sup>Interview with Feny Merrill, a spectator.

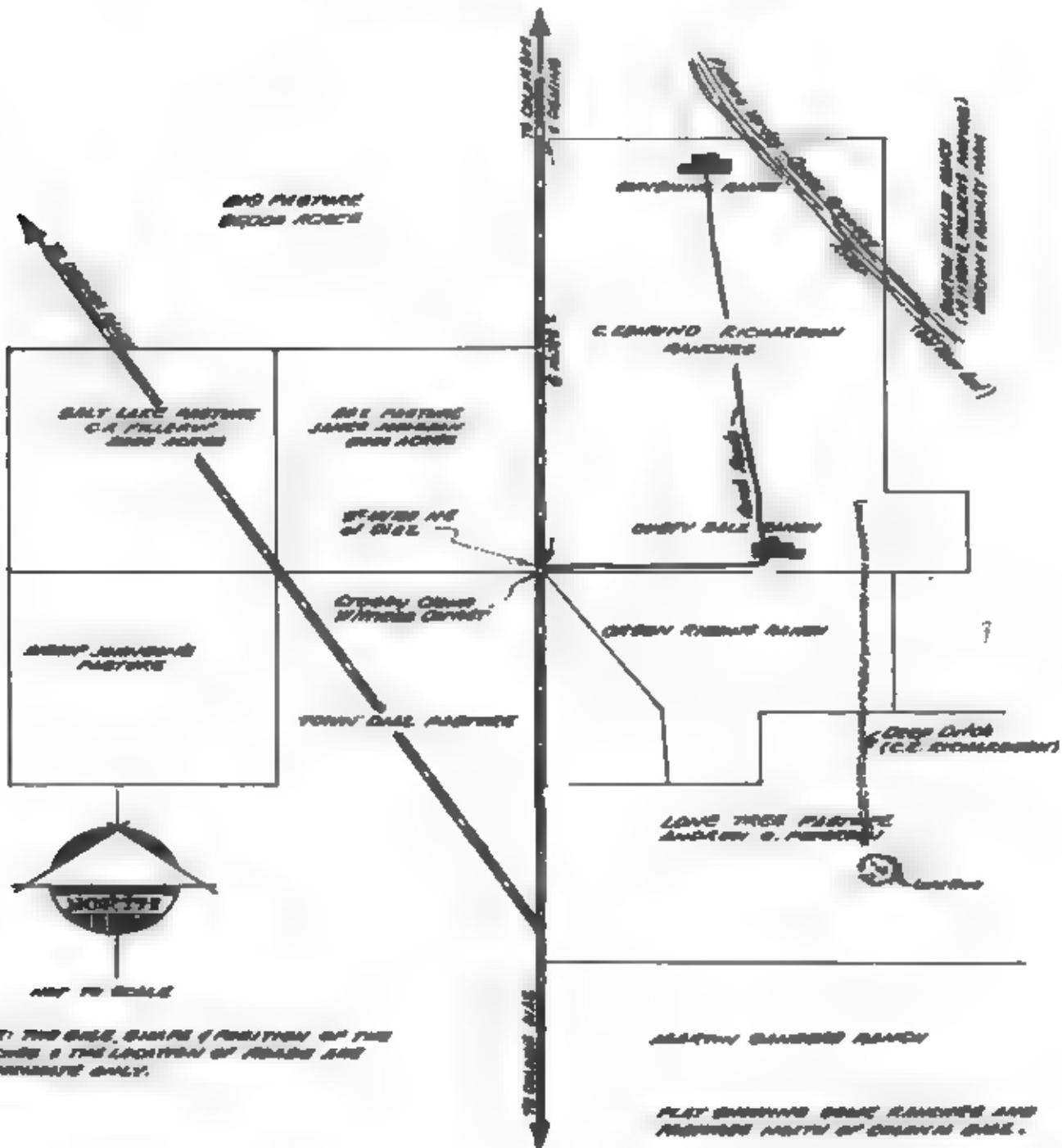
<sup>12</sup>Diary of Ammon M. Tenney.

Due to the two events in El Paso, the fair spectators were phenomenal in numbers and all concerned pronounced the fair a huge success.

On November 13, 1909, Bishop Johnson and his committees returned to Colonia Diaz from the El Paso fair and next day made their report. The Bishop said the Mormon exhibit was the only one from Mexico and that it was a great success. They received thirty-eight prizes, all told, half of which were firsts. In addition, they received a silver medal for their blooded stallions. Bishop was pleased that the fair officials pronounced the Mormon bottled fruit exhibit as the best of the entire exposition. He said he had talked with one thousand viewers, all of whom expressed interest in the colonies and some inquired about "Mormon" religion. The Bishop's opinion was that through the fairs the Agricultural and Manufacturing Department had done much for the future of the colonies. Sister Phoebe Lemmon, of the ladies department was happy to report that out of nine textile entries, they received seven firsts and two seconds in prizes.

Perhaps the paramount benefit of the fairs was their effect upon the colonists themselves. After seeing the astonishing results of their labors displayed in such a tangible way, they resolved to double their efforts and improve their methods as they continued to build to stay.

## DUSTY DALE RANCH • SOME NEIGHBORING RANCHES & PASTURES



## Chapter VI

# LIVESTOCK

Sacred history abounds with instances showing the Lord's stamp of approval upon animal husbandry. Adam was given dominion over the beasts of the field and the sacrifice from Abel's flock was accepted of the Lord, who also multiplied Jacob's flocks and blessed Abraham and Lot with vast herds. But perhaps the acme of approval came when Jesus said, "I am the good shepherd . . . and my sheep hear my voice." In modern times, as in ancient, stockraising is considered honorable and is practiced in almost every nation, Mexico being no exception.

Except for an occasional drought, the plains of northwestern Chihuahua, where the Mormon colonists settled, offer most favorable opportunities for profit in the livestock business. Nutritious grasses are numerous and varied enough that cattle are able to winter on the plains without extra feed, the mild climate demands no shelter, and in the autumn, animals of the mesquite brush country fatten on the juicy mesquite beans much as if they were corn-fed. Indeed, after an extended trip through the Casas Grandes River district in March 1894, Andrew Jensen, Church Historian, reported that he had never seen finer grazing country or fatter cattle.

Cattlemen were not slow to try for a foothold in this lush country and both American and British companies acquired large holdings in northwestern Chihuahua. The Palomas Land and Cattle Company's range of more than 1,700,000 acres lies along the New Mexico border. There is also the British owned Carralitos Company, the Lord Bersford, the Benton, and others. Fences around each company's holdings enclose windmills and water tanks laced between with salt roads. Ranges are stocked on the basis of twenty acres to the critter, according to the *Historical Geography of Northwestern Chihuahua* by Donald D. Brande.

Luis Terrazas, Governor of Chihuahua, was the largest cattleman in the district. He owned what was reported to be two-thirds of the territory of the state and became known as "the cattle king of the

world." It is said that his vast domains were divided into seventeen haciendas or ranches, each under separate administration with its mayordomo. The mayordomo, absolute boss, lived in a manor house surrounded by mills, blacksmith shops, harness factories, etc., to carry on the ranch business; and the huts of his peon laborers squatted carelessly around. Each hacienda was supplied with cattle and crops enough to support itself. On his one million acre hacienda known as "Miguel de Babicora" Luis is reported to have run 40,000 head of cattle from which he yearly branded 8,000 calves. Once upon receiving an order from an American firm for ten thousand head of cattle, he asked, "What color?"

Cattle were shipped from loading pens at Corralitos, Mexico, or from Columbus or Deming, New Mexico to United States markets where they were sold at a good profit. In view of these encouraging factors, it is not strange that cattle materially affected the economy of the Mormons in Colonia Diaz and, in fact, soon became its most important industry.

The first livestock owned by the Diazistes were the fine cows and horses brought by them from the United States to be used as work and breed stock. On the way they had been able to graze the animals on the open range, but at La Ascencion, headquarters for the Custom-house officials, private land owners objected to public grazing. There was also the problem of keeping the stock out of the farmers' fields and crops. As emigrants continued to arrive, other camps were set up in order to better distribute the increasing herds. In the second week after their arrival at La Ascencion, the Diaz camp listed the following numbers of livestock: 101 horses, 35 mules, 30 cows (10 had been lost), and 2 calves — over 168 head, and more were arriving every day. The John Hunt camp, set up five miles down the river on the south side, listed their stock as follows: 85 horses, 23 mules, 22 cows, and 2 calves, totalling 132 animals. There were other camps such as the Williams, Johnson, etc., for which the author can find no reports.

Forage committees, which were established, were kept on their mettle continually seeking pasturage for these animals, and herd boys had their problems as attested by the following item from the camp historian's journal:

On August 9, (1885) the cow-herd boy, Walter Smith, let the cows get into the corn of the Mexican fields. So on August 30th, Brothers John Kartchner, J. H. James, J. N. Smith,

and C. W. Merrill went to court with the Mexican and settled by paying \$5.00 for the damage.

President Smith wished his boy to pay the debt out of his wages but many of the brethren were willing to help. There are nearly fifty cows in the herd. The following list shows the number of cows belonging to each family head and the herding fees:

J. N. Smith .....	3 cows at 10¢	\$0.30
John Kartchner .....	14 cows at 10¢	1.40
Lot Smith .....	7 cows at 10¢	.70
John Eaton .....	1 cows at 10¢	.10
C. W. Merrill .....	3 cows at 10¢	.30
J. N. Smith, Jr. ....	2 cows at 10¢	.20
Joseph Smith .....	5 cows at 10¢	.50
John Earl .....	2 cows at 10¢	.20
Joseph James .....	5 cows at 10¢	.50
L. M. Savage .....	4 cows at 10¢	.40

It is apparent from this ownership listing that each family had its own dairy cows, which practice continued throughout Diaz history.

Horse thievery was another problem the landless stockmen had to face. The journal reports that hobbles were taken off horses on the range, that some horses were missing and that two had been found with ropes dragging on them indicative of an escape after having been lassoed. Once Charles Whiting, John Earl, and John Kartchner trailed eight head of missing horses and two mules. They found them about seventy miles from camp and recovered all except two upon which the Mexican thieves had escaped. On February 13, 1886, J. H. James and Lot Smith recovered a stolen colt which had been taken to Sabinal. In self-defense the camp set up a twenty-four hour watch over the cattle in the hopes of cutting down the losses. Under date of May 25, 1885, the camp historian notes: "In the absence of Charles Whiting, Levi Savage is to take charge of the herd and keep it going day and night. Two men will take it for twenty-four hours at a time."

The Eric Jorgensen family reported a strange incident about the disappearance of their father's fine team brought to Mexico from southern Utah. When a ten day hunt failed to locate the missing team it was decided that the thieves had taken them out of the district and the matter was dropped. However, some time later, Brother Jorgensen received a letter stating that the team had returned

to their old home in Utah. He then sold the horses to a Utah farmer and bought a local team.

The problems of running livestock without sufficient grazing lands increased. The Mexicans charged exorbitant grazing fees and impounded the cattle frequently. José María Olguin, a wealthy citizen of La Ascencion who owned land up and down the Casas Grandes River and who had befriended the Mormons, let them graze cattle on his property, thus relieving the situation somewhat. A little over a year later land was finally obtained for a townsite and farming, but the cattle situation remained grave.

Through the forage committee, the town rented grazing permits from a Mr. Bolton, owner of the Boca Grande claim north of Colonia Diaz. When he later offered to sell the Mormons four sitios of this land which was situated around the knoll called "The Espia" they were very eager to buy it. At a council meeting called to discuss the matter, the people found that by pooling their resources they could raise five thousand of the forty thousand dollars Bolton was asking for the land. Since they entertained a hope that the Church would be able to help them with the remainder of the money, Bishop William D. Johnson, Jr. wrote to Bishop Preston of Salt Lake City, regarding the matter of Church sponsorship. The negative answer received at Deming, New Mexico prompted Bishop Johnson to go to Salt Lake City to negotiate personally. This entry in his unpublished diary is noteworthy. It is dated, Salt Lake City, April 16, 1888:

I went to the President's office and called on President Wilford Woodruff and others of the brethren. Brothers Erastus Snow and Moses Thatcher were happy to go to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles to see what could be done to help us buy the land. But before this could be done, President Snow fell fatally ill with kidney disease.

The brethren advised me to go to some wealthy church member and see if they would help us. Brother Woodruff gave me a letter to this effect and Brother Thatcher also signed it. Thatcher also gave me a letter to W. W. Galbraith of Kaysville, Utah. Galbraith said he was coming to Mexico in a few months and would see things then.

About the last week in June, Brother Galbraith, Moses Thatcher, and others were in Colonia Diaz but nothing seems to have been accomplished about the land deal and the people note that in accordance with Bolton's threat to make them pay dear for running cattle on

his land, he had doubled the price of grazing fees. (Fees were now 12¢ per head, per month.)

At another business meeting the town decided that they must have the Bolton land and that they would try to buy it themselves. They appointed Bishop Johnson to return to Salt Lake City to try for a loan for which they would be willing to give the land as security and pay interest at the rate of eight percent per annum. A committee, Joseph James, George Barber, Charles Whiting, Martin Sanders, and Andrew C. Peterson, was also appointed to write up the agreement, have it signed by the people, and sent with the Bishop to Utah. Of this trip Bishop Johnson notes under date of November 1, 1889:

Have been here in Salt Lake City three weeks. I went with father to see John W. Young who says he will help us buy the land we need. He also proposed the railroad scheme of Luis Huller to a line from Deming south through Diaz and beyond.

The land Young eventually bought was probably in connection with this railroad. As Young's purchasing agent, Bishop Johnson reports buying eighty-two thousand acres of land from Celso Gonzales at forty cents per acre and another seventy thousand acres lying north of La Ascencion on the Casas Grandes River from Mr. W. S. Bolton. These deeds, Johnson notes, were recorded February 20, 1889. Young offered to sell land to the Diazistes either in large or small parcels and, in the meantime, to pasture cattle at five cents per head per month and to sell wood at fifty and seventy-five cents per load. This was a material help to the people and whetted their ambitions and efforts for land ownership. Of the town's accomplishment the camp journal records: "Colonia Diaz purchased 15,000 acres of land out of the first tract and 13,000 out of the other tract." Romney also notes that in 1890 Young sold 28,000 acres of land to the Colonia Diaz people.

However, before this land purchase, M. L. Gruwell had already introduced large herds of cattle into the Diaz district. His son, Arvel (Dick), tells that, in 1887, his father sold his holdings in Idaho for \$60,000.00 and drove a mule team and buggy to Colonia Diaz and invested in the cattle business. Gruwell went into partnership with Brother Hendericks, calling themselves the "X Outfit." Their headquarters were at Ojo Federico, a large warm spring located a few miles southeast of La Ascencion, and on this place ran 25,000 head of stock. Gruwell built the first barn in Colonia Diaz, a large adobe

structure and he probably raised the first alfalfa. A. C. Peterson acted as Gruwell's foreman and James Jacobson was one of his cowhands.

Cattle were trailed overland from the Diaz District to the railroad at Deming and shipped to Kansas City, Missouri at a good profit. But when the McKinley Bill (1890, repealed 1894) levied a \$5.00 per head tariff onto imported stock, the United States market became practically unavailable to Mexico.

After the bill was passed, Gruwell turned his attention to the Mexico City market, but he reported that one train load of cattle suffered bad luck when the wild steers became panicky and trampled hundreds of themselves to death. He also said that he received more for the dead steers than from the live ones reaching Mexico City. This was probably due to railroad insurance.

In about 1895, when the "X Outfit" sold out, James (Jimmy) Jacobson purchased the remnant of cattle left on the range which gave him a start in the cattle business. Gruwell traded part of his cattle for five hundred acres of land southeast of Colonia Diaz, grazing half and farming the rest. Another son, Lester Gruwell, reported that at one time his father owned the large Dog Springs property just over the International Boundary line in New Mexico where an older brother, Oscar, acted as foreman. From this ranch Gruwell shipped 4,000 head of sheep to Kansas City. Thus he never completely went out of the cattle business.

With the advent of land ownership, several men from Colonia Diaz — Abram Acord, Erastus Beck, M. Martin Sanders, Joseph Justesen, Jerome Adams, James Donaldson, Chas. W. Richins, O. O. Richins, James Jacobson, Chas. Whiting and others went into the cattle business; but Charles W. Richins was the first to establish a ranch and move his family out onto it. Others to follow were O. O. Richins, C. E. Richardson, James Jacobson, and M. M. Sanders. These ranchers all operated a dairy as well as a range cattle herd. The life of each family on these ranches was arduous and colorful.

Charles W. Richins, Bishop of Henefer, Utah for many years, had brought his wife, Agnes, to Colonia Diaz on December 27, 1888, where she lived in a one-roomed adobe house for a few months while her husband returned to Utah to settle his affairs. Upon his return he paid cash to a Mr. Crosley for some pasture land and established a ranch two and one-half miles northeast of town. Except for the cattle, all the elements of western ranch life were lacking. Brother Richins, an English convert, dedicated his life to the Church

and made spirituality a paramount issue of his home. Profanity was taboo and distance did not prevent the family from attending Church, school, and socials in the town. His little wisp of a wife, weighing not much more than a hundred pounds, was English culture personified. This was portrayed in her manner, speech, and dress, even while mastering pioneer problems such as would be met while establishing a cattle and dairy ranch in an undeveloped foreign country.

The house they built about 1889 was a smaller replica of the one they left in Henefer, Utah which Fannie J. Richins describes in her book, *Henefer, Our Valley Home*, as being a fifteen room, two story house circled on three sides by a porch. It had two staircases, one front and one back; two brick fireplaces, one in the large kitchen and one in the spacious parlor. The nicely furnished parlor boasted a piano, a great hall clock, and a beautiful table which could be extended to seat twenty people. The kitchen was a long narrow room with a wood stove in one end, a fireplace in the other, and a great long dining table in the center. The house became known far and wide as "Bishop Richins' Big House."

The smaller house on the Diaz ranch was imposing with its background of windmill, trees, and shrubs mirrored in a pool just north of the house. Some distance east of the house were the adobe corrals where the dairy herd was milked. Cheese and butter were manufactured in the home kitchen.

Sunday morning on the Richins' Ranch always involved preparations for a trip to town to attend Church. To prevent delay in bringing in the team they were hobbled when turned out to pasture on Saturday night. This precaution, however, did not prevent the tragedy which claimed the life of Byron, oldest son on the ranch. Beatrice, younger sister of Byron, tells of the tragedy:

Ranch life has its sorrows and troubles and father and mother had their share. One of the sad things was the loss of their thirteen-year-old son, Byron, who was dragged to death by a runaway horse. It happened Sunday morning as the boy had gone to get the team for us to go to Sunday School. After locating and unhobbling the team, his efforts to re-mount his barebacked riding pony resulted in dropping a rope noose around his neck. Before he could extricate himself, the pony bolted and ran, dragging the boy through the thick mesquite brush. This broke his neck and killed him instantly. It was hours before we found him and when we did what a mangled mess he was! Poor father and mother never really loved ranch life after that.

Immediately members of the Priesthood and Relief Society sisters of the Ward were at the ranch offering help and consolation in every way possible, once again proving the saying that no Mormon needs to suffer alone.

In 1900 Charles Edmund Richardson<sup>1</sup> sold his grist mill and other property in Colonia Diaz and invested in a cattle ranch three miles northeast of town and adjoining that of the Richins on its northern boundary line.

He named the ranch "Dustydale" explaining that dust was its only product. However, while he was clearing mesquites from his proposed building site he found he had been mistaken, for it was infested with hordes of Kangaroo Rats that looted his camp of everything, including silverware. He was no Pied Piper so he devised a way of keeping his lumber homes free of the pests by elevating them two feet on cedar posts topped with upturned milk pans. The posts were set two or three feet apart under the entire floor. This did the trick and when used under the granary, saved many a *jenega* of grain from being carried away by the rats. The lumber homes Richardson built for his three families were later replaced by brick ones and by this time the rats had all been killed or had left the clearing.

Richardson believed that spirituality, education, industry, and efficiency were essential to family welfare and planned his ranch life accordingly. Church ideals were stressed, daily family worship maintained, Church attendance made important and dairying was forbidden on the Sabbath day. He discouraged swearing and profanity on his ranch, explaining that only those of small vocabulary need to thus embellish their speech to be understood.

His careful planning showed also in his fences, buildings, and in the management of his cattle. His aim to raise good beef cattle and improve his herd was achieved by the introduction of fine Durham bulls into his herd and he soon became recognized as the second largest cattleman of Colonia Diaz. When Brother Jones brought some Jersey cows from Utah, Edmund bought one, a cow so small he named her "Nit." But her only heifer calf fell into the water trough and drowned.

Richardson decreased the necessity of riding the range by having his stock trail past the ranch into watering corrals where they could be watched daily for any needed attention such as cuts, worms, young calves, or strays. When cows were in the lactation stage, they were

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<sup>1</sup>Father of the author.

put into the dairy herd and the calves as well as their mothers, became accustomed to people and consequently never became wild range cattle. Water for the stock was pumped by windmills into tanks from where it was piped into troughs in the watering corral, the flow being controlled by floats. A horse powered water-pump was installed for use in case of emergency and a hand pump could also be pressed into use.

He set up dairying as a side line with the idea of furnishing purposeful and remunerative occupation for the family and teaching the children the value of both time and money. The size of the dairy herd varied, sometimes reaching two hundred and fifty cows or more. These were divided between his three families according to membership, but were pastured together and milked in the same corrals. The daily milk was measured and pooled in the same great vat, each family making the cheese according to the milk they contributed. (This fostered a close unity and love in the family.)

The master house at Dustydale, (a large thirteen-roomed, two and one-half story brick building, was planned to meet the multiple needs



Dusty Dale Ranch House, drawn by Flossie R. Donaldson and Carmen R. Smith.

of the family for a residence, office, factory and lookout. It was built in the shape of a capital T with the crossed end lying north and south, the stem east and west. A four-flumed chimney, running up through the center of the house, opened into four fireplaces, two in the basement and two on the first floor of the residence section. The basement, extending a half story above ground, elevated the living quarters accordingly. An elevated porch circled the stem of the T, and another fronted half the cross. These were each reached by a set of eight steps leading into the main floor. Brother Nolan Kartchner laid the brick. Most of the children on the ranch became adept at tossing brick up to Brother Kartchner. The roof which was planned to cover the porch was not completed before the exodus.

To many, the office in the north end of the T-cross was the most interesting and profitable room in the house. The walls on two sides were lined from top to bottom with choice books and perhaps half as many were circulating among the people of the town. Richardson seldom returned from a law trip without a new volume. He induced many people to read and one cowboy said, "Oh, Brother Richardson! Why didn't you get hold of me before? It is like living in a different world!" Medicines covered the third wall of the office, these under lock and key, to be dispensed under supervision or as he treated the sick. He was especially efficient with fevers.

The basement served as a cheese factory where modern vats, curd-mills, and screw presses were installed. Several 16-inch and 18-inch cheeses were manufactured daily during the summer and set to cure on tiers of swinging shelves where they were daily rubbed and turned. Cheese was marketed locally, at the mines, and in Chihuahua City.

In butter manufacture, before the advent of the separator on the ranch, cream was raised by setting pans of milk on screened shelves in a water-cooled basement room. Tiers of pans were accomplished by spanning the bottom pan with two wooden slats as a base for a top pan. Straining the milk, skimming the cream, washing, scalding, and sunning the pans was a half day's work, let alone manipulating a dasher churn. Refrigeration of the cream was accomplished by osmosis and evaporation. The great crocks of cream were set in a pan of cool water and covered with a cloth large enough to reach into the water. As the moisture traveled up the cloth it extracted heat from the cream in the process of evaporation.

With the purchase of a cream separator and a whirling five gallon barrel-churn, work was minimized. However, working the butter

(patting out the buttermilk and mixing in the salt) and molding it into pound cubes was done by hand. (Earlier, the molds were round and decorated the butter on top). When butter prices were low, butter was packed into parchment paper-lined five gallon cans, covered with brine, and set away. When brought out to sell it was as sweet as the day it was packed.

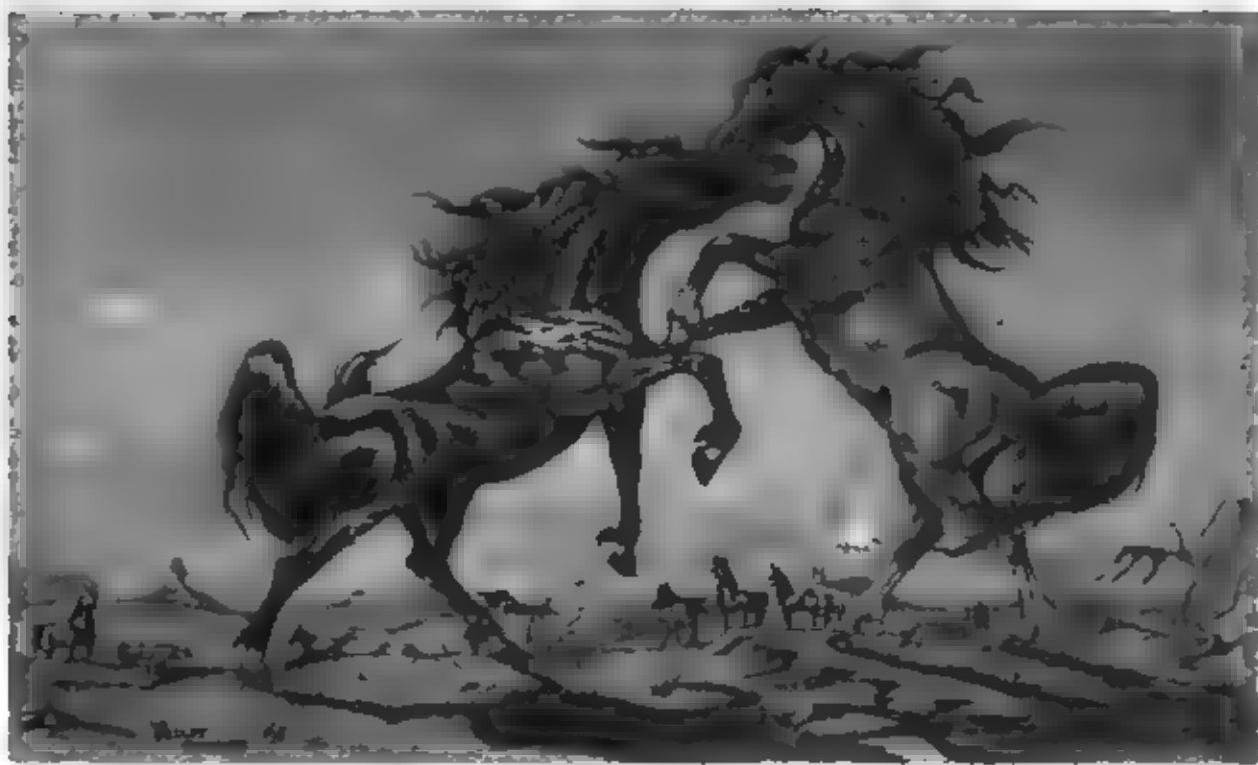
Butter-lard was sometimes made for use in the home. Butter was melted over the fire until the liquids settled to the bottom and browned, then the fats were poured off and set away for later use.

Land for the establishment of a second ranch was purchased from Erastus Beck and Andrew C. Peterson who sold Richardson a large tract of land adjoining him on the north side and which he called the "Sunshine Ranch." Soon both tracts of land were enclosed within one fence, but permanent residence was never established at Sunshine as at Dustydale.

Sadie, Richardson's first wife, who had moved to Colonia Juarez, usually spent the summer dairying at the latter ranch. Richardson achieved his purpose of keeping his family busy.

Although the children profited by their father's wisdom in providing work enough to teach them diligence, thrift and self-discipline, there were also many rich experiences inherent to ranch life that gave them excitement and stimulation. These presented themselves at unexpected moments. The following occurrence concerning ranch horses was viewed from ringside seats on the elevated porch of the ranch house. For some time the mares, of one band, ranged and came to water under the generalship of a magnificent black stallion called Blake. Then Bismark, a bay stud-horse, and a few mares were introduced onto the range. Since all livestock watered at the ranch it was inevitable that sooner or later the two stallions should meet. When they did the exhibition they put on surpassed any rodeo or wild west show ever seen.

Blake, loitering in the clearing before returning his band to the range, caught the scent of other horses and, in an instant alert, jerked his head high, nostrils distended, ears pointed into the wind. The whites of his eyes widened and his tail bristled behind him as he watched Bismark enter the clearing with his mares. With a scream of rage, Blake pawed the earth and rushed forward as if for immediate attack, then stopped, dropped his head to the ground and half circled his mares with a swift twisting gallop. He plunged and galloped, shaking his head as he dodged in and out among his mares, nipping



any laggards as he drove them into a huddle and froze them at the far side of the clearing.

Again giving his attention to the intruding band, he nickered Bismark's mares and trotted in full view of them, muscles rippling under his satiny black coat. Then the stallions stopped some fifty yards apart, motionless as statues, Blake's head high, his weight thrust forward, hind legs braced far back.

Bismark inched forward, stopped, shifted nervously and emitted thick menacing snorts through dilated nostrils. Suddenly nerve fuses blew out and both stallions hurtled forward as if from a springboard, raking great bared teeth through each other's back, in passing. A wide ribbon of blood stained Bismark's shoulder. Both horses reared, feinting as if to strike with front feet, then whirled, dropped their heads to the ground and lashed out with their heels.

Power and sound seemed to explode as the trumpeting antagonists kicked, dodged, wheeled, and kicked again, each thunderous body blow evicting deep snarling grunts. With bared teeth they made snake-like head thrusts designed to tear out belly holes or crush a foreleg. But the wary contestants, now laced with blood-streams, cleverly

blocked each maneuver, and finally plunged away, seeking their wind and balance for another charge.

Across the flat the nervous mares pawed, milled, bunched and nickered their colts as they hugged the clearing fringe, but always with a wary eye upon the fight.

In spite of fatigue, Bismark charged with redoubled fury, but Blake muzzled under to gouge his throat in an attempt to tear out the jugular vein. Realizing his danger, Bismark reared and hugged Blake's neck with knotted forelegs, pressing close enough to thwart the necessary outward head-thrust. Staggering like wrestlers, the horses shook the earth with their mighty hoofs, churning, dipping, raising, swerving; simultaneously splitting the air with furious squeals.

Experiencing the disadvantage of a foot-locked head, Blake loosed his throat-hold and Bismark wheeled, blood staining his forelegs as he turned. Instantly Blake reared to land a skull-crushing blow, but fell to his knees, over-balanced, when his miscalculated blow fell short of its mark leaving only a half severed ear as a result.

Weary and half blinded by blood, Bismark conceded defeat and, taking advantage of Blake's fall, he whirled and raced to his band, snorting commands to flee. He would be supreme, at least, in his own band.

Regaining his feet, Blake rushed to intercept the flight of a large bay mare, delayed by her colt. He seized her crest in his powerful jaws, jerked her neck toward him, and at the same instant sat back on his haunches. This maneuver threw the mare's body over in a complete somersault, rolling it over and over. When the mare got shakily to her feet, she nickered her colt and followed Blake obediently to his band.

Ever after, Bismark carefully inspected the clearing for horses before leading his band in for water and Blake accepted his victory.

One fall day before the remains of a butchered cow was removed from near the scaffold in a clearing at Dustydale, children at the ranch witnessed what they called a "cow funeral"; A young heifer approached the scaffold and inquisitively inspected the offals, sniffing around until she reached the blood-soaked spot of earth near the scaffold. Immediately, she pawed the earth, first with one front foot then the other, throwing dust over her back as she emitted deep-throated, sobbing bellows whose ever rising crescendo floated out on sound waves to electrify all the cattle who heard it. In they galloped

from near and far, tails and heads in the air, to join in the pawing, bellowing, and milling until the turmoil reached near stampede proportions. If the zeal lagged it was constantly stimulated and revived by the sniff and bellow of a newcomer. The ritual continued until the frenzy wore the herd to exhaustion.

The cattlemen of Diaz had many serious factors to contend with. In Northern Chihuahua as long as the rainy season prevailed, lush meadows fattened cattle, crops grew, and life geared itself comfortably to the cycle. But deviations bred trouble, and protracted deviations spelled drought and disaster.

The years 1891 and 1892 brought just such a disaster to the Diaz area. The livestock industry, hardest hit, began writing its history in bog-holes fringed with dead cattle lured into the quicksand by the smell of water. Brown plains dotted themselves with mounds of cattle bones shrouded in bleached hides as hundreds of animals died for want of feed and water. Olive Merrill reports that in those times when a critter was butchered it was so emaciated that there was not a spoonful of fat boiled from a shank.

The several windmills, put up at Diaz in an effort to quiet the thirsty bawl of cattle heard day and night, were highly inadequate. This disastrous livestock situation became calamitous because the high McKinley Tariff Bill made United States markets prohibitive to Mexico; hence cattle were doomed to starve or die of thirst.

In an effort to save their stock, several of the Diazistes sought pasturage in the mountains. Martin P. Mortensen sent his dairy herd into the San Pedro district. This move promised to be very remunerative as the wife, Dorothy and family raised fine crops of potatoes and garden stuff while they were dairying. But a flash flood down the river carried away the crops, the barn, and all the cows except five, leaving the Mortensens as ill prepared for winter as were the rest of the Diazistes.

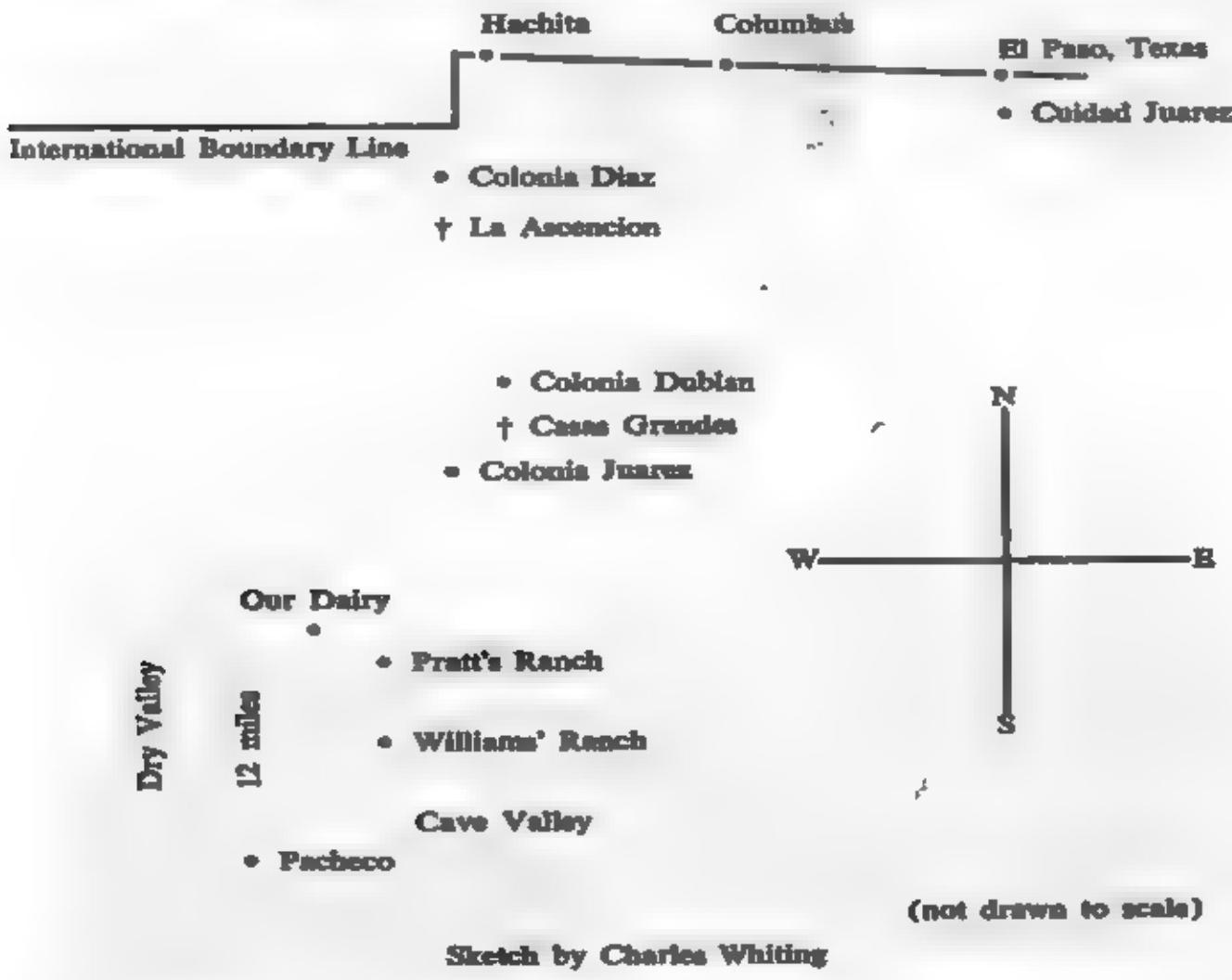
Two other men, Charles Whiting and Sullivan (Sully) C. Richardson, trailed their milch cows from the scorched plains of Colonia Diaz to the lush pastures of Cave Valley in the Sierra Madre Mountains, some thirty miles above Colonia Juarez. Their second wives, Eliza Jacobson Whiting and Teressa Leavitt Richardson, were happy about the prospect of managing a summer dairy here. Eliza says:

Even as our husbands were building a large two-roomed log cabin and the necessary corrals, we women were happy as we began filling our first barrel of butter preserved with a covering of salt brine. Our cattle thrived on the abundance of feed and

water, and the cool mountain air invigorated all of us. Our evening songs seemed sweeter and nearer heaven than ever before and life was good. During one of our first evenings, Charles mapped the district and pin-pointed the neighboring ranches in relation to each other and the Mormon colonies.

We were located in Dry Valley some twelve miles north of Pacheco with George C. Williams' and Helaman Pratt's ranches in between, all on the Piedras Verde River. Pratt's Ranch (also known as Cliff Ranch) eight miles north of Pacheco where Pratt's Creek joins the river, sits in a beautiful valley backdropped by cliffs standing in the foreground of towering pine-covered mountains.

The house itself was built in two parts — the south end of logs, with a lumber addition on the north. The two parts are separated by a roofed space resembling an open porch. Doors from both divisions opened onto this porch.



In 1891 when Helaman Pratt moved his family back to the Colonias in the lower valley, he leased the ranch to Hans A. Thompson, a Scandinavian, who moved there with his wife, Karren, two sons, Hyrum, age eighteen and Elmer age fourteen, and a granddaughter, Annie, age six. Eliza says that they weren't long in becoming friends with this fine family and also the Williams ranchers.

After completing the buildings and the corrals at Dry Valley, Brothers Whiting and Richardson loaded two wagons with lumber from the mountain sawmill and then began the return trip to Colonia Diaz. They left two young boys, Charles Whiting, Jr., and Will Donaldson, to assist the women with the work. At Casas Grandes, in the valley below, they learned that the "Kid" (outlaw Indian and one time U.S. Army Scout) and his band had been seen going toward Cave Valley. Since this might mean serious danger for their wives, the men decided that Charles should double up the two outfits and drive them home while Sully returned to the dairy. At a ranch, where Sully tried to hire a saddle horse, he found that the only available animal was a pony which had never been ridden. To reassure the pony and gain its confidence, Sully walked some distance with his arm around its neck as he patted and talked to it. Even then, the mounting was attended with the usual bucking and protest. Of the trip Sully says:

At Colonia Juarez I borrowed a Winchester, bought cartridges and hurried on. About midnight, on top of the mountain. I was seized with severe abdominal cramps, so spent a few hours with a Turley boy camped at the top of the mountain. About four o'clock I was able to ride on, but instead of following the road I turned north at the park down to Cave Valley. About daylight I tried to shoot a deer but found that my borrowed gun was useless because the firing pin was gone. At Cave Valley I borrowed another gun from Branch-President Heaton, told him about the Indians, rode on and was just leaving Williams' ranch when I met little Annie Thompson and her dog. Not being able to get my bronco horse near her, I dismounted to warn her of Indian dangers, but found her better informed than I. "The Ingi-Ingi-Ingians are awful bad at our place," she sobbed, "They shot my grandma and my brothers and hit my grandma in the head with a great big rock." "And you have come alone to tell the folks?" I asked. "Yes," she answered, "Elmer got tired and laid down (he had fainted from loss of blood) so I and Rover came alone to find my grandpa." After a little more of the story as we walked along, I left her at Williams' Ranch and hurried to Cave Valley to give the alarm. While Brother Heaton got in

touch with Hans Thompson at Pacheco, I and Brothers Robert Vance, P. S. and John Williams, N. H. Perry and James Mortensen went with team and wagon and on horse-back to the Pratt Ranch. On the way we found Elmer under the shade of the pines where he had fallen during his attempt to reach Williams' Ranch after help. He was made as comfortable as possible on a coat in the wagon and afterwards, with the care of Brother Mortensen and the blessings of the Lord, got well.

We went on to the ranch and then to Cave Valley with Elmer and the bodies of his mother and brother. From there Bob Vance and I hurried on to Dry Valley. Some may realize my joy and thankfulness, when, from the timbers across the valley, I saw Eliza come to the door of the cabin — all right and unaware of any trouble.

But no one knew which way the Indians had gone and all ranchers decided to move in for safety. Of this flight Tressa says:

Bob Vance, who had come with Sully, my husband, took the bronc to ride ahead acting as scout, thus leaving one horse for us two girls and four children. We women took turns riding with the children. Sully strapped my son, Gilbert, on his back, carried his gun and helped my daughter Mynoa. The boys, Charlie and Will, walked beside him. We had covered about four miles or more down a ravine and were just ready to climb out when Bob Vance rode back and motioned us to stop. Quick as a flash Daddy had Gilbert off his back and his gun ready to fire. He warned us women to dodge behind the trees with the children. I dropped on my knees, threw my arms around my little ones with a grip like death. Although Eliza was as white as death, she showed much self control as she hid her children, John and Myrtle. I believe I must have fainted, for I didn't know a thing until Daddy helped me up and said, "We are all right." It proved to be three horsemen coming to help us to safety. At Pacheco we were received with rejoicing, but when I realized we were out of danger I almost collapsed. That night a watch was kept while Sully and my uncle Warner Porter, at whose home we were staying, made the coffins and Eliza and I helped make the burial clothes for the dead bodies. For years after, whenever I closed my eyes, I could see those awful scenes at Thompson's Ranch, and that woman's bashed in head, and feel my fears when I thought the Indians were upon us and would take our children. The next day at sundown, the bodies of Sister Thompson and her son, Hyrum, faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, were interred side by side at Cave Valley.

When Elmer was able to talk he disclosed the facts of the following story: The morning of September 19, 1892 promised to be a fine one at the Thompson ranch, as ominous clouds had not yet arisen above the horizon. In the absence of the father, who was working on the thresher (of which he was part owner) at Pacheco, his two sons, Hyrum and Elmer, started early to the fields, carrying a bucket of feed for the pigs as they went. As little Annie skipped back to the house with the empty pails, her screams of terror alerted the boys to the presence of Indians on the ranch, and, almost as Hyrum turned to look, a bullet passed through his body but he did not fall. Thinking to protect his mother, Elmer ran toward the house for the Winchester gun, calling back to Hyrum that the pistol was on the saddle in the barn.<sup>2</sup> Just then two more shots were fired, one killing Hyrum who fell behind the pigpen, the other entering Elmer's body in the left chest and passing out below the shoulder about three-fourths of an inch from his spine. Though still able to stand, Elmer fell into a weed thicket thinking thus to avoid a second bullet. When an Indian, coming from behind the hay stacks to loot the barn of saddles and harness-straps, failed to see Elmer, he crept into the chicken coop from where he watched the proceedings. When the Indians broke open the kitchen door where Mrs. Thompson and Annie had barricaded themselves, they ran into the yard in full view of Elmer. Bathed in his own blood and almost paralyzed with the horror of seeing an Indian shoot his mother through the body and left arm and then crush her head with a rock, Elmer might have fainted except for his concern over Annie. Her savage captor amused himself by her frantic efforts to escape and protect her grandmother. When flailing him with her sunbonnet and attempting to scratch his face was not enough amusement, he turned her loose, then tripped her as she ran past by throwing a harness strap over her head and holding to both ends. As she fell he struck her with his scabbard until she again began to fight. This horse-play was halted by a call which took the tormentor into the house and Elmer had a chance to beckon Annie into the chicken coop with him. Lying by the door, armed with rocks, he determined to protect her as best he could.

The Indians looted the house of everything, even taking two suits of temple clothes. They emptied the feather ticks, and 1,000 pounds of flour in order to use the sacks to hold the loot. Like ants they hurried back and forth carrying the plunder to be strapped onto pack animals. They also took a new wagon cover, two saddles, and

<sup>2</sup>Interview with Mrs. Elmer Thompson.

cut up the harness for the straps. They found considerable money hidden in one of the trunks. When Annie's captor returned from the house he brought some cheese which he threw to a companion and began looking for the child. When she was not to be found and Elmer had also disappeared from where he had fallen, the Indians left hastily, driving fifteen valuable ranch horses with them.

When the savages had gone the children began the trip to the G. C. Williams' ranch for help, but Elmer soon fainted from loss of blood and Annie and her dog continued on alone as has been recounted.

In his journal, Sullivan Richardson made this comment:

But for the cramps I had on top of the mountain, I would likely have arrived at the Thompson home with a broken gun while the Indians were in the midst of their cruel work, and but for the drought, our cattle would still be at Colonia Diaz and we would not have been there to help in the Thompson tragedy.

Preferring drought to Indians, the Diaz men sold their cattle, except a few choice milch cows and two fat steers, and returned to Colonia Diaz. These steers they butchered to share with the home folks, were greatly enjoyed by all because meat from the starving Diaz cattle was almost jerky when it was butchered.

The returning party was happy to find that the faith of the Saints at Diaz had been vindicated when, after petitioning for moisture at a community meeting, they had received several days of rain. Surprisingly, it had fallen in no other locality, not even at La Ascension some three miles south. The drought ended in 1894 when northwestern Chihuahua again received its normal rainy season.

Establishment of another ranch in the Diaz district began when a tall, thin Texan by the name of Bud Moore ran cattle in the Casas Grandes district around Colonia Diaz. Since he was not well, he negotiated a five-year contract with Joe Justeson of Colonia Diaz to run his cattle on a 50-50 basis. When Brother Justeson moved to Gridley, California, he sold the Bud Moore contract to his brother-in-law, James Jacobson.

At his death it was found Bud Moore had willed his half of the cattle to Tom Baker, another cattleman in the Diaz vicinity. A 50-50 division of the cattle was effected when the participants, Baker and Jacobson, entered the herd in turns to "cut out a critter" and turn it over to his holding herd. The division was made at the Boyd and

Booker Ranch where the cattle could be run through a squeeze-shoot to be dehorned and branded while on foot. Jacobson then drove his herd to his box pasture near Colonia Diaz. Jacobson's success as a cattleman was known to have been achieved largely because of his honesty and integrity.

Before coming to Mexico, another rancher, Andrew C. Peterson had associated with Charles Whiting, Charles Edmund Richardson, Sullivan C. Richardson, Jerome Adams, and others who were successful cattlemen in Arizona, and all of them dabbled in stockraising at Diaz. Charles Whiting later sold his stock because he didn't want his boys to follow the profession, but Peterson went on to become the largest stockman in Diaz.

He bought and traded cattle and then, in late January of 1894, he supplemented his herd with Hereford stock which he bought at Hancock, Texas. This was reported to have been the first Hereford cattle introduced into Diaz.

After the end of the drought in 1894 and when the high McKinley tariff on foreign cattle was repealed, the Mexican cattle industry received impetus and again reached prosperity.

The Colonia Diaz historian notes: "1894 — a good year for fruit and a good range of grass — a prosperous year!"

## Cattle Industry

This exceptional article written by Willis L. Jacobson, son of James Jacobson and Harriet Little, highlights the events of the cattle industry in Colonia Diaz and locates the various claims or ranges as they were at the time of the exodus, July 28, 1912:

The income from the cattle industry at Diaz was more than from any other source, and perhaps, was equal to the sum and total of all other revenues combined. This was due to the arid condition of the area and the lack of any industrial development.

Some little forage was produced on the farm, such as alfalfa, sorghum cane, corn-fodder, which was fed to a saddle horse or milch cows during the winter. But by far and large, the greater part of the livestock were maintained the year around, by grazing on the range. This was made possible by the mild climate.

There were three varieties of native grass that grew on the range — *zacaton*, (*sacaton*) *guyeta* or *toboso*, and black *grama*. The *zacaton* grew along the river bottoms or in swales where water was more abundant and the soil deep. This grass would grow to a height of five or six feet where conditions were right. It was the least palatable and nutritious of all the grasses. It was eaten very little except when short and green. The *toboso* grew on the higher flats which were extensive. It grew to a height of twelve to twenty-four inches. The black *grama* grew on the ridges and hills. It was the most nutritious, also the most palatable. Other shrubbery and vegetation which grew on the range were: Shadscale, chaparral, yucca, cactus, mesquite, and catclaw. The shadscale was grazed. The mesquite bean was also a source of food, and the bush was the principle source of wood for both heat and cooking and was considered very useful. The other plants supplied very little forage.

The source of water supply for a large number of range cattle was the Casas Grandes river. It ran north from Colonia Diaz about twenty-five miles to the Boquitas Grande where it turned east and emptied into Lake Guzman, forty miles from Diaz. Cattle grazed all the way along the river. The course of the river could be followed for miles with the naked eye by large cottonwood trees which lined its banks. These trees furnished a good source of shade. After coming to the river and watering, the cattle would lie under them in the hot summer months.

The underground water was only eight or ten feet below the surface. The rainy season set in during June or July and lasted about three months. During this season, the river was generally a turbulent stream. But during the dry season, the river was dry. But even though there was no stream in the river, still there was ample water for large herds of cattle. This was because there were many holes in the river bed cut deep enough to open up living holes of underground water. The means of providing water for livestock that did not have access to the river was not difficult. The underground water being so near the surface, if it could not be made accessible one way, it could by another, without great expense.

In the late 1880's and the early 1890's, there were large cattle ranches along the International Boundary in New Mexico. The range being public domain, it was always stocked to the limit. This was not the case across the border in Chihuahua where the land was privately owned; the grazing was always better in Chihuahua. This created a problem for Chihuahua ranchers who ran their cattle along the Casas Grandes river

below Colonia Diaz. The International Boundary line between New Mexico and Chihuahua was not fenced at this time.

In drought years, especially during the spring, when grazing was the shortest, New Mexico's cattle would drift across the border seeking better grazing conditions, and would wind up by the hundreds on the Casas Grandes river. This required Chihuahua ranchers to "ride the bog," up and down the river day after day, early and late. Now "riding the bog," simply meant riding up and down the river watching the water holes for poor weak cattle that had bogged in the mud while getting a drink, and then were unable to get out. If these cattle had not been pulled out of the bog, not only would hundreds have been lost, but the water would have been so contaminated that it would not have been fit to drink. The method used to pull them out was for the cowboy to lasso the critter by the neck, then snake them out with the rope tied to the saddle horn. Or, if it were an advantage as it sometimes was, the lasso rope would be tied to the horse's tail instead of to the saddle horn.

The cattle industry of Colonia Diaz can be divided into three classes; the small, the medium, and the large herds. The family herd consisted of from one to twelve or fifteen cows. It was maintained to supply the family with milk, butter and cheese. However, those having the larger family herd also produced cheese, commercially. No one, however, produced cheese, whether on a large or small scale, except during the summer months. Then the grass was green and the cows, having calved in the spring, were early in their lactation period and therefore, produced at their maximum. During the rest of the year, it was difficult to get enough milk to supply the family table, unless the cow was fed cured forage, which was in short supply.

Nearly every family had their cheese hoop and press — the size of the hoop and press depending on the size of the family herd. It was not practical for families with only one or two cows to make cheese. This problem was solved by such families cooperating. They would pool their milk, dividing the cheese, in turn, in proportion to the amount of milk each supplied.

There was one cream?separator in Diaz. This was owned by Bishop William D. Johnson. In order that others might benefit from the use of this machine, neighbors for blocks around were allowed to bring their milk and have it separated. That the separator would be properly operated and cared for, Aunt Lucy (Bishop's wife) would do the separating taking a little cream for her pay.

Cheese was the only dairy product that was commercially produced. It could be kept indefinitely without refrigeration and there was a ready market for it. Commercial cheese produced in large quantities was manufactured on ranches a few miles out from town. There was no central factory. Each rancher had his own facilities and his own presses. Edmund Richardson, Orson Richins, and James Jacobson were some of the ranchers who made cheese commercially.

None of the familiar dairy breeds — Jersey, Guernsey, Holstein, were to be found in Diaz. The native Chihuahua cattle were a very inferior breed. They were even inferior to the Texas longhorns. While some of the native stock was used in developing the range herds at Diaz, there was no herd that was not superior to the native Chihuahua stock. This improvement was made by introducing good stock from the United States. The shorthorned Durham was the predominant breed that was used. Those ranchers who were producing cheese, as well as beef, were especially interested in introducing more of the Shorthorn blood into their herds.

Range cattle, where it is necessary, will trail back long distances from their accustomed places of watering in order to find good grazing. This was especially true of dry stock and more in particular of older steers. They would drift back six or eight miles from water and then only trail in for water every other day. Cows heavy with calf, or with calves at their side would not trail back nearly so far. Range cows did not calve around places where they watered. Feed was too scarce there. They went back where the feed was. This created a problem. Young calves could not trail into water and back to feed with their mothers. The cows had to leave their calves in order to get water.

This created still another problem. The range at Diaz was infested with coyotes. These animals preyed upon young calves left alone. Range cows found themselves in a dilemma. If they left their calves to go to water, when they returned they might find them killed and eaten; if they stayed, they choked for water. At this point range instinct intervened. While riding the range, it was not uncommon in the spring to find six or eight young calves lying in a group with a lone mother cow, nearby, standing sentinel, the mothers of the other calves having gone to water. Neither was it uncommon to see a lone cow, late in the afternoon, trailing to water knowing that her lone watch was now being reciprocated, and that her calf in turn was safe.

But in spite of the mother's instinct, coyotes took their toll of calves each year. This yearly loss, in a vital and major industry, always kept the citizens of Diaz aroused and arrayed against the wily destructive coyote — always devising ways and means for its destruction. One thing that was done to stir the citizenry, periodically, was for the west side of town to challenge the east side — Main Street being the dividing line — to a competitive war of extermination. The losing side, it was agreed, would throw a community dance. Tellers were appointed by each side. The scalp from each animal killed was personally brought to them for proper listing and credit. The competitive war lasted for several months. Very few traps, if any, were used. The coyotes were either shot or poisoned.

One method of poisoning was this: A rancher would keep his eyes peeled for a fresh dead critter — which sooner or later he would find. After poisoning the animal, a hind quarter was dissected and the hide skinned off. A lasso rope was tied to the quarter and this was dragged for miles in a criss-cross over a large area, leaving a trail of fresh scent. Small pieces of the fresh meat that had been prepared and poisoned were periodically dropped by the rider along the trail of scent.

By 1900, most of the range land around Diaz had been privately fenced. This included the boundary line between New Mexico and Chihuahua. The boundary was fenced by the Palomas Land and Cattle Company. This company owned two million acres of range land adjacent to the border in Chihuahua. The ranch extended from within twelve miles of El Paso, Texas, to one hundred and fifty miles west along the border. It was owned by Wood and Hagenbarth. They branded their cattle with a W on the left jaw and H on the left thigh.

Just as the cattle herds of Diaz could be classified as small, medium, and large, so could the pastures around Diaz also be thus classified. The small pastures containing from ten to twenty acres were immediately adjacent to the outskirts of town, except to the south and southwest where most of the farms were located. The medium sized pastures lay just beyond the small pastures and the large beyond the medium sized. For a better understanding, the arrangement of the small pastures should be described more in detail. Going north on Main Street as one approached the outskirts of town, on the west side of the road, there was first the Abner Keeler pasture, adjoining it on the north was the James Jacobson and adjoining that on the north was the James Donaldson property. This same arrangement of small pastures also existed on the east side of the road. And thus surrounding

the town, except to the south and southwest, was the series of clusters of small pastures. These were very vital and important to Diaz economy. This was, as has been pointed out before, because of the importance of the cattle industry and the lack of cured forage. Each family could not possibly have maintained their small herds without these small pastures; they were the offspring of necessity. None of the small pastures extended more than half a mile beyond the outskirts of the community, so that no matter where one lived within the community, they could reach their pastures by traveling not more than a mile. Those who lived in or near the fringe did not have to travel so far.

During the summer months, there was considerable movement of milch cows in every direction throughout the community to and from the pasture. They were generally driven by children. The cows were kept in corrals within the community during the night, each family having their own corrals which were generally made of adobe. The cows, having no opportunity to graze during the night, were milked early in the morning and driven immediately to the pasture, in order to give them as much time as possible to graze.

The milch cows were not trained to be milked without their calves first having sucked and then being allowed to remain at their side. So the calves were always a problem. Within the corral there was always a calf pen. The calves were enclosed there during the night. When the cows were ready to be milked, the calves were turned out of their pen, one at a time, and allowed to suck until its mother gave her milk down. Then a battle began between the calf and the milker, each determined to get their fair share of the milk. The milker couldn't milk with the calf still sucking, so the only alternative was to keep the calf back. This was done either by a child with a club beating the calf back or by the milker himself keeping it back by knocking it on the shins. In any event, milking and clubbing had to go on simultaneously in order to rob the calf of part of its milk.

Beyond the small pastures on the north and west side of town, was a town pasture. This pasture contained between two and three thousand acres. It was bounded on the east by the Orson Richins ranch, on the north by the Box pasture, owned by James Jacobson, and on the west by a large pasture owned by Bishop William D. Johnson. Anyone who wished could turn their stock, either horses or cattle into the town pasture. It was public property. Therefore, it was a poor place to turn stock because it was always overstocked.

Beyond the pasture, already mentioned, were large pastures. Directly east of Diaz, was the Martin Sanders ranch. Adjoining it on the north was the Lone Tree pasture, owned by Andrew Peterson. He was the largest stockman at Diaz. His brand was AE. In addition to owning a large herd at Diaz, he owned the 3C ranch, five or six miles northwest of Columbus, New Mexico, and about sixty-five miles north of Diaz. To travel between Diaz and the 3C ranch, Andrew Peterson had a light buggy on which he drove a pair of Palomino horses — one was named Big-Enough, the other Little-Enough. Next to the Lone Tree pasture on the north, was the Orion Richins' ranch. Adjoining the Richins' ranch, was the Dusty Dale and Sunshine ranches, owned by Edmund Richardson. He was the second largest stockman at Diaz. His cattle carried the ER brand. The Dusty Dale ranch was about four miles northeast of Diaz. The Sunshine ranch was about four miles north of Dusty Dale and near the Alamos Altos. The Alamos Altos were nine miles north of Diaz along the river. The Dusty Dale and Sunshine ranches were both under the same fence. To the east of the Richardson property was the Button Willow pasture. This was a large pasture jointly owned by several citizens of Diaz. To the west of the Edmund Richardson pasture, was the Box pasture, owned by James Jacobson. It was three miles square and contained five thousand acres. To the south of the Salt Lake pasture and west of town, was a large pasture owned by Bishop Johnson. To the north of the Edmund Richardson pasture, the Box pasture, and Salt Lake pasture was the big pasture. This pasture contained thirty-six thousand acres. It was jointly owned by several Diaz ranchers. Principally, among them was Andrew Peterson and James Jacobson. This pasture was the northern most piece of property owned by any of the citizens of Diaz. Its northern boundary was at the Espia, which was fifteen miles north of Diaz. The eastern boundary was the Casas Grandes river. The western boundary reached to within ten or twelve miles of the International boundary at the Corner Ranch.

Beyond these pastures, whose location and ownership has been described, were still larger ranches. The Boyd and Booker ranch was located on the east side of the Casas Grande river directly across the river from the Alamos Altos. Boyd and Booker installed a telephone connecting their ranch with the Coop-store in Diaz. This was the first and only telephone in Diaz. The telephone line consisted of the top wire of the pasture fence lines extending from their ranch clear into Diaz. Where the fence line was spliced the splice was carefully wrapped with a small wire, in order to make a good connection.

Don Sabino Urrutio owned a large ranch whose southern boundary was at the Espia and extended on down the river about thirty miles to the Vada de Fusiles. The Vada de Fusiles is where the Pershing highway crosses the Casas Grandes river about fifteen miles south of Palomas. The headquarter ranch for this outfit was in the Boca Grande. The Palomas Land and Cattle Company owned all the range land between these ranches and the International boundary. Its headquarters was the Nogales ranch about twenty-five miles northwest of Diaz. These ranches all contributed to the economy of Diaz. (See brand below.)

As ranches beyond these ranches, extending across the border into New Mexico, also contributed to the economy and social life of Diaz, mention should be made of some of them. Three of the larger of these ranches merit mention, all lying south of Hatchita, New Mexico.

These are The Diamond A with headquarters at the Culberson ranch, The J. B. L. (brand arranged thus  ) at Alamo Hueco and The Hatchet Cattle Company whose headquarters footed the Hatchet mountain:

Cowboys from Diaz crossed the border and worked for these cattle outfits. Likewise some of the American cowboys, employed by these outfits, would cross the border and come to Diaz for social activities.

Colonia Diaz was so steeped in range tradition, the environment so dominated by the cattle industry, the appeal of the excitement of range life so irresistible to young men; that Diaz turned out far more cowboys than high school graduates. A lot of boys at Diaz planned no schooling beyond the eighth grade, if that much. School was looked upon with disdain. It was a stumbling block between them and the saddle. Graduation from the eighth grade meant freedom to ride the bucking broncho; to chase and to lasso wild cattle, a lot more exciting, a lot more important to them than the mere humdrum of the school room. Cowboying was such an obsession with some of the boys, that before leaving home for school, they would wrap a lasso rope around their waist; then at recess they would play cowboy, by chasing and roping each other.

Most of the cattle sold at Diaz was sold in the United States. There were three main points at which cattle could be loaded on stock cars and shipped by rail; Columbus, Hermanos and Hatchita, New Mexico. Hermanos was the principal railroad point at which cattle were shipped. This required the cattle to be trailed overland about sixty-five miles.

When Diaz was abandoned the morning of July 28, 1912, it was impossible to move any cattle at that time. However, the latter part of August, a number of stockmen returned. They were successful in bringing out over a thousand head of cattle. They were trailed to Hachita, New Mexico, where they were sold and shipped. When the first herd was brought out there were two stockmen who decided to leave their herds in Mexico, hoping that soon everyone would return. By the end of September, all hopes of returning to Diaz were gone. Most of the citizens had already left the camp at Hachita for different parts throughout the western states. The two herds remaining in Diaz were the Andrew Peterson and Bishop Johnson's herds. The Peterson herd was in the Big pasture. Johnson's herd was in his pasture.

In the latter part of September, James Jacobson, who had been authorized by Andrew Peterson, to bring his herd out, crossed the border at the Corner ranch. He took with him his two oldest sons, Kenneth and Willis. They left the Corner ranch under cover of darkness. This gave them protection against revolutionary bands in the area. They arrived at Diaz early in the morning. A Mexican family living in the Gruwell home gave them breakfast. They then scouted the town for the remnant of cattle that had been missed on the first drive. With these cattle, they started north, their immediate destination being the Alamos Altos. On the drive they reached out as far as possible on either side, looking for and gathering such cattle as were found. Late in the afternoon, these were corralled at the Alamos Altos. Both horses and riders being tired from the long ride, the horses were hobbled out where they could pick their living. The riders then prepared something to eat from their scant provisions. These consisted of such food as they were able to either put in their pockets or tie onto their saddle — dried fruit, jerky, and some flour. Salt and baking powder had been mixed with the flour before leaving. The flour was made into dough by making a hole in the flour, adding a small portion of water, and stirred within the sack. The dough was then baked by twining it around a green stick extended over coals. After eating, they lay down for the night with their saddles for pillows, and saddle blankets for a bed. The camp fire was kept burning to supply warmth. The next morning at sunrise, while preparing their frugal meal, two horsemen rode up. They were Alma Adams and Rulon Peterson. They also had crossed the border for the purpose of gathering and trailing out the Andrew Peterson cattle. Neither knew of the others' whereabouts. There were now five cowboys in the group. The cattle gathered the day before were turned out of the corral at the Alamos Altos and headed west. One

rider stayed behind to bring up the drags and to keep the cattle moving in the right direction. The other four were then free. Two of them each took a flank, riding to the furthestmost corners of the Big pasture, throwing all the cattle toward the center. Thus, as they traveled west, the herd increased in size. That night, they reached the Monument Ranch with over five hundred head of cattle. They were corralled here. This ranch belonged to the Palomas Land and Cattle Company. A Mexican family lived here. The family was kind enough to prepare supper and breakfast for them. The cattle were turned out early the next morning and headed toward the Corner Ranch. They crossed the border onto U.S. soil about noon, tired and worn out but without incident.

With the gathering and trailing out of the Andrew Peterson cattle from the Big pasture, this left but one remaining herd, that of Bishop Johnson. By the fore-part of November, 1912, Bishop Johnson had decided to have his cattle rounded up and brought across the border. James Jacobson was authorized to bring them out. He left the Corner Ranch and crossed the border alone for this purpose. He could not do the job alone, so he hired local Mexican vaqueros at Ascencion to help him. About the middle of November, the last of the Diaz cattle crossed the border. They were received at the Doyle Wells ranch by Otho and Roy Johnson, and trailed from there to Columbus, New Mexico assisted by Willis Jacobson. They arrived at a point near Columbus, New Mexico on Thanksgiving Day.

## Chapter VII

# SALUD (Health)

Like the early Utah Pioneers who settled upon desert lands isolated by distance and poor transportation, these Saints settled upon similar desert lands in Mexico. Health became a paramount issue since there were no drug stores, no medical help available within a radius of sixty miles or more, and no expert help short of El Paso, 150 miles northeast. This isolation threw them heavily upon their own resources and solidified a feeling of interdependence upon each other. They faced some diseases such as chills and fever, malaria, scarlet and typhoid fever, whose source of infection were yet unknown, and others like smallpox, whose virulence was magnified by the unsanitary living conditions of many of the natives by whom they were surrounded.

Every medicine chest contained its castor oil, epsom salts, turpentine and boric acid. Kitchens supplied mustard, black pepper and bacon strips, and even bread and milk, to be used as poultices, and coal-oil and sugar to cut phlegm and relieve croup. Each spring sulphur and molasses was freely spooned out, and not many children will forget the bitter taste of "Tansy Tea" or Golden-seal swallowed under coercion. To most children "sage and sugar" was not an unpleasant remedy for worms but the puckery effect of alum used for canker was another matter. The little bags of "asafetida" tied around the children's neck to prevent the spread of contagious disease may have served their purpose, for certainly its terrible odor was not conducive to crowds.

If one mother's home remedy failed to be effective, that of another might be. And always there was faith. A home would rather forego its light than its "consecrated oil" and Elders stood ready night or day to assist in administering to the sick and in lending their faith and power of the Priesthood to cure, subject to the will of the Lord. The gift of healing, by faith, as promised to some by the Lord in the scriptures of the church was experienced by the people of Colonia Diaz in several ways and in varying degrees.

Quinine was also used in the treatment of Typhoid fever but there was the great problem of holding a recovering patient on a soft diet until the weakened intestines healed sufficiently to tolerate solids. A stolen piece of meat could prove lethal. Many of the wives and mothers became proficient in doctoring common diseases and dispensed their skills freely.

Perhaps "Aunt Annie Tenney," first wife of Ammon M. Tenney, typified the many "natural-born" practical nurses of the town, who augmented their gift by faith, study and experience. From her two room house, flush with the sidewalk, she left her loom day or night to minister to the sick or comfort the mourners. She habitually refused any pay except the joy of a recovery. In 1962, fifty years after the exodus, Olive Merrill Gonzales and Emma Mortensen Skousen voiced their gratitude for the relief she brought them and many others in Diaz. Many an expectant mother faced the birthchamber with confidence because of the washing and anointing administered by Aunt Annie Tenney through the auspices of the Relief Society.

The only eminent physician to practice in Colonia Diaz was a Doctor Booth, from India, whom John W. Young brought to Diaz around 1889 to act as physician for his railroad gang. When Doctor Booth joined the Church in India, he sacrificed everything. Subsequently, he moved to England where he served in the King's army, before coming to Mexico. He served well in the treatment of the diphtheria crisis in Diaz in the few cases he was allowed to treat. His operation, under chloroform, to loosen Myrtie Barber's tongue, was highly successful. But, in his "Life's Review" Benjamin F. Johnson says that, because of the great difference in their customs, the Doctor was not well received by the people of Colonia Diaz. In one case, the father of a baby, dying from diphtheria, rejected the Doctor's suggestion for a tracheotomy and the disease proved fatal to the child.

When the railroad failed after he had resided in Colonia Diaz some six months, the Doctor and his two daughters moved to Mesa, Arizona, where he contracted pneumonia and died. He had left his very young son, Ruben, with Viney Wilson, of Diaz who raised him as her own son under the Wilson name.

The colonists were unaware of the fact that the scourge of smallpox menaced them as soon as they set foot on Chihuahua soil. Soon after they established camps on the banks of the Casas Grandes River, their friend José María Olguin, notified them that smallpox was in La Ascencion. Sister Rogers became the first victim of its

ravages. As a precaution against contagion, only the purchasing committee consisting of S. C. Richardson, Joseph James, etc., were allowed to go into La Ascencion, and children were grounded in camp. However, until vaccination was employed, the danger persisted. In order to isolate victims of contagious diseases, the town built a two-room "pest house" outside of town near the Joe James farm. It likely had a dirt roof and dirt floors. The Diaz town paid Dr. George Booth \$5.00 to enforce the quarantine law.

In the fall of 1889, when Dr. George Booth diagnosed Will Merrill's illness as smallpox, he was sent to the pest house with a Mexican nurse already immune to the disease. When Brother Merrill did not get along very well, a Brother Elijah Pomeroy, who had recovered from the disease in Mesa, Arizona, volunteered to act as nurse. Brother Merrill says this saved his life as Brother Pomeroy kept the pox and phlegm cleaned out of his throat so he could breathe.

The day Brother Merrill was sent to the pest house, his wife, Fanny, became ill with a terrible headache and fever. She asked to have Brother Teasdale administer to her, but because of the quarantine, he could not enter her home. Consequently, he called a prayer-circle in her behalf, and her children also knelt around her bed, each child praying in turn and in his own words for her recovery. The next day all pain and fever was gone and she fully recovered.

Everyone showed concern for the stricken family during this illness. Levi Tenney, the young son of Anna Tenney, called at the Merrill gate each morning and evening to see if anything was needed. He also ran errands for the father at the pest house and exchanged messages with the family. Brother Sullie C. Richardson hauled and cut firewood for the family, and when he returned home his wife, Irene, disinfected him with the sulphur treatment, burning sulphur under his chair with a quilt wrapped around and over him. He took a cold from it, but suffered only slight illness.

Brother Haynie, who was living in Ascencion, lost three children to smallpox, and Anna Eliza P. Gibbons suffered a severe attack and came home badly pocked. It was said that her lips were so badly swollen that she had to be fed with a knife. On a trip to Colonia Juarez, young Joseph Galbraith contracted the disease and was sent to the pest house there. As soon as his mother heard of it she left Colonia Diaz and rushed to Juarez to be near him until his recovery. Of this time Benjamin F. Johnson writes:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Benjamin F. Johnson, *Life's Review*, (Feb. 26, 1891).

A number of persons exposed to smallpox now have the incipient disease and I sent for Apostle Teasdale to administer to them. He came to counsel with me and, for the sake of others who might be exposed, we felt it not wise to visit them until our duty was made plain. So we retired to a private room and together called upon the Lord to show more plainly our path of duty. We asked Him that the terrible disease might be stayed, and its power broken among the people, which it was at once, for from that hour no case of smallpox developed among the saints at Colonia Diaz.

As if in answer to the above mentioned prayer, Bishop William Derby Johnson, Jr. was enabled to obtain a small amount of vaccine and used his ingenuity to immunize others by vaccinating them with pus from an active pox. Two little girls, Moneta Johnson and her friend Rosetta Norton, age six, decided to play doctor. With the aid of mesquite thorns they scratched six little criss-crosses on themselves and added pus from their vaccination. Every self-inflicted vaccination took and the girls ever after wore scars to prove the effectiveness of their play — one on the wrist, two on the left knee, and three on the right.<sup>2</sup>

The Mexicans in the surrounding area were also suffering greatly from the disease. Twice Apostle Teasdale had requested Brother William Derby Johnson, Jr. to go and doctor the suffering families. Twice Brother Johnson had refused, stating that he had no training and was incapable of acting as a doctor. Apostle Teasdale then called Brother Johnson to go as a servant of the Lord and assured him of success. Brother Johnson was first sent to the ailing custom house Administrator and was told to go from him to others of the suffering Mexican neighbors. News of the Administrator's recovery spread, and Brother Johnson soon became known as "Dr. Derby." Dr. Derby took "Apache Bill" (W. H. Young) as interpreter and reports that during the summer and fall of 1885, he had all the Mexican patients he could handle.

Then at Lot Smith's camp in February 1886, Apostle Erastus Snow set William Derby Johnson, Jr. apart to act as doctor for the Mexican people in that area. Johnson says that he even had to perform surgical operations and he testifies, "Only the power of the Lord being with me enabled me to do it, as I knew nothing about it."

Dr. Derby often rode horsesback over mere trails to far-flung ranches knowing full well that the penniless people could pay only

<sup>2</sup>Unpublished manuscript of Moneta Fillerup.

in gratitude. One little Mexican mother expressed her gratitude through the gift of a live hen. At home, Sister Lucy Johnson, the Doctor's wife, untied the hen from the saddle, cuddled it tenderly in her arms, and housed her safely inside the tent. "The egg that hen soon laid," says Sister Johnson, "seemed to me to be the most precious thing on earth. And so that my family might all enjoy its luxury, I used it to make a bake-oven cake." Some of his patients, however, did pay him better. With the money he earned as a doctor he was able to send to the United States for a stove, costing \$50.00 with duty, (first cost at Deming \$22.00) and a tent for \$25.00 which greatly helped his family.

There were, however, more diseases than smallpox to plague the settlers. Around Colonia Diaz, there was some hydrophobia among the animals, perhaps because of easy contact with rabid coyotes infesting the brush and range. Many people remember seeing or hearing of afflicted dogs being killed on the streets or in the fields, and even milk cows dying of the disease. The town sacrificed at least two of its citizens to rabies and a third was spared only because serum was then available. The first victim was William Derby Johnson, III (Willie), son of Lulu and Dr. William Derby Johnson, Jr. At the close of a day's riding on the range, near the Espia, Willie and his two friends, Erastus and James Jacobson, bunked together, with Willie sleeping in the middle. In the night the Jacobson boys awakened to find Willie struggling with a coyote who had bitten him on the cheek. The boys had to break the animal's jaw to free their friend. Immediately they saddled up and rode home where they arrived about 2:20 a.m. of June 3, 1892. They swabbed the wound with ammonia, etc., administered whiskey and did everything they knew to help the boy. William Gale tells of riding post-haste to Deming, New Mexico after a mad-stone. A mad-stone is formed from a substance said to prevent rabies. When applied to an infected wound made by a diseased animal, it is supposed to stick tight until it has absorbed all the poison and then drop off. It is then soaked for several hours in warm milk or water. Its powers are not recommended by scientists or physicians. William Gale carried a letter from Bishop Johnson soliciting any help needed along the way. Gale says he rode at a lope all the way, changing his wet and lathered horse at Boca Grande, 25 miles from Colonia Diaz, and at Lone Windmill, 20 miles south of Deming. Returning with the mad-stone, he re-exchanged horses at the same places which put him back with his own mount. He reports having made the entire round trip in nine hours and ten minutes.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup>Interview with William Gale.

The town was paralyzed with apprehension but hopes revived as Willie improved enough to again ride the range for cattle. He enjoyed himself so much at the July 4th party that all felt the danger was past. Thinking that his son was all right, the Bishop made a business trip to Deming.

But the disease which had not been sleeping, struck suddenly with fury and pain. Between spasms, Willie plead with his nurses to tie him down that he could not hurt anyone in his delirium or spasms. Death came as a relief to the young man and all who watched his agony.

In the meantime, a messenger had been sent to notify the Bishop of the tragedy. The Bishop's brothers, Elmer and Josey, met him just north of the Espia to share his grief and supply a fresh team for his frantic drive home. Willie was buried at five o'clock on July 9, 1892. It was a heavy blow to the family, as Willie was the only child of the wife, Lulu, who had passed away before the family came to Mexico. Burning Willie's clothes and everything from his sick room struck the family's heart like a cremation and, except for their faith, left them desolate indeed.

In the case of sixteen-year-old Jim Frederickson, son of Christina and Karl Anton Frederickson, rabies developed because of a skunk bite received while he and his brothers and sisters were playing around the ruins of the early, Diaz camps north of the river. When an inquisitive skunk ambled out of the basement, Jim lassoed it with a grass rope he had made and while the rest of the children ran, he enjoyed having the animal pull on the rope. Suddenly the skunk turned and bit the boy on the toe. Soon the wound healed and until weeks later when Jim became listless, lost his smile, and moped through the day, the skunk incident was practically forgotten.

When those unmistakable rabies symptoms appeared, Jim was hospitalized in the patio, for it was believed that everything in the sick room must be burned to prevent contagion. Since few people had screen doors, insects were kept off the sufferer by agitating a newspaper suspended over his face from a long string passing over a pulley to the outside of the room. For his own safety and that of others the patient had to be bound to his bed during those undescribable spasms. Loved ones blanched at his suffering and prayed for his relief. Jim passed away and was buried near the grave of his father, who undoubtedly, received the boy's spirit with open arms.

The case of Verna Jacobson, bitten by a mad dog in June of 1909 might be termed a sequel to the Johnson tragedy because her

father, James Jacobson, was involved in both cases. During the ordeal of breaking the coyote's jaw to free William Derby, James pricked his hand and feared that some of the germs had entered the wound. As he watched his friend's terrible death he knew the pangs of wondering if it would come to him, notwithstanding, he had cauterized his hand with lye. It was months before he could rest assured that his fears were ungrounded.

So when his four-year-old daughter, Verna, was bitten he had cause to rejoice that serum was now available even though they must reach Mexico City to obtain it. Immediately he and his wife, Hattie, now too ill to travel, put Verna on the train, accompanied by her fifteen-year-old sister, Lela. James telegraphed his brother-in-law, Malcolm Little, to meet them in Mexico City.

James didn't know Malcolm's address, so they wrote to Rey L. Pratt to meet the children at the station. Upon arriving, Lela was bewildered, not knowing which one of all that sea of faces belonged to Rey L. Pratt. She picked one out and asked if he was Rey L. Pratt; he told her he was, and took the children right to Malcolm's home. When he saw how young the girls were he thought, "Hattie, how could you send your little girls so far alone." However, the Malcolm family was quarantined and Lela had to stay at a hotel within walking distance of the doctor's office. Some of James' converts and missionary companions supervised the trips to the doctor for the successful shots. Truly science had taken a step forward in subduing the earth as God had commanded.

During the year of 1891, Colonia Diaz was plagued with drought and a great amount of illness. In January, the people suffered from colds and grippe; in February from smallpox and typhoid fever. June brought along a siege of diphtheria, and December again spawned typhoid. Patriarch Benjamin F. Johnson tells of being called night and day to accompany Apostle Teasdale to minister to the sick. Of February he says, "A number have died of smallpox (this from Ascencion) which is spreading as is also the diphtheria. Those with smallpox, we dare not visit for fear of infecting others, but we are much with those with diphtheria which is spreading. The source of typhoid fever can probably be attributed to the open well source of water supply and the absence of malaria, to the drought and the consequent absence of mosquitoes."

The people soon began taking health precautions such as putting down pumps and abandoning open wells, filling up low places which

held water where mosquitoes might breed, burning animal carcasses around the town and insisting that no pits be used for privies and that the excretions be covered with ashes or lime. These precautions seemed to improve conditions somewhat.

Another problem of community health was the lack of qualified dentists. It was in its infancy and lucky was the child who could tie a string around his tooth and doorknob and slam the door to extract it. Adults had no such painless process and only excruciating toothache drove them to submit to having a tooth torn out of the mouth without benefit of drugs. Among the men brave enough to be a dentist under these circumstances were William Galbraith, Edmund Richardson and M. M. Sanders.

A stock of stories is as much a part of a country dentist's equipment as his forceps, and brother Sanders opened many a child's mouth with a "really-truly" story. He often told of the time he brought his wife to Diaz by way of Lordsburg, New Mexico, just after the Indians had killed the Wright brothers. He said apprehension rode with them all across the flat between Safford and Duncan, where the killing took place. Sister Sanders drove the team while Brother Sanders sat with his gun in his hand carefully scanning the country for signs of Indians. Suddenly, off to the right, a dry Yucca seed-stalk burst into flame and a lone coyote barked a weird call. "Indians," thought Sanders, and instantly hid his wife under the spring seat, meanwhile racing his team against the distance to the next settlement. Momentarily they expected the brush to belch war-whooping Indians ready to grab a white man's scalp. At this point of the story Brother Sanders grabbed a handful of the patient's hair and pulled back his head. When the mouth flew open, Brother Sanders had a bloody tooth in his forceps before the patient realized he had not been scalped. Then the dentist put his arm lovingly around the child's shoulders and led him into his store to pick out any piece of candy he wished.

According to Edmund Richardson, sometimes it was the dentist himself who needed stories to bolster his morale, because any man could raise himself from the dentist chair by his own boot straps, but it was a disheartening thing to hold a neighbor down with your knee and proceed to pull his mouth to pieces, and woe to both the patient and the dentist if the forceps slipped off. In later years Brothers Sanders and Richardson worked together to administer chloroform in extreme cases; but no one believed in painless dentistry.

Since embalmers, like doctors, were "conspicuous by their absence," the care of the dead depended upon the townspeople, especially the Relief Society. The corpse was laid in the front room upon a board supported by two chairs or saw-horses and covered with a sheet. A weight, perhaps the Bible, was placed upon the abdomen to prevent puffing and the eyelids were closed and weighted with coins to keep them shut. The body was preserved by covering it with cloths saturated with salt peter and carbolic-acid water. Special care was given to the face. Since the body could not be dressed until just before the funeral, callers saw this ghastly sight and encountered the carbolic fumes as soon as they stepped to the door. It was necessary for folks to sit up with the body to change the cloths and protect it against the ravages of mice or cats. All clothing had to be hand-made and the sisters gathered in the home to hurry the job in time for the funeral. Occasionally, another group of sisters were kept busy sewing for some other member of the family.

A coffin, made to body measurements, was covered with white muslin or outing flannel and padded on the inside. The covered lid was flat. Funerals, usually held in the meeting house, were long and the sermons often quite doctrinal. Some of the favorite hymns were: (for children) "Your Sweet Little Rosebud Has Left You" and (for adults) "Nearer My God to Thee," "There Is Sweet Rest in Heaven," "When First the Glorious Light of Birth." In their season, flowers were very much in evidence. Wreaths were made over a foundation of willows. Everyone who had flowers brought bouquets to services and carried clipped flowers to the cemetery in tubs of water. These were to strew over the new grave and to decorate the graves of loved ones already buried. At the close of the services, people filed past the open casket for a last look. After the lid was screwed on, the casket was carried out to head a procession to the cemetery. Traveling faster than a walk would have been considered a grave courtesy. Children judged the importance of the deceased by the number of outfits in the procession.

After the dedication of the grave, no one left until the grave was covered. With the first thud of earth, mourners sometimes went into fresh outbursts of weeping. Upon returning home, mourners found the house restored to its usual appearance and a hot meal waiting for them.

Even though there was no mortician to smooth away some of the stern realities of death, the mourners, regardless of their standing,

found a close bond of sympathy, self-sacrifice and religious kinship which helped them to revive a purpose in life.

Unfamiliarity with the Mexican laws governing the care of the dead brought trouble and expense to the campers on the river when it was least wanted. Their school of heartbreaking experience lasted nearly three years and cost plenty. The first lesson came from La Ascencion when officers discovered some graves near the camp. In court the people were fined twenty dollars, ordered to level off all graves and thereafter bury their dead in the La Ascencion cemetery.

Thus it happened that the final resting place of many was obliterated with no more account than the following entries found in journals:

Katie Savage, daughter of Nora and L. M. Savage buried close to Brother Smith's son.

Linnie Whiting, a little daughter of Verona and Chas. Whiting buried this afternoon.

Rupert Fay, son of Lucy and William D. Johnson, Jr. buried today.

Sister Rogers passed away.

When Amy Whiting, wife of Charles Whiting, passed away June 19, 1886, she was buried in the La Ascencion cemetery four miles away. Since a funeral procession never drove the teams faster than a walk, it took much time to traverse four miles, and crossing the river was hazardous especially during the high water. This latter problem occurred when Treasie and S. C. Richardson lost their little son, Adrian. The mother said:

Our people did not own a graveyard, and we were expected to bury our dead in the Mexican cemetery. We felt we could not take our baby there and cross that river, so when all was ready, a wagon drove to our door. Two men were in it with their shovels and some hay. The little casket was wrapped in quilts so it would look like a roll of bedding — such as was seen when men went off to work — and in this way they took my baby and hid it in a lonely grave. Not even a board was put to mark the spot or give the baby's name.

Sister Gale, a resident of Colonia Diaz, but then living at Corralitos, learned the second lesson when she rebelled at burying her child in the Mexican cemetery (a small plot enclosed by a high adobe wall, where, for a hundred years they had practiced the art of digging

up the bones of one grave to inter the body of another) and attempted to take the body through Casas Grandes to the Colonia Juarez cemetery.

At Casas Grandes, after being informed that they could not take a corpse past a cemetery without proper papers, they were arrested and fined twenty dollars. However, after paying the fine and waiting eight hours for the papers, they were allowed to go on. This process was repeated when the Gales returned home to find that scarlet fever had claimed a second child.<sup>4</sup>

Finally when Bishop Johnson announced that Ancheta, Presidente of La Ascencion, had given permission for the Diaz people to have a cemetery of their own they hurried to select a spot and several people were interred there. However, just after the burial of Anne Jacobson, wife of James Jacobson, trouble again arose. The camp historian's journal explains this incident:

Presidente Juan Carrion sent for someone to come to La Ascencion and make arrangements for a graveyard, and Brothers Jorgensen, Wilson, and S. C. Richardson went to meet him. Thursday we went and laid the ground off, but they would not agree to let us have the piece we had chosen before and interred six or seven, thinking we had a right to do so from what President Ancheta had told the Bishop. The matter had now been brought up and we were liable for a heavy fine. So we gave \$25.00 and settled it that way and leveled off the graves; and the little ones of Brothers Savage and Norton who have died since, have been buried in their lots till everything is cleared up and the cemetery laid off.<sup>5</sup>

After the passing of her mother, Anne Jacobson, little Serepta Jacobson became very ill and as she wasted away, she begged to be buried by the side of her mother. However, it turned out that her mother was the last person buried in the old cemetery and Serepta the first in the new one. The permanent cemetery was located on a little mound about one-half mile northwest of town and after its dedication was considered as "God's Acre." During its history, it was presided over by several sextons. Brother Frands P. Peterson, one of those on record, accepted the office on May 7, 1896 and was paid \$2.50 for each grave he dug. No one else had a right to dig a grave without first consulting him.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup>Gale Family History.

<sup>5</sup>Journal of the Camp Historian, Oct. 14, 1888.

<sup>6</sup>Diary of William Derby Johnson, Jr., Book C

The first markers were wooden headboards. Brother Haynie, who lost several children, used little posts, smoothed and painted. Near the top a place was cut out to hold a black tin or metal plate with the lettering stamped in for names and messages. When Brother Wilson's year-old child passed away, he made both head and foot boards to match. They had three coats of white paint with fancy black lettering and the picture of a dove with a bud in its mouth, done in jet black paint. After Brother Mickelson of Dubian began his stone-cutting business, most of the graves had monuments. Brother Gruwell had a huge family monument with individual markers for each grave. For unmarked graves, the children sometimes brought "pretty rocks" which were a luxury because most of the valley had but few rocks.

In Colonia Diaz, as also seen in the history of innumerable places throughout the world, women presided in the birth-chamber. However, since the people relied heavily upon the power of the Priesthood, the Elders were usually called in to administer to the patient and supplicate the blessings of the Lord in her behalf. Any worthy Elder could officiate in this calling, but among those often called were Elmer W. Johnson, Sr., Charles Whiting, Andrew Anderson, Apostle Teasdale and others.

Of the midwives of Colonia Diaz, some were accredited, some acted in obedience to a mission call, as did the women of the early Church, and others were pressed into service by emergencies. But all gave freely of their time, talent and love, and all were deeply appreciated by the townspeople. Among those serving were, Lucy Norton, Aunt Annie Nielson, Jane Keeler and Maud Acord. Among others who presided occasionally and assisted much were Anna Tenney, Mary Ann Gadd Rowley, Mary Adams and Fan Merrill.

Perhaps in point of time, Lucy Norton, second wife of J. Wesley Norton, could be called the "Midwife Superior" of Colonia Diaz. She was called to act as midwife two months after the first Diazistes camped on the river bank, and ten days after the first baby was born to the Mormons in Mexico. When Apostle Teasdale set her apart, April 10, 1885<sup>1</sup> he promised her that the Lord would be with her to direct and bless her labors. He said it would be her privilege to anoint and bless a still-born baby and see it live. Her daughter, Rosetta, testifies to have been with her mother and seen this promise fulfilled. At any rate, many Diazistes can testify to the humility and

<sup>1</sup>Norton Family History.

faith with which she approached each delivery case and none were attempted without prayer. She served among Mexicans and Americans alike and her records show twelve hundred deliveries.<sup>19</sup> At first she received \$2.50 for bringing the baby and coming each day for ten days to wash and dress the baby and change the mother's bed. Later years she received \$5.00. Her daughters report twenty years of service without the loss of a single baby.<sup>20</sup>

As the years passed, some of the children that Sister Norton had brought into the world watched her pass along the street wrapped in her little shawl or ran to welcome her at the gate to beg the privilege of standing near while she bathed the baby and gave it a spoonful of saffron or catnip tea. It almost needed the Norton touch to slip a patient into a starched gown without mussing up those leg-o-mutton sleeves or crushing the lace around the neck. Sister Norton was never too busy to fold back the top sheet and smooth its yard-wide crochet lace across the bed so that its pattern showed to the best advantage. The starched pillow-sham sat as prim on one side at the head, as the mother with a rose in her hair on the other. Many a mother remarked that it took the last pat of Sister Norton's hand to make a bed both comfortable and beautiful.

Before she left, she often tidied up a chair by the bedside ready for the Danish sweet-soup or cornmeal gruel the neighbors were sure to bring. But the most useful life must sometime come to an end. The following excerpts from the Bishop's diary refers to Sister Norton:

January 10, 1910. Sister Lucy Norton, who had been ill for some eight or nine months, and showed no improvement in spite of tender care from the family and ward members, was sent January 19, 1910 to a hospital in the United States where better medical care was available.

The ward sorrowed much that she passed away October 18, 1911 without returning home.<sup>21</sup>

The fact that the magnitude of Sister Norton's love and service embraced her own family as well as those of the entire town is shown by these verses penned by her daughter, Lilly N. Hornagl:

<sup>19</sup>Ibid.

<sup>20</sup>A partial list of the babies that Sister Norton delivered will be found in the appendix.

<sup>21</sup>Letter from a granddaughter, Lucy Scott Johnson.

### MY MOTHER

The happiest hours of my childhood days  
Were spent at my mother's side,  
As we sat before the big fireplace,  
While the fire crackled and died.

Oh! the strength that I gained from her!  
When she looked so tenderly,  
I saw the light in her loving eyes  
That inspired and lifted me.

My heart was young, and full of life;  
I felt no care or sorrow,  
She had taught me how to pray,  
I had no fear of tomorrow.

Sometime before October 3, 1895, Aunt Annie Nielsen is mentioned in Diaz records. She followed some friends of hers, Charles William and Din Merrill, from Logan, Utah to Colonia Diaz and lived in an apartment in Aunt Din's house. She was a graduate of the Kings College of Medicine and Obstetrics in Denmark and practiced in that country before coming to America. She brought her Danish doctor books along and at Colonia Diaz she also had doctor books printed in the English language.<sup>11</sup> When a mother remarked that Aunt Annie knew her business in two languages, she was answered, "She knows her business in any language." Young Chris Galbraith and his wife, Heva Johnson, had cause for deep gratitude for this skill when serious trouble arose at the birth of their first child, Mamie. The mother developed albumen, and when Aunt Annie answered a frantic emergency call, she found the mother unconscious and in a convulsion. Quickly she ordered the frantic relatives out of the room and exercised her strength and skill in assisting nature between those spasms. She worked against odds which usually cost the life of either the mother or the child and came out victorious by saving them both.

At Aunt Annie's funeral services, January 31, 1905, her importance to the community was attested to by the prominence of the speakers — Helaman Pratt, Apostle Cowley, and Bishop William D. Johnson.

Colonia Diaz also gave its heart to another of the midwives, "Aunt Maud," who was the daughter of John and Emma Robinson, of England, and the second wife of Abraham Acord. As a bride she

<sup>11</sup>Interview with Olive Merrill Gonzales.

lived in Spring City, Utah, but later moved to Colonia Diaz, Mexico. Her immigrating party passed through Mesquite Springs on the International Boundary Line and arrived at Colonia Diaz after the Saints had settled on the townsite. While her husband built a house of lumber hauled from the mountains by Ross Beck and Fred Acord, she lived in a wagon box camped on Edmund Richardson's lot and shared the use of his two-room house for cooking. In later years, Aunt Maud lived in a nice four-room house on North Main Street. She raised a fine family of nine children.

Brother Acord provided well for his family and after plastering the new home for Aunt Maud, promised a new organ for the growing girls. However, he passed away of pneumonia before being able to fulfill his promise and the family were left to care for themselves. But life was good to prim little Aunt Maud who kept her home and children spotless and taught her family to meet life with a smile. Because of this teaching her partly blind daughter, Cecilia, became an inspiration to all who knew her.

On her regular shopping trips to El Paso, Aunt Maud usually carried long lists of articles, especially clothing, to buy for her neighbors who were unable to make the trip. Because of her excellent "taste" and buying skill, her purchases were highly acceptable back home, but only Aunt Maud could tell of the maneuvering it took to pass them through the custom house.

When Doctor Ellis Shipp, member of the Deseret Hospital Board, toured the Colonies in Old Mexico, lecturing on health and the care of the sick, she carried an invitation from the Church that someone from each colony go to Salt Lake City to study nursing and obstetrics. Aunt Maud, always solicitous of others, answered this call in the hopes of better preparing herself to serve her fellow man. The tender, gracious and efficient service she rendered endeared her to the hearts of the people.

After the exodus and a short visit to Spring City, Utah, Aunt Maud settled along the Border and devoted her life to assisting her family and friends. She helped care for her grand babies and great grand babies as they came along, and at ninety years of age helped to deliver a set of twins, sons of her granddaughter, Lucille Tenney Jones.

For about four or five years before her death at age 97, Aunt Maud was happy in a rest home, ministering to the comfort of others. Each morning all anticipated her early visit and cheery smile to

launch them on a fruitful day. Truly she had a long life of service and happiness.

"Every family in Colonia Diaz was an asset to every other family and the Keelers who came in 1892<sup>11</sup> were no exception to this rule. Sister Keeler came offering her healing skills for physical ills and Brother Keeler was equally well equipped to minister spiritual light and guidance.

When Sarah Jane Keeler, mother of ten children, realized the dearth of medical help in Diaz and mentally measured the long overland trip necessary to obtain help from the United States, she determined to do everything possible to help the people.

At El Paso where she went to bring her medical knowledge up to date and get a certificate to practice medicine in Texas, she met the leading physicians and surgeons and formed friendships which later stood her in good stead.

Armed with medical books and subscriptions to the latest medical journals, she hung up her "shingle" in Colonia Diaz and set out on her self-appointed mission of mercy. Since many of her cases were house calls, her little black-topped, one-horse-drawn buggy was a familiar sight on the streets of Colonia Diaz and La Ascencion as well as far-flung roads. She often drove over these rough roads in search of some "Hacienda" whose occupants, she very well knew, would be unable to pay for her services.

Sister Keeler's obstetrical practice became so involved with doctoring that it became difficult to differentiate between her visits. In fact, when she was asked how many babies she had brought into the world "La Doctora," as she was called by the natives, replied that she did not know as she had been too busy making history to record the number of babies or keep track of all the diseases she had cured and the broken bones she had set.

Back-stage sources of power used by "La Doctora" were flood-lighted by this story from her daughter, Philinda K. (Linney) Naegle.<sup>12</sup>

Because every hour of mother's life was one of faith and dependence upon her Maker, she was often made aware of some crisis she would be called upon to face. One day, she hurried in from her garden to scrub her hands as she commissioned us to get plenty of boiling water ready. 'Pray for me, child,' she peti-

<sup>11</sup>Interview with a daughter, Philinda (Linney) Keeler Naegle.

<sup>12</sup>Unpublished Keeler Family Manuscripts.

tioned. "This crisis is going to need more than my skill can produce." Thus, everything was ready when a young boy whose forehead had been split wide open by the shoe of a kicking horse, was brought in. In minutes, the wound was cleaned and mother was inspired to fill the cavity with boric acid before she bound the wound and urged the parents to rush the boy to El Paso. Later the surgeon who cared for the child, reported that when the case reached the hospital, the wound was as if fresh cut. He asked, 'Dr. Keeler, whence comes this uncanny skill in the use of simple things?'"

'Mother's thought was never for herself. If she found that well scrubbed floors, shined windows, or cleaned dishes would add to her patient's peace of mind, she removed her white apron, pinned up her skirts and became 'Janey the house-maid.'

During the Madero Revolution, the Gonzales family from La Ascencion, frequently sent well armed guards to protect "La Doctora" and her husband, who insisted on answering sick calls in spite of the danger. In return, the Keelers gave refuge to General Gonzales when he was hounded by the rebels and succeeded in getting him across the American Boundary Line in safety.

When Sister Keeler passed away, a neighbor standing by said to her children, "Do you recognize her greatness?" One child afterwards said that her greatness was measured in the hearts of hundreds of friends who were the recipients of her skill, her broad sympathy for human strength and weakness, and her never failing friendship.

In addition to those who practiced the art of healing, Colonia Diaz was blessed in having several people whose physical handicaps served only to develop such fortitude as to lift them above the common crowd to become an inspiration to everyone. Among these were Martin Jorgensen, Cecilia Acord, M. L. Gruwell, James Jacobson, Sr. and Spencer Galbraith, and Fenley Merrill.

Martin Jorgensen, son of Jorgens Jorgensen and Anne Madsen Jorgensen, contracted polio when he was four years old and walked on crutches ever after. However, he never let this handicap curtail his usefulness or his happiness. In fact, he became an inspiration to all who knew him. He learned to ride, rope, dance and swim. He played baseball and all other boyish games. He was an active church member and honored his priesthood at all times.

He graduated from the Juarez Stake Academy in 1906 and attended the Gila Academy at Thatcher, Arizona, for one year. He

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<sup>11</sup>"Ibid.

was always interested in music and played the coronet in the band, the slide trombone in the orchestra for dances, parties and other entertainments. He was, also, an expert on the harmonica and used his excellent voice for singing in the choir and for entertaining wherever he went.

Martin married Elna Lemmon of Colonia Diaz, and they had four children. Soon after the Exodus, Martin began working for the government, which position he held until retirement. After the passing of his wife in 1950, Martin maintained his home by himself, about which, Hazel R. Taylor reports, "His home has a place for everything and everything in its place. It is as cute as a bride's suite."

In 1963, Martin age 83, was still living and caring for himself, spreading joy and sunshine to all whom he met. He had three living children, nineteen grandchildren and four great grandchildren.<sup>12</sup>

\* Celilia Acord, daughter of Maud and Abraham Acord, almost blind from childhood, was a graduate from the school of those educated in understanding all the tender feelings of the heart and in the artistry of homemaking. She helped raise and mother her sister's son, David Abram Little (Abe) left motherless under one year of age. She was active in attending church, sang in the choir and gained the love of every heart in Diaz.

Spencer Galbraith, another inspiration to the people in Diaz, began his fight in life when, as a very young child, he accidentally drank lye. Vinegar and fats were administered to the baby while he was rushed to the hospital in El Paso, but his throat was so severely eaten that for years his esophagus tried to grow together and had to be opened periodically by inserting an instrument tipped with a small ball. Although this was painful, Spencer bore it patiently and all of Diaz suffered the pain with him and prayed for the day when the throat would heal and function as it should. When Spencer looked into the eyes of his townspeople and flashed that wan little smile, they went home heartened and determined never again to complain of life's problems.

Although Brother M. L. Gruwell lost an arm and was practically deaf for years, he did not let that keep him from being the foremost business man of Diaz and from raising a large family. Before coming to Mexico, he was Stake President in his Idaho home and was beloved by all the community.

<sup>12</sup>From *Goldenage Tribune*, edited by Jess and Hazel Taylor at El Paso, Tex.

During his later years, James Jacobson suffered ill health due to an internal injury received in Utah when he was a comparatively young man. He was practically bed-ridden, but was able to get around enough to keep his yard as neat as most women's houses. He dearly loved children and they were happy when their mothers sent them to his house with some little dainty for him to eat. He always had some candy or roses to reward them and his stories of the "Old Country" were as interesting as a Sunday School class. Bessie Pierce Jenson, a neighbor of his, tells of her great love for him when she was a child, age six or seven. After a visit she told her mother that she must go and live with Grandpa Jacobson because he was sick and she must wash his clothes and sweep his floors. Brother Jacobson who lived across the street from Pierce was also their ward teacher.

Bessie says that years later after she had recovered from a serious accident, he said, while walking with her to church, "Bessie, your life has been spared in this accident because you have a great work to perform." At her inquiry as to what it was, he replied, "That I am not permitted to tell you." Truly he was an inspiration to his family and neighbors.

At the age of ten years, Fenly Merrill, son of Fan and William Merrill, broke his hip and failed to respond to all treatments given at Colonia Diaz, so his father took him to Doctor Keats at Colonia Juarez. The leg was put in traction even during the seventy-five mile drive over the rough roads back to Colonia Diaz. To relieve the pain and monotony of the three or four months in traction, Fenly asked his mother to have "rag-bees" or sewing bees at his home so he could listen to the women talk. He especially liked to have Ada Earl and Verona Whiting among the group.

Though Fenly was never completely out of pain, he graduated from crutches to walking with a cane and a built-up sole. In spite of the pain and this handicap, Fenly never gave up, carried on his farm work, raised a large family, and was active in both church and civic affairs. When the years compelled him to retire from farm work, he became proficient in leather work and in 1963, was making fine purses, belts, etc., whose demand exceeded his production.

One of the severest tolls in sickness and death, of any Diaz family, came to the David F. Stouts who moved there in 1901. So great was the sorrow that the family often referred to that time as the "Black Year."<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>16</sup>From Daisy S. Richardson, also quoted by Wayne Q. Stout, *Our Pioneer Ancestors*, (Salt Lake City, 1944), p. 262-3.

Diazistes felt very blessed when this family of four mothers and many well trained, religious, and industrious children moved into their midst. Brother Stout came first and traded his Hinckley, Utah property for a Diaz farm. His son, Irving, entrained immediately for Diaz to assist in planting crops while an older brother, David, remained to drive his mother, Rettie's outfit overland. They began the journey three days after Sister Stout lost her two-month-old Leland Moroni to the disease of whooping cough. As they came through Naco, Arizona, young David was offered a two month's freighting contract and his mother, thinking that the family could use the money, accepted. However, young David soon contracted typhoid fever and succumbed October 4, without ever reaching Diaz. The other Stout families were exposed to measles on the train and after reaching Colonia Diaz ten children took the disease and Melvina Agnes, daughter of Mary Jane, died of it on May 21, 1901.

Whether the family picked up typhoid germs on the trip or contracted them after reaching Diaz, is a matter of question, but it is a fact that the disease struck the family with vigor. Soon after Julia's arrival, May 5, her second son, Emerald, became very ill with it. He was unconscious for three weeks but finally recovered, however, her beautiful little daughter, Ruth, died of it November 19. During the winter a son, Thurlow, was ill and wasted away to a skeleton by the spring of 1902. He also recovered, and after a six weeks trip to the colony of Dublan, he mended rapidly. But there was still another toll to be extracted from the family. Six weeks after the return from Dublan, Julia was called on to make another great sacrifice. Her son, Irving, who was nearly seventeen years old, had been working away from home where he had been forced to sleep on damp ground. This caused a serious cold which rapidly developed into typhoid fever. Seven days after his fever began (March 7) Irving's father called in Patriarch James A. Little, who gave him a fine blessing. A week later Irving was struggling for his very life. March 15 he suffered two sinking spells. . . . Next day he was in a precarious condition and was delirious most of the day. . . . Irving passed away early in the morning of March 18, 1902. In his diary his father described the tragedy thus:

Oh! Day of grief. Another thunderbolt from the source of life and death. My noble, faithful, energetic, hardworking boy, Irving, who has been my nearest counselor in all my temporal matters since David died and who has been one of the reliable lights and joys of our oft-stricken household for the past sixteen

years, breathed his last precious breath with the first minutes of this day. It was almost too hard to bear for his mother. She said she could not live and retain her reason. It seemed at first that she could not endure the strain. Our dear friend, Martha (Cox) was, next to God, her best aid in the terrible ordeal.

The funeral was held the same day at 5 p.m. The speakers were Charles R. Fillerup, his teacher; J. J. Adams; Patriarch, James A. Little was called on, but was too grief-stricken to speak; and Francis Bunker, who had known him from infancy. Each could not speak too well of him.<sup>17</sup>

After a few weeks in which Sister Julia, the boy's mother, seemed to fail in health, Bishop Johnson advised taking her into the mountains for a rest and a change.

The family lost five children within nine months and then in five months lost two more. The good people of Diaz extended every assistance to the family during the grief-stricken period. But, of course, only the Lord is able to pour balm over hearts so torn and bleeding. The family moved away from Diaz hoping to find a more healthy locality and the blessing of every heart in Diaz went with them.

During the later years of Diaz history there were very few cases of typhoid fever as open wells were done away with and water supplies tested. After the railroad was put into the territory and there was access to it at Guzman, people were able to find medical help easier at El Paso and critical cases were taken there. But minor ills were still treated at home. Following are some of the home remedies used by the townspeople:

#### SUMMER COMPLAINT

Edmund Richardson's remedy,  $\frac{1}{2}$  t. listerine alternated every half hour with  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. of Bismuth. Bismuth coats the stomach and listerine heals. Sylvia Anderson Burrell has a post exodus story about the effect of this remedy. She says: "In the summer of 1916, I was living in Deming, Hidalgo Co., New Mexico. My baby, Charles Vernon, was ill with summer complaint. Everything possible was being done, but he just got worse until he was just skin and bones. Edmund Richardson came to call upon us at Columbus, New Mexico, and when he saw my baby's condition, he told me to give him  $\frac{1}{2}$  t. of listerine and some biamuth alternating every hour. In three days my baby was well. Since learning of this remedy, I have cured children all up and down the valley. I am so grateful to Uncle Edmund.

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<sup>17</sup>Ibid.

### GRANDMOTHER'S PNEUMONIA CURE

12 oz. turpentine  
3 oz. mentholatum  
2 oz. oil of eucalyptus  
2 oz. essence of peppermint  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 pt. of olive oil

Pour turpentine into wide mouthed qt. jar and set in warm water. Add mentholatum and stir until dissolved. Add other ingredients. (Keep away from flame as all ingredients are flammable). Make jacket by basting cotton batting onto flannel and cutting to fit the body back and front, to lower ribs. Pin over shoulders. Rub patient generously back and front chest with the warm liniment before putting on jacket. Congestion will be detected by its gurgling sound.

### INTERNAL DOSE

Small bit of calomel then large dose of castor oil, followed later by milk of magnesia to keep t' ^ bowels open and functioning.

Snake root for cramps.

Cloves for boils, also black axle-grease.

Salt for sores Will prevent blood poisoning.

Sugar and turpentine to stop bleeding.

Flour will stop bleeding on cut finger.

### ASAFETIDA

It was thought Asafetida would ward off disease and during an epidemic most children wore a little bag containing the ill smelling stuff tied around his neck. Whether the effectiveness of the remedy was due to the asafetida or to the fact that its odor discouraged any group gathering is perhaps unknown.

### MUSTARD PLASTERS

This was to be used in case of pneumonia or chest congestion. For adults: 5 tb flour, 3 tb powdered mustard. Mix and moisten to a soft paste with warm water. Spread between layers of muslin. Apply to the congested part until the skin is rosy or bright red. Upon removing plaster, cover the spot with a folded towel to prevent taking more cold. Use less mustard for children and lard may be smeared on after removing the plaster to prevent smarting.

### BREAD AND MILK

Squeeze out surplus milk from soaked bread, spread on a cloth and bind on affected parts. Leave it on several hours or over night. This is excellent to draw inflammation and puss from festers, run-arounds on fingers, blood-poisoning etc.

### BACON RIND

Sprinkle bacon rind generously with black pepper and bind to chest in case of a bad cold. Or bind peppered slices of bacon around neck for sore throat.

### ONION POULTICE

#### Cure for Croup:

Roast onions, mash and spread upon a cloth. Add hot goose-oil or lard and apply to chest and throat. Apply as hot as can be endured without discomfort, but take care not to blister.

Probably 9/10ths of fatal croup cases could be saved by this method.

An onion syrup will help alleviate coughs and colds, especially if used with the above. Slice an onion in a dish, cover with sugar. Place a tight cover over all and set in a warm place. Administer internally, one teaspoonful as needed, probably three or four times a day. This is very soothing for colds and coughs.

### ANTIPHLOGESTINE OR DENVER MUD

Sister Jane Keeler probably introduced the antiphlogestine poultice into the Colonia Diaz remedies and its uses became myriad.

### TURPENTINE AND LARD

Turpentine and lard mixed, spread on muslin, peppered and laid over the lungs or the throat as needed was considered good for a cold or sore throat.

### BOILS

Yellow bar soap and sugar mixed to a creamy consistency and bound on. Jimson Weed: Mash the leaves and bind on patient to draw out inflammation.

### SPRING TONICS

Sulphur and molasses.

Goldenseal and sugar.

Tansy tea (bitter and triple bitter).

### COUGHS AND COLDS

Sugar cube soaked in kerosene.  
Honey and cayenne pepper.  
Honey and horehound, horehound candy.  
Turpentine and castor oil.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Gunpowder for ringworms  
Powdered alum for canker  
Johnson Salve  
Three A Liniment  
Pinch of salt flipped into eyes. (Olive Merrill's sight saved.)

In answering a frantic call for help in setting a broken arm for young Roswell Earl, Brothers S. C. Richardson and Elmer Johnson faced an unfamiliar problem and solicited the help of Brother Martin Sanders. After examining the arm, Brother Sanders scratched his head, looked around the room, and went to work. He took a piece of factory (unbleached) muslin doubled long enough to go around the arm, stitched it lengthwise in spaces wide enough to hold wooden splints as in a slat-bonnet, pulled the arm straight then pressed the bones into place. He put cotton batting around the arm, then wrapped it with this strip. The arm healed perfectly.



Lee Jane Shaw Kester.

## Chapter VIII

# SCHOOLS OF DIAZ

The Mormon belief that a man cannot be saved in ignorance places education high upon the priority list of their endeavors. This was true of those Mormons who went to Mexico with the idea of preserving the solidarity of their families. Though they had difficulty in securing lands, and the building of permanent homes was delayed two years, the aspiring colonists went into school activities immediately, in fact, while they were yet in camps under the cottonwoods along the Casas Grandes River south of Diaz.

Apostle George Teasdale, always a lover of children, elected to be their first teacher. His school convened during the summer and fall of 1885, and was held in a covered double-bedded wagon-box set on the ground in the shade of a great tree. Seats were provided by slipping boards across the box between the beds — that is, by raising the top bed sufficiently to allow the ends of the planks to pass between.<sup>1</sup> The wagon cover, necessary for protection against the wind and the rain, was raised at the sides for air-conditioning. As protection against the blistering hot sand, the barefooted children, on the way to school, dropped handfuls of grasses or weeds in front of themselves to step on as they walked.<sup>2</sup>

Brother Teasdale encouraged children to sing and every school day began and ended with song and prayer. His pupils recall learning Brother Teasdale's favorite Hymn, *In Our Lovely Deseret*, with its attendant lesson on health: "Drink no liquor and they eat but a very little meat," and its axiom on courtesy: "Always be polite." But perhaps its greatest teaching was of prayer: "They must not forget to pray, night and morning every day" and Brother Teasdale re-emphasized this lesson by example when he instituted camp "prayer service" which was held every evening.

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<sup>1</sup>Journal of Levi Savage (Camp Historian).

<sup>2</sup>Interviews with Olive Merrill and Moneta Fitterup Johnson (Pupils).

## IN OUR LOVELY DESERET

Eliza R. Snow

O. F. Root

In our lovely deseret  
 Where the Saints of God have met,  
 There's a multitude of children all around.  
 They are generous and brave.  
 They have precious souls to save.  
 They must listen and obey the Gospel sound.

## Chorus

Hark, hark, hark, 'tis children's music,  
 Children's voices, oh how sweet.  
 When in innocence and love,  
 Like the angels up above.  
 They with happy hearts and cheerful faces meet.  
 That the children may live long,  
 And be beautiful and strong.  
 Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise;  
 Drink no liquor, and they eat  
 But a very little meat;  
 They are seeking to be great and good and wise.  
 They should be instructed young,  
 How to watch and guard their tongue  
 And their tempers train and evil passions bind.  
 They should always be polite  
 And treat everybody right.  
 And in every place be affable and kind.  
 They must not forget to pray  
 Night and morning, everyday  
 For the Lord to keep them safe from every ill,  
 And assist them to do right,  
 That with all their mind and might  
 They may love him and may learn to do his will.

(This song was published in the brown Primary Song Book of 1945. In the preface is the statement: "We have tried not to forget that even in songs there are sermons, and that through the simplest things one is often able to touch the heart of a child.)

*Jesus Mighty King in Zion* is another song his students recalled, especially for the words "Thou alone our guide shall be," which could not but give a sense of security to homeless children seeking refuge in an unknown land.

Professor Teasdale was equally wise in teaching the three R's, never resting or losing patience until every child had learned his lesson. The following quotation from a letter dated April 12, 1886, and written by Brother Teasdale to Sullivan Calvin Richardson, who was then in Arizona, sheds some interesting highlights on this school. He writes:

It is blowing like everything this morning and has been all night, but the sun is shining although the wind is very cold. This is the kind of weather we have. It has been blowing every day until we almost wonder what is the matter when we have a fine day.

I took possession of your tent, and have lived there ever since; amusing myself teaching the children. I have quite a school and they have done first rate. It would do you good to hear them sing *In Our Lovely Deseret*.

It was a long flight these children had made into Mexico, but all felt that the privilege of studying under an apostle of the Lord was worth it even though they knew that the weightier problems of land purchase and colonization would soon occupy all of his time. Because Apostle Teasdale did not speak Spanish, he had requested that Charles Edmund Richardson be given a temporary release from his Indian Mission in New Mexico, to act as his interpreter. On June 5, 1885, the day after Edmund's arrival, he began teaching a Spanish class with an enrollment of eighteen adults from the camp. This was much appreciated as many problems arose because of lack of communication with the natives. Brother J. N. Smith said this was the highest type of teaching and learning he had ever experienced, the only fault being that the class was too short.

This school convened simultaneously with Brother Teasdale's grade school until both teachers were called away on political and land inspection business, leaving the colonists to find another teacher for their children.

At Sunday School, June 20, 1886, Elder Charles Whiting announced that next day Brother John Squires would begin a five-week school, free of charge. To house this "School of Sorts," as the new teacher dubbed it, Brother John H. Earl proffered a Mexican adobe room located in a second camp about a mile south of the final townsite. The room had a dirt floor and roof. On most of the Mexican houses there is an adobe seat built around the entire inside wall of the room. This the children used for seats, with a plank in front for writing

desks. The only other furniture was a home-made table and chair placed in the center of the room for the teacher.

Brother Squires was an English gentleman of no mean education and culture. His geniality, love and consideration for others made him camp favorite. It was a sorrow for the camp to learn that he was plagued with heart trouble.

The school began amidst a rash of troubles caused by the Mexican Customs Officials who sporadically staged camp inspections and confiscated whatever they could question as to the legality of papers on "Duties," etc. This created problems for the camp and some for the school as well, since they did not escape the raids. Amy Teressa Richardson, who occasionally assisted Brother Squires, told of how this situation affected him personally.

The doctor had placed Brother Squires on a strict diet because of his heart trouble. The diet called for a breakfast of one slice of toast and three dates.<sup>1</sup> During one of the raids by the customs officers at the school, Brother Squires stealthily carried out and so successfully hid his box of dates under a clump of mesquites that he was unable to retrace it. Upon doing so after a week's search, he decided to leave them in that fine hideout.

The children of the camp enjoyed their schooling, although they were studying under handicaps. Instead of paper, most of the children used a slate, which was a piece of black slating enclosed by a narrow wooden frame, and written on with a slate pencil. To assist the beginning children, Brother Squires cut tiny straight lines into the slate and proceeded with his writing lesson. Alice Whiting, beginner pupil, relates that, at the close of one school day, her mother, Verona Whiting, asked, "Well, Alice what did you learn at school today?"

"Oh I made a slate full of pot 'ooks and 'angers."

"What in the world are pot 'ooks and 'angers?" queried her mother. Alice showed the work on her slate which was a series of strokes and S's thus "I I , I I , S, S" meant by Professor Squires, in his Cockney English to be "pot hooks and hangers" — his way of introducing the letters.

Alice tells of another incident which happened at this school. She says:

One day while the students were all interested in making 'pot 'ooks and 'angers' one of the children cried out, "Look

<sup>1</sup>Interview with Rachel and Emma Mortensen.

at that snake coming down from the roof!" Sure enough, dangling from the very center of the mud roof was a long "blow" snake. Though it was a harmless variety, it might have created a panic in other schools where children were not accustomed, as were these, to seeing, not only such reptiles, but venomous rattle snakes, centipedes, and tarantulas almost every day. Supporting their unconcern was the calmness of the old Professor, as he took his cane and slowly began to haul the creature down; when Lo! instead of but one, it was found there were others — scores of them — baby snakes, a veritable nest of them. Soon, however, they were all removed and the lesson resumed.

Brother Squires was a wonderful story teller and even in the evenings after school hours, children loved to gather around the fire and listen to him tell such stories as "Puss in Boots," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Hop o' My Thumb," and "Beauty and the Beast."

Although school was in session, so desperate was the camp's need for a combined public meeting house and school house that the colonists planned to build a room, and hauled in several loads of old adobes. However, the project was abandoned after they received word that a townsite was soon to be purchased elsewhere.

The church schools in Mexico were established under the supervision of the General Authorities of the Church and directed by a Superintendent of Church Schools, but each camp established its own school organization and school buildings. Consequently, fifteen days after the people received word that land titles were clear, February 13, 1887,<sup>5</sup> the brethren met with Elder Erastus Snow<sup>6</sup> to discuss the school problem and the building of a joint school and church house. They decided on a rock foundation under an adobe structure, 18' by 40' outside measurements, with two doors 2' 10" by 6' 10", and three windows of three sashes each with glass 8" by 10". The Bishopric was to appoint the rate of cost to each man. Bishop William Derby Johnson and Charles Whiting each offered 1,000' of lumber, M. P. Mortensen 600' and Joe James promised 400 adobes.<sup>7</sup>

While plans were progressing for the new schoolhouse, on May 8, 1887, the school census was taken and there were 109 school children

<sup>5</sup>Journal of Alice Whiting.

<sup>6</sup>John Squires, p. 18.

<sup>7</sup>Journal of Levi Savage, p. 9.

<sup>7</sup>Diary of William Derby Johnson.

in the town." In August of that year, since Brother Squires felt unable to teach again, it was necessary to make a public plea for someone to teach school and Sister Nellie (Helen Gemmell) Gruwell, plural wife of M. L. Gruwell, volunteered. She was a beautiful, talented, and well-educated French girl who had received her education in a convent. She spoke English very well and was loved by everyone. She converted her room into a schoolhouse by laying planks over boxes and some of the students remembered how tired their backs became while bending over their work.<sup>10</sup> After the regular subjects were over for the day, Sister Gruwell taught the girls domestic art, sewing, embroidering, and crocheting.

On November 27, 1887<sup>11</sup> while workmen were shingling the roof of a new building, the school was moved into the unfinished building with its dirt floor. Brother Squires' idea of a "School of Sorts" could now be changed to a "School of Noises" as the new building continued to grow over the heads of the pupils. Ideas were literally pounded into their heads. This year the teaching personnel was changed. Elmer W. Johnson, Sr. became the professor and Charles Edmund Richardson taught a Spanish class. Brother Johnson, with his keen sense of humor and great understanding and love for young people, was well fitted to inspire the pupils to greater efforts. The following incident is but one of many that might be told.

One of his students, nine-year-old Alice Whiting (children did not usually begin school at six) confessed to spending so much time dreaming that she failed to hear all that went on. Her younger brother was even commissioned to pinch her when her name was called. Before one of the spelling bees, Alice had just been reading the word "through" and was able to spell it when her turn came. At this, Brother Johnson remarked, "Now, if the rest of you had studied your lesson as this

<sup>10</sup>Journal of Levi Savage, p. 20, May 8, 1887. When the school census was taken there was found to be 109 school children apportioned as follows:

John Earl .....	8	John Harris .....	5
J. W. Norton .....	11	C. W. Merrill .....	9
John Squires .....	1	L. M. Savage .....	6
William D. Johnson .....	10	Charles Whiting .....	7
M. P. Mortensen .....	17	S. C. Richardson .....	4
J. H. James .....	12	A. N. Holden .....	8
James Ray .....	6	Joseph Haycock .....	5
			109

Sarah Gale and Sister Daynes taught school and music. One of her music pupils was Mary Ellen Wilson.

<sup>10</sup>Journal of Olive Merrill Gonzales.

<sup>11</sup>Journal of Levi Savage. (The house was shingled in November and floored in December.)

little girl has, you, too, could have spelled the word." Alice says this bit of praise was the "Open Sesame" which led her from her world of dreams into the delightful world of study and achievement. She made such rapid progress that she was promoted to the third reader. She was most grateful to the teacher for the inspiration he gave.

Around the year 1888, the Church recognized the great need of its members for local secondary educational facilities. Factors contributing to the need were that there were no state-operated high schools, that transportation was poor, and that there was always a lack of family funds to finance sending the youth away to school.

To meet this need the Church decided to establish an academy in each stake of Zion, to be partly financed on a local basis. Also, it was to be managed locally under the direction of the General Church Authorities. To facilitate the operation, the Church, under the direction of President Wilford Woodruff and the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, organized a general Board of Education and named Dr. Karl G. Maeser as first general Superintendent of Church schools.<sup>12</sup>

On June 8, 1888, the Church Board of Education mailed to each Stake President a circular of instructions on how to organize a Stake Board of Education as a preliminary step toward the establishment of an academy within his stake. A quotation from this letter says:

1. A Board of Education should be organized in each Stake of Zion.
2. An academy should be established in each as soon as possible.
3. This academy should be a place where religion could be taught along with the academic subjects.
4. It should be a school where the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants could be used as texts.

Later, in speaking of Church Schools, Joseph F. Smith said that their purpose was to:

. . . make Latter-day Saints. Their object is that true religion, undefiled before God, the Father, may be inculcated in the hearts and minds of our children while they are getting an education, to enable the heart, the soul and the spirit of our children to develop with proper teaching, in connection with the secular training that they receive in school.

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<sup>12</sup>Alma P. Burton and William E. Berrett, *Karl G. Maeser: Mormon Educator*, (Salt Lake City, Deseret Book Co.), 1953.

The next school, in 1889-90, was taught by Dennison Emil Harris, a released missionary who was unable to return to his family in Utah because the United States Marshals were diligently watching to arrest him on charges of Polygamy. He, therefore, came to Diaz with one family, with the idea of making speedy preparations to bring the other one. He rented a home from S. C. Richardson while building a three-room house on plots just south of the school.

Soon the Board of School Trustees offered Brother Harris the position of teaching a six-month school at Colonia Diaz. They made him two propositions. They would pay him a straight wage of \$50 per month or they would charge a tuition of \$1.25 per month per pupil, he to be responsible for collecting it and furnishing his own assistant teacher.

After accepting the latter plan, he and his wife, Annie, opened school September 16, 1889 with an enrollment of sixty pupils. The townspeople spent \$50 for maps, globes, charts, etc., and each family furnished seats for its own children. The desks were planned and built to accommodate two individuals sitting side by side. When the desks were lined up in rows, each couple had the use of a book storage space under a flat top, slanting somewhat toward the student. Each top had a pencil groove and a hole for an ink bottle.

Brother Harris soon finished a three-room house on his lots beside the school and on November 12, 1889, his other wife, Eunice, and her four young sons arrived to complete the family unity.

This school year was not to be without incident. During the Christmas holidays, Russian Flu or Lagrippe made its appearance in epidemic proportions and Brother Harris tells that by the latter part of January 1890, two-thirds of his pupils were ill with it and that during a three-day period, he was called out over forty times to administer to the sick.<sup>12</sup> So grave was the situation that school was dismissed for a time.

During this forced vacation, Brother Harris took the opportunity to visit Colonia Pacheco and to explore the other mountain settlements. He liked what he saw and decided to make his home there at the close of the school year. Brother Harris did a wonderful job with the school at Colonia Diaz and the people learned with regret of his desire to move away. Brother Harris writes: "They offered me every inducement to persuade me to remain; some even offering to double the tuition of their children."<sup>13</sup> However, Brother Harris was soon called

<sup>12</sup> Diary of D. E. Harris.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid.

on a mission by the Church to visit the Mutual Improvement Association of the Church in several Utah towns and when he returned he moved to Colonia Juarez.

During May and June of 1890, a subscription school was conducted at Colonia Diaz by Brother Steven L. Wilson.<sup>13</sup> At the close of this school the Diazistes found that their struggles for education were greatly alleviated.

That year, in 1890, soon after the departure of Brother Harris, Colonia Diaz received a charter for a Stake Academy. (This was really a four year high school course.) Bishop William Derby Johnson writes:

The Board of Education for the Church Schools gave us an organization for the Diaz Academy and named Brother Isaac B. Hayes to act as its Principal. Now our education status was as good as we could desire. The Board also suggested that the school be called simply "Diaz Academy," and be directed under a local board so as to avoid any conflict with the Mexican Law.

Citizens of the town were elated at their new educational prospects and prepared to receive their new principal.

A telegram announcing the expected arrival of Brother Hayes at the Deming, New Mexico Railway Terminal was answered by dispatching a team and buggy to meet him there.

The lines of fatigue etched into the face of Brother Hayes by the dust and heat of his sixty-mile desert trip were erased by the pleasant surprise he received upon entering Colonia Diaz. The citizens, lining the street in front of the school house, waved joyous greetings as they sang a song of welcome, and children spread a carpet of flowers before him as he alighted from the carriage. By the time the school benefit dance ended that evening, Brother Hayes knew that he already was an accepted member of the great Diaz Ward family.

The existing school building had to be enlarged to accommodate the increased enrollment of an academy, but the colonists snapped their fingers at poverty and put faith into action. By pledging cash, produce, or labor, according to their means, they overshot by \$48.61 the estimated cost (\$1,951.32) of an added room 18' by 12', which would make three nice school rooms.

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<sup>13</sup> Journal of Steven L. Wilson.

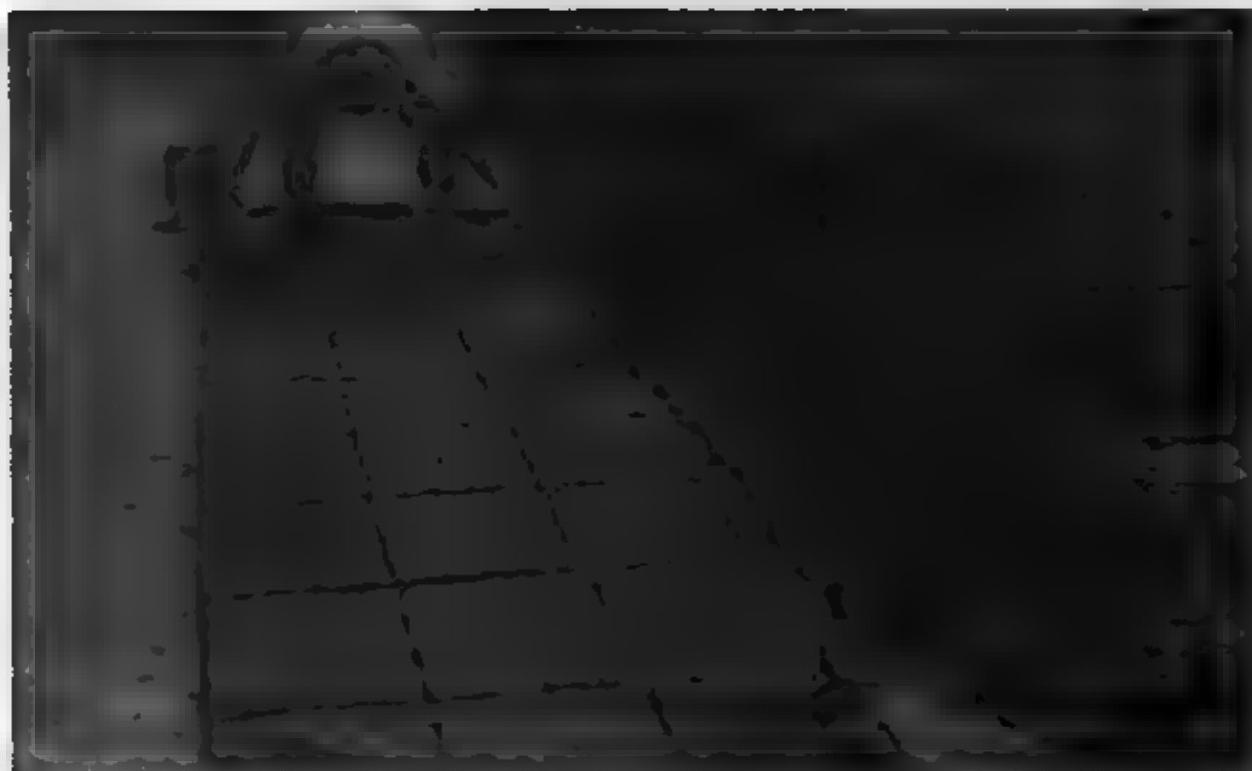
Since Bishop William D. Johnson, and his second counselor, J. H. James, were absent on business at this time, much of the building responsibility rested upon his first counselor, M. P. Mortensen. He took charge of finances and of buying the carpenter's supplies, such as lumber, glass, nails, paint, and brushes. These he purchased from William Richard Merrill, a merchant at Deming, New Mexico.<sup>16</sup> This was a big job as everything had to be inspected and passed at the Custom House as well as freighted by team 90 miles to Diaz over hot desert and ungraded wagon roads. Isaac Hayes, the new principal, was very energetic in assisting Brother Mortensen with the building project.

All building committees went into immediate action. Brother William Merrill supervised the making of the adobes. This required judgement and skill to insure the adobes holding up against the weather; if they contained alkali, the adobes would expand and burst when exposed to the rain; if made solely of mud, they practically melted. But the Mexicans had already worked out satisfactory methods of making brick and they taught the Mormons just how much straw or horsehair and sand to mix with the mud and what type of clay to use. After adding water to the mixture in the pit, young men and boys rolled their pants up above their knees and literally waded into the job of mixing and tramping the mud until it was ready for use. Soon most of the boys looked more like chocolate men than enthusiastic deacons. But molding the clay and laying the adobes out in the sun to dry was a man-sized job. A plot covered with long straight rows of wet adobes resembled a great table covered with giant Hershey bars. As the adobes dried, they had to be turned, then stacked on end in ricks and covered or thatched with straw to protect them from the rain until they were needed.

As the walls of the school house went up, the masons, Alfred and Lauritz Mortensen, Andrew C. Jensen and others, were assisted by the deacons and young men who carried the adobes and also hods of mud with which to lay them up. The adobes were carried on a "Para walla" which resembled a short ladder with the steps nailed flat and projecting over the runners.

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<sup>16</sup>Interview with his daughter, Emma Mortensen Skousen.



A workman molding and laying adobe blocks to dry in the sun. The dried brick or adobes are standing in a rick. (*Arizona Days and Ways Magazine* 1956)

Milton Jensen says: "Two men could carry four adobes at a time though the boys could handle only two as the adobes measured 12 by 18 by 4 inches and weighed approximately thirty or forty pounds."<sup>11</sup>

Since all the carpentry work, such as doors, windows, and their frames, the pulpit, wainscoating, desks, etc. had to be manufactured on the job, Brother Carl Anton Frederickson was assisted by several carpenters who worked in their own shops or under the school roof.<sup>12</sup>

Brother Frederickson also built the desks as shown in the following illustration. Each parent bought desks enough to seat his own family, but they remained in the school building to furnish seating for other functions.

<sup>11</sup>Some of the boys who helped were Milton, Burton Jensen, Charles and Alma Frederickson; Preston, Dick and Aaron Gruwell, Joe and George Fen; Moses and Jim Sanders; Charlie and Bernard Whiting; Alma and Wilford Mortensen, Will and Monroe Andersen.

<sup>12</sup>Among the assisting carpenters were: John H. Earl, Eric Jorgensen, Rasmus Larsen, Abia Johnson, J. B. Jackson, S. C. Richardson, and Brother Th.



Annie and Mark Richardson

In addition to the new section of the building, some work was done on the old one. Brother Frederickson reported having finished the belfry over the extreme east room at a cost of \$50. But the belfry had no bell and the church no organ or clock; so again, the people went into their pockets and collected \$290.18. William H. Laws, Ward Clerk, submitted the following interesting account of its disbursements:

March 12, 1891

For organ .....	\$170.00
For duties .....	53.00
For Consular Fees .....	1.50
For stamps .....	.25
For drayage and toll at International Bridge at El Paso .....	1.25
For Renewal at Custom House .....	.60
For freight to Guzman .....	12.80
For Spanish Documents and Commission .....	2.50
For Clock and duty for same .....	18.50
For bishop for doing business .....	5.00
For O. O. Richins for freight from Guzman .....	5.00
For screws and hinges at store .....	9.57
Total expense for organ and clock .....	279.48
Receipts .....	290.18
Balance .....	10.00
Balance was used in meeting house for white-wash brushes, lamp chimneys, etc.	

The bell soon became an instrument of importance to the community life. Timed by the school clock, it rang twice for every function held in the building — once as a reminder and thirty minutes later to announce the time to begin. It also rang for special occasions, pealing out warnings in times of danger, and tolling for funerals. It also rang out the old year and clapped in the new. In fact, its silver tones blanketed the town in both spiritual and temporal unity.

Inside the school house, the clock on the wall was King. It kept the children confined to the classroom or ejected them through the door into recess.

Besides helping with the school building, Brother Hayes had the problem of building a home for his two wives, Alice and Rose, and of organizing his school curriculum. To complete his faculty, he hired his wife, Alice, and a Brother R. H. Smith. When school time arrived, he was ready to begin.

Each school day began with devotional exercises in which all pupils participated, and spirituality dominated each class. Many children came early to school in hopes of spending a few extra minutes with their beloved principal. Olive Merrill, one of his pupils said, "There was not a child who did not love him; hardly a child he did not understand. He was a teacher and I do mean T E A C H E R."

Geography was a subject of special interest to this group; living as they were in a foreign land, they were eager to know of other nations. Through experience — sometimes unpleasant — they learned to be cognizant of the difference in the nationalities and every day brought new exercises in toleration. Brother Hayes capitalized on these experiences to push their horizons forward far enough to help them understand all people and to feel a kinship with them. His year of teaching and association with the townspeople was indeed successful.

Sadly enough, the community was not to enjoy his services again. Just before time to begin school in September the next year, Diaz was plunged into sorrow over the death of Brother Hayes who had been ill for a month with typhoid fever. Emma Mortensen, who was called into the home to assist the family, tells of the tender care given him by his family and friends, and of the losing fight he made for his life. Significant events of his biography were given in an obituary written by Brother Karl G. Maeser:<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>12</sup>Article on Juarez Stake Academies, Juvenile Instructor, Vol. 19, Oct. 1, 1891.

Isaac J. Hayes was born at Lehi, Utah, December 1860. He attended Brigham Young Academy as a normal student two years and acted as Principal of Sevier Stake Academy two years. After attending L. D. S. College at Salt Lake City, he went to Colonia Diaz where he founded the Diaz Academy, building up, under most discouraging circumstances, an institution of learning sanctified by the spirit of the Gospel which will stand as a lasting testimony to his memory. Having gone beyond his strength in finishing a comfortable home for his family, he succumbed to a severe attack of typhoid fever on September 6, 1891.

Saddened as the citizens of Diaz were at the death of their teacher, they determined not to lose any of the gains they had made in the education of their young people. Brother Lycurgus Arnold Wilson, son of Lois Ann Stevens and Lycurgus Wilson, probably a brother of Guy C. Wilson, an educator at B. Y. Academy in Provo, Utah, filled the vacancy left in the school by the death of Brother Isaac Hayes. This letter, written to Lycurgus A. Wilson on September 24, 1891, by Karl G. Maeser, explains things very well:

The proposition of Brother Johnson, that you should conduct that school temporarily which Brother Hayes founded and so ably conducted, relieves me of great perplexity in regard to it, as I did not know just now what steps to take to keep it going. It would not have been wise to let it go down again, the less so as the General Board has made an appropriation for its support, which will be forwarded to Apostle Teasdale for disposal.

You will please send me a letter of application for a license in the intermediate grade, in which you promise to teach according to the instructions given from time to time in the general circular and the Church School paper as published in the Juvenile Instructor, by the general Board of Education, and you will please also enclose your Bishop's Certification of Standing. These are our regulations. . . .<sup>20</sup>

In the following year, 1892-93, Dr. Maeser sent John M. Mills, a promising student of B. Y. Academy, to conduct the Diaz Academy which then had an enrollment of 200 pupils. This enrollment forced the community to strengthen its school faculty and to further expand the school building. Brother Mills soon induced Sullivan C. Richardson to join his faculty. Of this arrangement Brother Richardson writes: "Brother Mills wanted me to teach one of his departments. I felt that I did not know enough, but he urged me until I attended his classes a couple of weeks, then took the department below his. . . .

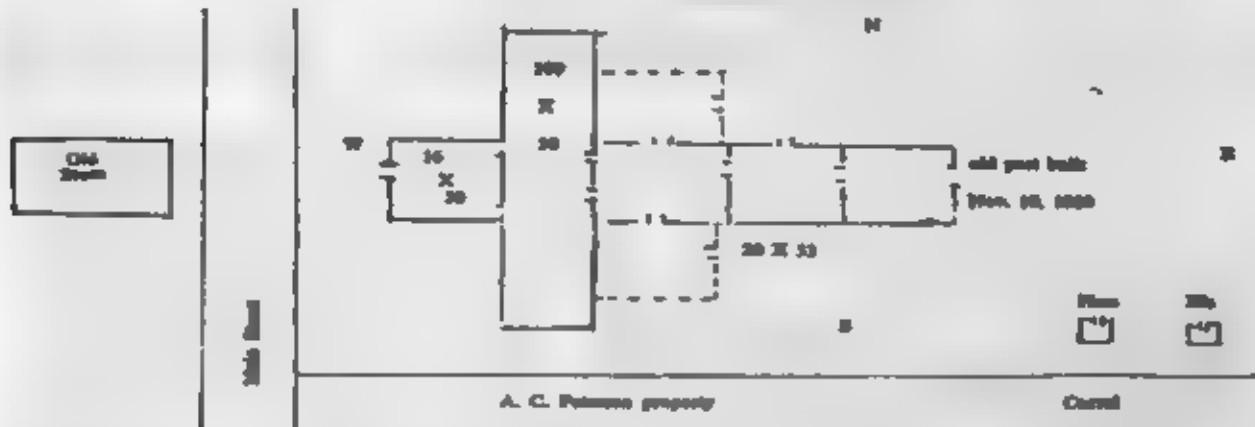
<sup>20</sup>Karl G. Maeser's copy Book, Vol 5, p. 114.

I greatly enjoyed the labor and grew with the students." This was the beginning of S. C. Richardson's long and successful teaching career in which, with his love and understanding and fine example, he set many young people upon the road to progression and happiness. Miss Minnie Tenney, a strict disciplinarian who coated her methods with so much love and wisdom that even the rowdies were glad to accept them, was also on the faculty. In addition Brother Mills used several students from the twelfth grade — Heva Johnson, Moneta Johnson, Annie Jorgensen, and Olive Merrill.<sup>21</sup>

Once a week after school, Brother Mills held preparation meetings which he called "repetition classes" where he instructed the ladies how to teach the theological classes. Because a number of Mexicans were enrolled in the school, every other Wednesday the theological exercises were conducted in Spanish. The school faculty was now adequate and full attention could be given to the building.

When the school enrollment spiraled above two hundred, the three school rooms, which had previously seemed so adequate, were bulging with children, elbowing for room, and an addition was imperative. The people planned to add a large assembly hall 30 by 100 feet running North and South to intersect at right angles the west end of the original three rooms like a capital T. Centering the west side of the hall would be a room 16 by 30 feet with an upstairs room of the same size, minus room for a stairway — this to serve as a prayer-circle room. The building would then resemble a huge, prone cross.

FLOOR PLAN OF SCHOOL HOUSE



<sup>21</sup>Journal of Sullivan C. Richardson.

Sliding doors, dividing the front room from the hall, could be pushed back to enlarge the assembly space when necessary. Extra class rooms could be provided by curtaining the assembly hall into three compartments. Later two more rooms were added, east of the assembly hall, one on the south and one on the north of the original three rooms. These rooms are indicated in the illustration by broken lines.

Building committees went to work here much the same as they had functioned on the other buildings. However, J. B. Jackson, J. H. Earl, and Frank P. Peterson and others were appointed to assist Brother Anton Frederickson as carpenters. Since the cost of the building was to be met by free-will offerings, a committee canvassed the town to determine what amount the people were willing and able to tax themselves. Brother P. C. Haynie was willing to pay one dollar on every acre of land he held; Charles Matthew would raise his income tax and many other specifications were made. Brother James A. Little thought some had not taxed themselves high enough and Charles Edmund Richardson thought the town should be united in remembering to provide education for the children of the poor.

Bishop Johnson then suggested a Board of Equalization and named Charles Edmund Richardson, Charles Whiting and I. W. Pierce to increase the income tax and report to the Board of Education.<sup>22</sup> They decided on a tax of three percent. By November 1, 1892, \$2,300 had been subscribed, some of which was in produce. As his contribution, Brother John Quincy Adams was to haul 1,000 feet of lumber from the mill in the mountains, and several of the brethren each pledged several hundred adobes.

The building was begun early in the fall. Ground breaking for both the rock foundation and the adobe pit was held at once and all committees went to work.

In November of 1892, Karl G. Maeser, Superintendent of Church Schools, visited the Colonies and adopted their schools formally into the General Church School System with William Derby Johnson, Jr. acting as General Superintendent of the school system in the Mexican Mission and Apostle George Teasdale as President of the General Board of that system. To complete the roster of authorities, each church ward had its local board.

Of this visit of Brother Maeser's, Bishop Johnson writes: "Brother Maeser's visit was of incalculable worth to us and put our educational

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<sup>22</sup>Other board members were: A. F. MacDonald, Henry Irving, M. P. Romney, James A. Little, I. W. Pierce, A. B. Call, J. M. Smith, J. C. Bently, Secretary.

affairs in such fine shape that many of our young people voluntarily began to study Spanish. Brother Maeser's ability to inspire others aroused the much needed interest in education. In all the Colonies the same spirit of improvement prevailed and all seemed determined to make the mission schools a success.<sup>22</sup>

On November 7, 1892, when Maeser and Johnson officially visited the Diaz Academy, they reported being well pleased with what they found. There was enthusiasm and good order, and Brother Maeser was impressed with the fact that the theological lesson was given in Spanish every other Wednesday for the benefit of the Mexican students.

Since the school building still had much work to be done before it was finished, construction had continued while school was in progress. Such construction was both disconcerting at times and hazardous at others, and several accidents did occur. One of these took place during the visit of Dr. Maeser. This official had just demonstrated to the fourth grade pupils the art of reading with expression. When he and the teacher, S. C. Richardson, had left the room to visit grade three, Ransom Jacobson, a fourth grade pupil, stepped to the front of the class and, like Brother Maeser, announced, "I shall read for you an excerpt from Tom Brown's School Days as it appears in your text book, McGuffie's fourth reader. You remember that when twelve-year-old Tom Brown was sent to a boarding school, his mother charged him to always kneel and pray. When Tom found that some bullies were in the room, he was afraid to kneel, but when Arnold, a little boy, came he knelt in spite of the bullies. When a big boy threw a shoe at the kneeling Arnold, Tom defended him and this act reformed the school." At this point in the story, to the delight of his classmates, Ransom mimicked Brother Maeser's delightful German brogue as he read, "It vas no light act of coraje in dos days for a liddle fellow to say his prayers in public, even at Rugby," — giggles and half-smothered laughter encouraged Ransom to continue — "A few years lata ven Arnold's manly piety hat begun to leffen da school, de dabbles vas turned an in da school house, und I belief in odda houses as well, da rule vas the odda way."

Just when the merriment had exploded into hilarious laughter, old Brother Thygerson, working on the building, fell from an outside scaffold where he was working and sothersaulted past the window, arms and legs flailing desperately. Horror and fear immediately congealed all laughter within the room and sent the children hurrying outside to determine the extent of his injuries. Although it was

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<sup>22</sup>Journal of William Derby Johnson, Jr.

soon apparent that the old man was not seriously hurt, the fun was over and the pupils returned to their room to resume their studies.<sup>24</sup>

In spite of the dedication of those on the various committees, the building was still unfinished at Christmas time and the students in the west room passed out of the building on planks laid over the sleepers of the new building floor. In the hurry to leave for the Christmas holiday vacation, Zeno Johnson accidentally jostled Olive Merrill, and she fell off the plank. Because her leg was injured so badly that she was unable to attend the Christmas party, Zeno brought her flowers and a box of candy as a consolation present. This, and other accidents spurred efforts to complete the addition which they hoped to have dedicated at the Ninth Quarterly Conference of the Church to be held at Colonia Diaz in the spring.

On May 24, while A. P. Bigelow put on the last coat of whitewash both inside and outside, the Sisters of the town cleaned woodwork and windows and the Brethren cleaned and leveled the yards. Now everything was in readiness for the dedication. There stood the building — white walls gleaming under a shingled gabled roof, unique in all of Northern Chihuahua! Certainly the building dominated its own valley.

As the colonists exulted in its magnificence, Joe James remarked, "A marvelous edifice built out of mud and molasses." The Saints well appreciated this remark because molasses had been featured generously on the list of items donated to the building fund. This year they had manufactured 6,000 gallons of it.

On the morning of May 27, during the Ninth Quarterly Stake Conference, the entire Diaz Ward assembled for the dedication of their building, humble in the magnificence they were presenting to their Lord. As their beloved Apostle George Teasdale rose to the pulpit, a spirit of reverence permeated the room and members of the audience responded with gratitude and faith as he recounted the birth struggles they had shared at the founding of Colonia Diaz. He said that it had taken forty years "to prepare the Salt Lake Temple for its dedication last month, but here, you people in nine years have founded a city in a foreign land and crowned it with this magnificent building, adequate for all church, school, and recreational needs. Today, May 27, 1893, as we dedicate this edifice, you are giving to the Lord more than gleaming white walls — you are giving your all."

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<sup>24</sup>Interview with Esther Lewis, Harriet Wilson Webb, Emma Mortensen Skousen.

During the dedicatory prayer the entire audience stood with bowed heads, their faith and gratitude approximating the proportions of a Hosanna shout. What a glorious spiritual setting they had created for Quarterly Conference.

From the pulpit during the conference Brother Miles P. Romney voiced the sentiments of most of the conference visitors and also of the admiring Mexicans when he said, "This school-meeting house is beyond my expectations. It is the best building of its kind owned by the Latter-day Saints in Mexico. Colonia Juarez has the advantage over Colonia Diaz in the lumber business, being only sixteen miles from the saw mill. Here you must haul lumber almost a hundred miles."

That the building attracted wide-spread attention is attested by an article published by the *Deming Headlight* newspaper, under the date of October 18, 1895:

At Colonia Diaz is a large commodious school house which has lately been finished outside and in, at considerable cost, by the Colonists. It is built of adobe and has a beautiful hard finish on the outside. The inside has nicely painted woodwork and has wainscoating throughout the entire building. . . . It is acknowledged to be the largest and best school house in the state of Chihuahua.

Though Brother Mills was a successful school teacher and seemed to enjoy his work, he did not desire to remain in Mexico, and at the close of the school year, he returned to Utah.

During 1893-4, the Academy functioned under the direction of William Daines, S. C. Richardson and R. H. Smith. However, the second year at Brother Daines' principalship (1894-5) was not to run so smoothly. After the resignation of R. H. Smith at the beginning of the year, the classes became overcrowded, and the problem was solved only by acting on S. C. Richardson's suggestion that the salary raise offered him and Brother Daines be used, instead, to hire Mary Riggs Johnson, Cora Jackson, and Mamie Anderson as assistant teachers. When Mamie and Cora both married before the term was over, Nancy Harvey finished the term.

Sullivan C. Richardson, made Superintendent the following year, 1895-6, became teacher *cum laude* to most of his pupils, and they were a source of great satisfaction to him. Over the years the expressions of this esteem took many forms, and since they are typical of other student-teacher relationships in the school, a few may be cited.



Combination church and school house. Opera Hall at extreme right. At extreme left His and Hers. Note: Belfrey on roof at left. Prayer circle room upstairs on front.



DIAZ SCHOOL HOUSE BURNED — Photo taken in 1913

Elmer Johnson and Alma Frederickson went into Colonia Diaz after furniture and supplies and found much of the town burned. Alma took the photo with Elmer standing by tree stump with the grove of school planted trees visible behind him. The bridge spans the irrigation ditch. Prayer-circle room was upstairs. Annie Richardson taught school in the room beneath during 1910.

On his birthday, which fell on Saturday, January 26, the students planned to honor their principal with a surprise party, a popular social function of the town. Perhaps the pitting of wits, necessary to keeping the secret, accounted for much of its intrigue. Of this party the Principal writes: "Just before my birthday I suspected a surprise party was in the making. Thinking to thwart it, I invited the fourth and fifth grades to a candy-pull at my home on Saturday evening. But the students changed their party to Friday evening. Consequently, when I came home from administering to Brother Harris, who was ill, I found our table set with a fine picnic and the students greeted me with the song, "Come dear schoolmates, let us rally round the educator's stand, etc." Then Marinda Norton read verses composed by Nancy Harvey:

Thirty-four years of your life have now gone,  
That they were spent well, we know;  
And your labors and kindness have won for you Love  
That tonight we are trying to show.

Your labors at school and your kindness abroad,  
Have done good wherever they've been;  
When gloom has prevailed in so many hearts,  
A smile on your face has been seen.

With a firm kindly hand you have gained the respect  
Of all who were under your care;  
And though some have left you, they still do retain  
The place you have made, and still share.

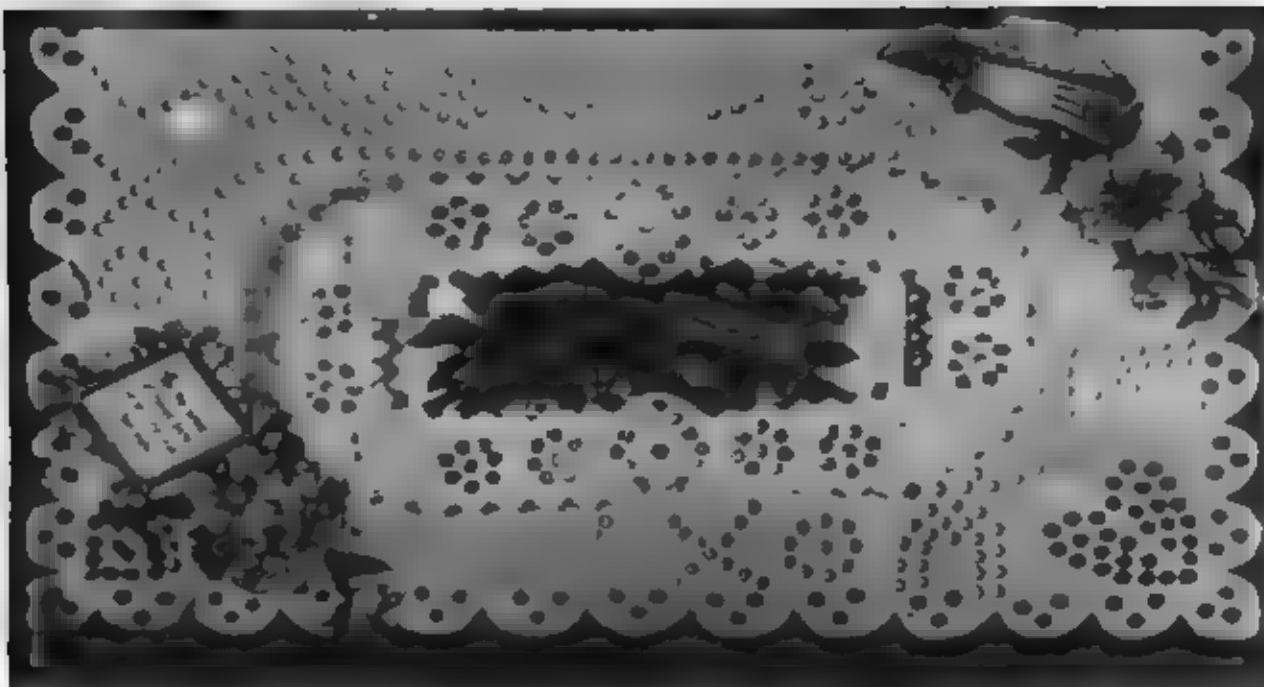
God bless you, dear teacher, and lengthen your life,  
With as many more years as you've seen,  
And add unto them as He sees is best,  
And be with you as He always has been.

From Lucy Pierce came the following lines:

Welcome, welcome, dearest teacher, life of sunshine bright,  
Here we meet with songs of gladness, greet thee here tonight,  
Flowers may fade but not the blessing of thy presence here,  
And we'll sing and praise our Maker, for our Teacher dear. . . .

The entire evening was spent in program and games. The candy-pull next evening was equally enjoyable.

There were frequent evidences of the comradeship between teacher and his students. Following is a photograph of a home-made valentine



Valentine made by Alice Jackson and presented to her teacher S. C. Richardson, presented to S. C. Richardson by one of his pupils. Note the painstaking care put into its construction.

Once when Juanitta Johnson gave Brother Richardson a large stick of candy, her friend, Harriet Wilson, lacking a gift but wanting to show her love, too, gave him her most treasured possession, a Sunday School Merit Book. Years later, when Harriet was a grandmother, Brother Richardson returned it to her, and it is now a family treasure.

Diaz now began experiencing a problem which could not be solved by new buildings. It developed because of the "saddle-trash" drifting over the International Boundary line into her midst, creating a spirit of defiance of authority. Because of this, some of the Diaz young men were building up a distorted cowboy image of themselves which enticed them away from the church. At a council meeting held in July, 1896, to discuss this problem, it was decided that the church and school should unite efforts to counteract this influence. Consequently, Bishop Johnson was sent to ask special help from Superintendent Karl G. Maeser at Provo, Utah. After due consideration Dr. Maeser said, "Charles Richard Fillerup, an 1895 graduate from Brigham Young Academy and who has since served on its faculty, is the man you need to strengthen your school. But as he has already

received a mission call to Canada, it will be necessary to confer with the First Presidency in Salt Lake City in order to get his services."

Accordingly, C. R. Fillerup's Canadian call was cancelled and instead he was called as a teacher and principal of the Diaz Academy. Although Elder Fillerup was not pleased with the change, he accepted the call and arrived at Diaz in September, 1896, and found lodging at the Bishop's Aunt Lucy home. The town received him with open

The essential thing in a school is not the modern equipment or fine facilities — it is a teacher who understands and inspires; one who is able to amalgamate the fundamental values of the past and present with the promise of the future; one who realizes that knowledge is only half of education, and that it must be amalgamated with the man himself to develop into character or wisdom. C. R. Fillerup was such a teacher. He further stimulated the teachers of Colonia Diaz to dedicate their every effort to counteract degrading influences and to help each pupil to find joy and to achieve the ultimate of his capacities. At a meeting of the Board of Education, the school faculty, High Council members, and heads of various organizations it was decided to enrich the youth program through united efforts of ward and school. The Bishop said, "The rising generation shall conquer the world by the power of education, intelligence, and faith — not by the power of arms."

In revamping the already fine school program, C. R. Fillerup with S. C. Richardson made innovations which would enrich the program with more novelty and more student participation. Brother Richardson sponsored a drama which brought in sufficient funds to purchase many supplies. There were flip charts, a large procelain ear and a porcelain heart with removable parts, an unabridged Webster's dictionary and a stand to support it. Through the years other teaching aids were added: a flat, three-foot long snout from a saw fish resembling a double edged saw; a woman's and a baby's skull — (the baby still had hair) in addition some corn from a cave in Cave Valley; a microscope, a magnifying glass; a globe of the world; many maps including some relief maps made from salt and flour by the students; the Mexican and the American flags; magnets; art supplies including water colors and drawing pencils. To the children it was a great privilege to enter this enchanting world. An office, to house these things, was built on the south side of the building (as indicated on the floor plan of the school house).

Brother Fillerup had several assets which assisted him in his

work that winter — He was a young, unmarried college graduate; he could associate with the young people without losing his dignity; and he was accepted by them in their extra-curricular activities because he kept company with one of his students, Moneta Johnson, daughter of Bishop and wife, Charletta Johnson. On New Year's Eve the Academy sponsored a masquerade ball at which he and Moneta represented George and Martha Washington and led the grand march.<sup>25</sup> Its great success demonstrated the unity with which the ward and the school worked. With the cooperation between the school and the church organizations and the emphasis on high aims and moral standards, many a teenager changed his desire for "cowboy glamor" to that aura surrounding the higher degrees of learning, but efforts were still unabated to help others.

Summer school, for the benefit of teachers and adults alternated between Colonia Juarez and Colonia Diaz, and was held in the year 1897 at Colonia Diaz. Emma Mortensen, a graduate of Colonia Diaz, attended this summer school after which Dr. Karl G. Maeser sent her a certificate to teach school one year. She was then to again attend summer school. However, when she passed an examination sent to her by Dr. Maeser, he extended her teaching certificate. Later, when Emma received her "Life Certificate" signed by Karl G. Maeser, there was a note from John M. Mills explaining that hers was the last such certificate signed by Brother Maeser before he passed away.<sup>26</sup>

In September 1897, the school principal's younger brother, Erastus Kruz Fillerup, also from Lakeview near Provo, Utah, and a graduate of Brigham Young College, arrived at Colonia Diaz, Mexico. He came in answer to a call from the church to teach in the Diaz Academy until called elsewhere. In order to distinguish him from the principal, the people called him "Brother Erastus." (As noted elsewhere, "Brother" and "Sister" used before a name was a mark of respect and fellowship.) This set a precedent of designating other school teachers by putting "Brother" or "Sister" before their given names.

About this time, the Ward dreamed up a beautification plan featuring a \$250 white picket fence around the school property and a grove of trees in its patio. The school Principal, put in charge of building the fence, felt equal to utilizing the \$126.65 cash donation and the \$66.28 worth of materials, but he looked askance at the \$57.07 worth of produce. How could butter, eggs and garden-stuff serve in building a picket fence? His young wife, Moneta, native of the town, smiled as she suggested taking it to the store in exchange

<sup>25</sup> Diary of Moneta Johnson Fillerup.

<sup>26</sup> Diary of Emma Mortensen Skousen.

for nails. In due time the completed fence stood like a white necklace of civic pride, enhancing and protecting the sanctuary of learning and worship.

Not only did the school house and grounds expand, but so did the school curriculum. In 1899, to organize a school band, as suggested by Brother Charles Whiting, Brother Erastus had to be both a musician and a magician. He easily proved himself the former, for he played both the violin and the coronet. To prove himself the latter, he pulled instruments out of attics, and triangles from blacksmith shops. With improvised drumsticks and a new stretch, he put vibration back into a snare drum. He helped young Ralph Richardson oil and polish both tone and respectability into an old alto horn. The proceeds from a ward dance and a school play, directed by S. C. Richardson, were sent to El Paso, Texas, where, under the direction of Ittie Pierce, they were turned into additional instruments not available in the town. The enthusiasm and the skills developed by the youthful band members created a band whose excellence was extolled in both the English and the Spanish languages.

In the school, with the innovation of class organization, each with its president, secretary, and yell-master, friendly rivalry and class spirit exploded over the picket fence. Its fall-out caught even the errant students, turned cowboy, who had sung "don't fence me in." Many of them unsaddled, allowed themselves to be corralled by the school curriculum and found they enjoyed even the missionary class taught by Brother James A. Little.

The singing school was equally intriguing. When Brother Erastus stepped to the front of the classroom the day it was introduced, spread three metal legs of a music stand to a firm footing, and stretched its neck until the music flip-chart was visible at all angles, silent expectancy filled the room. But when black spots and lolly-pops, capering about on five lines and four spaces, found voice in a tuning fork, all joined the fun of singing it back:

When the fun was at its height one of the big boys sang out:

up, up  
les on  
tab- a  
times little  
old old  
the mu-  
put sic  
"Let's staff"

These music lessons did put wings into other subjects and developed more individual and group singing to supplement that already expressing itself in the Church ward.

The year's activities culminated in a festivity that was long-awaited by every school child — a festivity evolving from a proposal to plant a grove of trees at the school on Arbor Day. Arbor Day, according to the children of Diaz Academy was a bouncing word, inflated by all the excitement of planting a grove of trees in their own school patio. This special Arbor Day was watching the thirsty earth burp air-bubbles as the irrigation water softened it up for plowing; it was birds ducking and showering in the stream as it flowed; it was failing to convince their parents to let them transplant a shade tree from their own back yard; it was each one wishing he could order one from a nursery catalogue; it was selling a load of wood to make his wish come true; it was also buying a surprise tree for the little Mexican class-mate who could not buy his own; it was writing his order for two trees on a school order blank and waiting impatiently for them to arrive; it was assemblies to practice school songs; it was class meetings and secret class yells; then, finally it was the school bell ringing in the very day and bringing wagon after wagon into the school yard with different kinds of trees to plant — Catalpa, Black Locust, Honey Locust, Black Walnut; it was tingling in his seat while waiting for the band, its members now elegant with ribbon rosettes on each shoulder, to strike up the march which brought all the children out onto the school grounds; it was standing with bowed head while the Bishop dedicated the ground; it was singing the school song and giving the school yells while the large school tree was planted on the Academy plot; it was watching the sealed jar containing all the names of the pupils buried beside the tree; it was the class presidents taking their places beside the various plots to direct the planting of the class trees; it was each student planting his individual tree in his own class plot, stamping the earth firmly around its roots with his foot — some marking his tree by burying a bottle containing his name as was done for the school tree, some tying a ribbon on a branch, others saying they could find their own tree without a mark; it was enjoying a town picnic in the school assembly hall after planting was over. This special Arbor Day was a sort of Spring-Christmas.

After two or three years, as soon as these trees provided shade, all ward outings, including May Day, were celebrated there in the school grove.

A few months after the new grove had been planted, the school and the church collaborated in a community celebration that was never forgotten. Since the world had not seen the turn of a Century for one hundred years and would wait that same interminable time for another, the 124 families comprising Colonia Diaz planned an all-night celebration for December 31, 1899. At a costume ball they danced the old Century out to the peals of the bells, and then welcomed in the new with jubilance and hilarity at house parties, bonfire-socials and picnics where the participants enjoyed singing, harmonica, guitar, and accordian music. By sunrise the revelers were ready to terminate a wonderful New Year's celebration which had been accomplished without profanity, immorality, or intoxicants.<sup>22</sup>

Through the years which followed until the exodus of 1912, Superintendent C. R. Fillerup remained at his post while other teachers came and left, each maintaining the high standard of work set by the policy of the Church schools and each leaving his impression upon the students and the town. Sister Florence Cluff, plural wife of Benjamin Cluff of Provo, was the acme of efficiency, and the town, as well as her first grade, loved her. She seemingly disciplined without effort. Charles Edmund Richardson, excellent as a Spanish teacher, also availed himself of every opportunity to develop understanding between the colonists and their adopted countrymen. One day after a lesson on patriotism for the colors of the flag, a pupil, Allie Acord, paraded an American flag around the school yard. A little Mexican student snatched the flag to the ground and stamped it as he shouted, "This must not be carried in Mexico." The teacher, thereafter, continued his lesson on patriotism to include the colors of red, white, and green of the adopted country. Always after that, the two flags flew together on the flagpole.<sup>23</sup>

When Sister Martha Cox, widow of Isaiah Cox, came to teach the second and third grades at the Diaz Academy, she justified her recommendation as "a most brilliant teacher." While teaching in 1902 and 1903, her efforts to adjust to local conditions brought her into contact with Allie Acord, the town humorist whose witticisms and pranks were constantly being recounted by the townspeople. Sister Cox, with a group of Diaz ladies on a shopping trip to El Paso, Texas, made Allie Acord wagonmaster for the forty mile overland trip to Guzman, the nearest railroad station. Sister Cox utilized the traveling time by memorizing Spanish words and phrases from Allie who spoke the language fluently. Sister Cox tells of the excursion:

<sup>22</sup>Diary of William Derby Johnson, Jr.

<sup>23</sup>Interview with Olive Merrill Gonzales.

We reached Guzman late in the afternoon of the second day, unloaded our wagon and began to make preparations to board the evening train. I noticed an old Mexican man sitting on a bench at the rear door of the station house. I asked Allie to tell him to come carry my trunk into the station and to offer him ten cents for the service.

She told me to ask him myself. This would be good practice, I thought, and had her give me the words I should use. I conned the sentence over, understanding only, "Come here" "Carry trunk." "Ten cents." But I ventured to call out to the old man. Oh, what a result! He sprang up with clenched fists, eyes blazing and teeth gnashing and made directly for me. I knew I had made some horrible blunder. "*Porque usted llame esa?*" I understood I had called him something. I never saw anger in man until I saw it in that Mexican's face. I turned to Allie, "You bad girl," I cried, "You have made me say some awful thing to this man. Now you straighten this affair out." I told her I would not easily overlook such an offense — it might put the whole group of Americans here in danger. In the meantime a group had gathered; a Mexican mending a cart left his work and came up, hammer in hand; a large boy chopping wood left his work and came up carrying his axe in his hand.

Allie stepped up and said a few words to them in their own sweet tongue. The effect was to lower that old man from the highest point of anger to the lowest base of abject fear, and the descent, for him, was terrible. He groaned like a dying horse. As soon as he gathered himself he turned and fled down the lane. The man with the hammer grabbed two little boys by the shoulders and ran with them so fast their feet did not touch the ground. The big boy ran and jumped over the fence surrounding a hog pasture back of the station, and was soon out of sight. A Mexican woman with two children sitting on a box in the afternoon sun, as Mexican women like to do, gathered her children to her and, hiding their faces from me with her serape, hurried around into the station. The whole yard was cleared — not a Mexican in sight.

I said to Allie that my curiosity had gotten the better of my anger, and I begged her to tell me what she had said to create such a change. She did not gratify my request to know, but turned toward the luggage and said, "Now where is that infernal trunk that has occasioned all this fuss?" She took the trunk by one handle (as it was practically empty) and threw it onto her shoulder as easily as I would throw a dish towel onto mine, and marched off with it into the station.

Another young girl in our group said to me, "I'll tell you what Allie made you say to that old man if you'll not tell her that I told you." I promised and she said, "It was this — 'come here you grizzled old goat and carry my trunk into the station for ten cents.'" Then she explained to me that no Mexican who can fight will stand for being called a goat.

"But tell me," I said, "What was that speech she made that sent them all flying out of the yard?" She had evidently been trying to avoid telling me that.

"She said that you are a crazy woman that was picked up in the Colonies and the people are sending you out to the crazy house in El Paso. She asked them not to pay any attention to what you said for you are not responsible, that they need not fear you, for she, herself, will have you under her guard till you reach the insane asylum in El Paso."<sup>20</sup>

#### Sister Cox says of Allie:

She was the "cowboy girl" of Casas Grandes District. She, no doubt, received this sobriquet from the fact that she, at one of the Fiesta Days, received the prize given for bridling, saddling, and mounting her pony in the shortest time and in the most efficient manner, and all that when there were cowboys among the contestants . . . besides that, she was the quickest and the truest with her pistol. . . ."

Sister Cox also told that Allie once watched a Mexican stealing onions from her garden and when he reached the street she called out, "Bring those onions back or I'll shoot you." "You wouldn't dare," he called back, so she opened up and shot the dust, first on one side of his feet and then the other. The man returned the onions in a hurry. Allie gave him half the onions and he promised never to return.<sup>21</sup>

When Sister Cox left Diaz after her two years of teaching, she left her impression upon the hearts of many young people and had gained the love and respect of the older ones.

Because of the enriched curriculum and the dedication of the teachers, many of the first students who graduated from the Diaz Academy went away to college and those who graduated later set their sights on the Juarez Stake Academy which had been steadily growing since its establishment in Colonia Juarez. Since the Juarez Stake Academy had influenced the educational policies of Diaz and

<sup>20</sup>Used by permission of Evelyn Cox Bunker.

<sup>21</sup>Interview with Olive Merrill Gonzales.

in the last years of the existence of that city had featured in the higher education of the graduates of Diaz, the Diazistes had contributed much to its birth and its existence.<sup>31</sup>

As early as December 8, 1895,<sup>32</sup> the eight colonies of the Mexican Mission were organized into the Juarez Stake and had the distinction of being the only stake in the church with a church school in every ward. Soon after the stake was formed, a Stake Board of Education was effected. The Stake Presidency, Anthony W. Ivins, Henry Eyring, and Helaman Pratt automatically became its head. They added William Derby Johnson, Jr., James A. Little, and I. W. Pierce of Colonia Diaz and M. P. Romney and D. E. Harris of Colonia Juarez. This Board called a meeting of representatives of the former mission school boards where Stake educational needs were considered.

At this meeting, two objectives were decided upon: First, to unite the Juarez Stake Educational system by making the various schools of the colonies supporting schools or seminaries to a Central Stake Academy, and to make Colonia Juarez, centrally located geographically as to her sister colonies, the headquarters for that Academy; and Second, to import a competent professor to direct and develop the system.

The first step in filling the first objective was accomplished when the board agreed that the existing Colonia Juarez Mission School, as organized would serve as a nucleus for the Juarez Stake Academy, although it was agreed that a building addition was necessary immediately. The second objective was achieved nearly two years later when Dr. Karl G. Maeser brought Guy C. Wilson to the school and on September 20, 1897, he officially installed him in his position as Director of the Juarez Stake Academy and supervisor of the supporting schools.

The following year, 1898-99, normal training was added to the curriculum at Juarez Academy with Miss Elta Larsen, a graduate of the Cook County School of Illinois, teaching it and supervising the primary work of the training school. In addition to Professor Wilson, the other faculty members were D. E. Harris, S. C. Richardson, Pearl Thurber and Sarah Clayson.<sup>33</sup> Normal training work was implemented

<sup>31</sup>Some of the students who went away to college: Malcolm Little, Pearl Whiting, Millie and Josephine Gruwell, James, Joe, Mittie and Susie and Mary Holden; Alice Whiting; Alma, Harriet and Emma Frederickson; Juanita Johnson; Willie Johnson; Hans Anderson; Edmund A. Richardson; Willis Jacobson; Martie Sanders; Mary Merrill.

<sup>32</sup>Nellie Spilsbury Hatch.

<sup>33</sup>Romney gives the date as December 9, of that same year.

by summer schools where professors from Brigham Young College were sent to instruct, to stimulate and to introduce new theories.

As more courses were added, more students attended. The enrollment soon dwarfed the building until there was no room for teacher's desks in the classroom and overflow classes were set up in the halls. Even the academy itself seemed to have outgrown its little spot on the rocky hill.

More room must be had, and, after long sessions, the Board of Education decided to provide it by constructing a new academy building. The entire board supported President Ivins as he presented the plan to the Board members and the Colonia Juarez populace. Before the conclusion of the meeting, President Ivins had donated a five-acre plot of level land near his home on the west side of town as a site for the new academy. With this tangible evidence of a new academy, the Juarez people and the stake boards had pledged some \$12,000 in cash and labor. The three Diaz Board Members enthusiastically supported the decision of the Stake Board and returned home to report the proceedings of the meeting to their townsmen.

From the podium, during the meeting held in Diaz, Bishop Johnson's eloquence practically re-created the events of the two-hour meeting at Colonia Juarez. He said that President Ivins had emphasized the idea of moving the academy from its present cramped position on the rocky hill to a location roomy enough for several buildings landscaped with lawns and trees. He spoke of a campus large enough for physical training and competitive games. He noted the sacrifice in money, time, and labor such a project would require, then dwarfed the sacrifice with a recital of the cultural, and financial benefits such an academy would be to the town and stake, and to the young people. Following the Bishop, I. W. Pierce made his report and closed by saying, "We Diazistes are so experienced in donating to Academy buildings that one more should be easy." Then he asked Brother James A. Little to act as clerk and accept his donations to the Juarez Stake Academy. Soon so many people were standing in line ready to offer cash or give promissory notes for it that other clerks were called to assist. Each offering, whether it consisted of a few dollars or was expressed in several digits, was given gladly. In spite of the fact that distance made donations of labor impractical, Colonia Diaz contributed liberally. When the amount of contributions collected by the Stake was augmented by that of the General Board of Education, there was sufficient means to push the building to a finish.



THE JUAREZ ACADEMY (J.S.A.)

The cornerstone was laid January 8, 1904, following the ground-breaking ceremony on December 29, 1903.<sup>21</sup> The building was dedicated September 17, 1905, by Joseph F. Smith and the doors were opened for instruction.<sup>22</sup> The red-brick walls and the gable roof of the box-like, two-story structure portrays the stability of its founders — the members of the Juarez Stake of Zion. By 1908 two more buildings were added to the campus and a fourth one was acquired upon the purchase of the Irving home when he was called to move to Salt Lake City, Utah. This building then housed the arts, domestic science and kindergarten training classes. The two other campus buildings served as machine shops and agricultural training. Being a parochial school, it was supported by a general church fund and by local school tax and contributions. The tax varied from year to year (in 1900 it was 4 percent of each family income). A registration fee of from \$5.00 to \$15 was required of non-Juarez residents. Enrollees were required to furnish proof of good character and be willing to conform to supervision on or off campus. No smoking, drinking or profanity was allowed.

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<sup>21</sup>Ibid., p. 142.

<sup>22</sup>Nell Spilsbury Hatch — Colonia Juarez — Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.



Colonia Juarez with the Academy in center of photo.

Courtesy of Church Historian LDS Church

For the benefit of her Mexican friends, the academy had a department where fourteen-year-old Mexican students could continue studies in their own tongue while learning English so that they could enter Juarez Stake Academy later and compete with English speaking students.

Soon the expanded curriculum justified offering diplomas for four years of training in both normal and high school courses and for three year courses in commercial and agricultural fields. In addition, two years of training in domestic art, domestic science, kindergarten and missionary classes and three years of music were awarded certificates. Theology and Spanish were compulsory in all departments. The school orchestra and band reached a high degree of efficiency and proudly wearing their green and white band suits (school colors) they brought honors from the district and competed with other church schools.

Many faculty members were recruited from local talent among whom were six members, or former members, of Colonia Diaz — Dr. E. Harris, Erastus K. Fillerup, S. C. Richardson, Mary Merrill, Floy Kartchner, and Juanitta Johnson. Miss Kartchner taught domestic art while Juanitta Johnson directed domestic sciences.

Kindergarten training, taught by Miss Ellis Day of Fairview, Utah, was made more attractive to the girls by permitting them to substitute it for algebra. The class members each had experience in directing the children's activities at the circle with its songs, story-

telling, and games as well as their work at the tables. Text books on Froebel were studied and bi-monthly essays had to be handed in. The class organization selected a class symbol — the sunflower — but used its musical Spanish name *mirasol*. To pique the interest of the boys, the class name — Lovers of Kindergarten — was disclosed only as L. O. K. The lyrics of the class song, part of which were:

L. O. K. of the J. S. A. they call us.  
What 'ere befall us, We're loyal still . . .

added to the mystery surrounding the letters. The important event of the year was the costume kindergarten party where all dressed as children and played children's games — some of which the faculty had difficulty doing. But the party was long remembered for its genial fun. Most of the girls who took the class made better big sisters and mothers because of it.

Under the direction of Principal Guy C. Wilson, assisted by Charles McClellan, the Academy continued without interruption until the time of the exodus in 1912.

Of the Principal, Nell S. Hatch writes:

Guy C. Wilson was acknowledged as the moving power behind the progressive educational system. Generously endowed with the qualities of leadership, he seemed to see the end from the beginning, and by canny placement of teachers and aids, bolstered weak spots, built up strong points, and dynamically incited all to do better work. . . . Through the high council and the board of education meetings he provoked better moves throughout the stake. His summers were spent at eastern universities and he returned primed with new ideas. . . . Nowhere was his influence stronger than in his classroom and among his students. . . . Many a young man owes his moral growth, even his success in life, to the help given by this stimulating teacher.

During the few years between the removal of the Diaz Academy to Juarez Stake Academy and 1912 when Colonia Diaz was vacated, there were nine graduates of Juarez among those who attended the Diaz school. However, most of the young people of Diaz had attended the academy one to three years. Guy C. Wilson, Principal of the Juarez Stake Academy, said of the Diaz School: "Charles R. Fillerup



SIX OF THE DIAZ GRADUATES TAKEN IN 1908

Front row, left to right: Nanny Frederickson, Otto Johnson, Annie Richardson.  
Back row, left to right: Hans Andersen, Myra Richardson, Mark Richardson.



Charlie Conover son of Mary Richardson Conover states that this is a graduation photo approximately 1899.

Front row left to right: Caddy Johnson, Libby Sanders, Rosalia Tenney, Vivian Lemmon.

Back row, left to right: Dagmar Mortensen, James Holden, Mary Richardson, Laura Accord.



#### COMBINED GRADUATING CLASS DIAZ, DUBLAN AND JUAREZ

Front row, left to right: Lorin Jones, Clara Porter, Lynn Hatch, Edna Lemmon, Blanch Harper, Willard Syville, Allen.

Second row, left to right: Edna Jones, Mary Merrill, Winnie Johnson, three professors are Erasmus K. Fillerup, Juarez; Chas. R. Fillerup, Diaz; T. P. Cordon, Dublan; Athelia Call, unknown.

Third row, left to right: Amanda Mortensen, Verna Johnson, Anna Turley, Pearl Romney, Effie Redd, Tillie Peterson, Ethel Done, unknown.

Fourth row, left to right: Delbert Johnson, Luella Rowley, Will Young, Lilly Norton, Lorin Taylor, unknown, unknown, Ada Pierce.

#### The Diaz Students:

First row: Edna Lemmon, Blanch Harper.

Second row: Winnie Johnson, (C. R. Fillerup, principal)

Third row: Amanda Mortensen, Verna Johnson.

4th row: Delbert Johnson, Luella Rowley, Lilly Norton, Ada Pierce.

and his staff of teachers are doing a wonderful work. The students they send to the Juarez Stake Academy are honorable and we can be proud of them and the work they do here. We are proud of those who taught them."

In later years teachers at the Diaz Academy were selected from those who were graduates of the Academy and then had either later graduated from U. S. Colleges or, after the establishment of the Juarez Stake Academy, had become certified by attendance at that institution. All those selected were recommended by their Bishop as adhering to Church standards, and, thus, civic pride in the school faculty was justified.

But to keep abreast with the latest teaching methods and to keep the school as qualified as the Utah schools, Colonia Diaz made mandatory teacher attendance at summer school, where Diaz instructors studied under Utah Professors sent by Church School Boards. Under this plan, C. R. Fillerup visualized an uninterrupted progress for his school.

However, the 1910 Madero revolt against the continued re-election of President Porfirio Diaz (elected to his seventh term) plunged Mexico into the throes of a revolution and robbed Colonia Diaz and her sister colonies of the security they had experienced under the Diaz regime. Further insecurity developed when their Mormon district became the mobilization center of rebel troops who occasionally demanded needed supplies from the colonists. Many children developed a fear of armed Mexican soldiers, which the school teachers of that year — C. R. Fillerup, Frank Whiting, Elmer W. Johnson, Jr., Myrtle Whiting, and Annie Richardson attempted to mitigate, not always successfully.

One day when fifteen armed rebels dismounted in front of Sister Annie's first grade school room, shouting and brandishing swords and guns as the horses drank from the irrigation ditch flanking the sidewalk, she was only partially successful in quieting the children's fears. However, when three soldiers strode up to bang on the school room door, then peek in as they inquired the whereabouts of the school principal, C. R. Fillerup, the pupils panicked. Some hid under the desks while others ran crying to the teacher pleading, "Don't let them get us!" During the next year, chaos reigned in Northern Chihuahua with political power oscillating between federal and rebel powers. Even the revolutionary forces were unstable, for generals, fighting together, frequently defected and became enemies. During



A. W. Ivins home used as Domestic Art, Domestic Science and Kindergarten Training class rooms after he was called to serve his church as an apostle.

this time, Colonia Diaz suffered financial losses and had two of her fine citizens wantonly murdered. Still, all felt that peace would be restored and all would be well. The faculty members of 1911-12, Charles R. Fillerup, Frank Whiting, Myrtle Whiting, Harriet F. Little and Viva Johnson, little realized that they would have the distinction of being the last teachers to work in the Diaz School which was closed by the July 28, 1912 exodus.

Although the Juarez Academy reopened later when some of the inhabitants of Colonia Dublan and Juarez returned to their homes after the revolution was over and is now one of the three original academies still operated by the Church, the exodus closed the doors of the Academy forever to Colonia Diaz, but memories and the following school song and yell are still cherished:

#### JUAREZ STAKE ACADEMY SCHOOL SONG

Our Alma Mater, hail to thee, thy praise we sing,  
Thy sons and daughters here their homage pay.  
We'll make thy glory known  
Through every land and zone  
By deeds of worth, by acts of valor done,  
And naught but fame thy name shall know.

#### Chorus

Then cheer today for the J. S. A.  
We've come to work, we mean to stay.  
We'll raise thy standard, win the day,  
Hip, Hip, Hurray! For the J. S. A.

With hearts and hands we'll join to raise thy standard high.  
Thy colors fair shall e'er unsullied be.  
We'll ever pray for thee

Our hearts are brave and free,  
 Thy precepts rare shall e'er remembered be  
 And naught but praise thy name shall know.

Guy C. Wilson

### OFFICIAL SCHOOL YELL

Bit, Baf, Bean! White and Green!  
 Bravest colors ever seen!  
 Big, Baf, Bay! J. S. A.  
 Stands for character!  
 Roa, Rah, Ray! Academy!

### TEACHERS OF THE DIAZ SCHOOL AND ACADEMY

#### 1885-1886

Apostle George Teasdale (free  
 will school)  
 Charles Edmund Richardson  
 (Spanish)

#### 1886-1887

John Squires (free school, no  
 charge)  
 Amy Tressie Richardson  
 (part time assistant)

#### 1887-1889

Nellie Gruwell  
 Elmer Wood Johnson, Sr.

#### 1889-1890

Charles Edmund Richardson  
 Sarah Gale  
 1890

#### 1890

Dennis Emil Harris  
 Annie and Eunice Harris  
 Stephen F. Wilson taught a  
 subscription school during  
 summer, beginning May 1,  
 1890

#### 1890-1891

Isaac J. Hayes  
 Alice Hayes  
 Robert H. Smith

#### 1891-1892

Isaac Hayes (passed away)  
 Lycurgus Wilson  
 Robert H. Smith

#### 1892-1893

John M. Mills  
 Sullivan Calvin Richardson  
 Minnie Tenney  
 Heva Johnson  
 Brother Olroid taught music  
 Phoebe Tenney (perhaps)

#### 1893-1894

William H. Daines  
 S. C. Richardson  
 Robert H. Smith  
 Minnie Tenney  
 Heva Johnson

#### 1894-1895

William Daines  
 S. C. Richardson  
 Mamie Anderson  
 Cora Jackson  
 Mary Johnson

#### 1895-1896

Sullivan C. Richardson  
 Pearl Whiting  
 Heva Johnson  
 Nancy Harvey

#### 1896-1897

Charles R. Fillerup  
 Sullivan C. Richardson  
 Emma Mortensen  
 Pearl Whiting  
 Moneta Johnson taught music

#### 1897-1898

Charles R. Fillerup  
 Erastus Kruz Fillerup  
 S. C. Richardson  
 Pearl Whiting  
 Emma Mortensen

## 1898-1899

Charles R. Fillerup  
 Erastus K. Fillerup  
 S. C. Richardson  
 Silas Albert Harris  
 May Merrill

## 1899-1900

C. R. Fillerup  
 Erastus K. Fillerup  
 S. C. Richardson  
 Florence Cluff  
 Peter K. Lemmon, Jr.

## 1900-1901

C. R. Fillerup  
 Erastus K. Fillerup  
 Fern Cluff  
 Pearl Whiting  
 James A. Little (taught  
 missionary class)

## 1901-1902

C. R. Fillerup  
 Erastus K. Fillerup  
 Martha Cox  
 Peter K. Lemmon, Jr.

## 1902-1903

C. R. Fillerup  
 Erastus K. Fillerup  
 (?)  
 (?)

## 1903-1904

C. R. Fillerup  
 (?)  
 Lizzie Jorgensen, or  
 Annie Jorgensen  
 Hattie Galbraith  
 Alice Whiting  
 (taught Spanish)

## 1904-1905

C. R. Fillerup  
 Elsie Peterson  
 (?)  
 (?)

## 1905-1906

C. R. Fillerup  
 Elsie Peterson  
 Libby Sanders (?)  
 Lois Tenney (?)  
 Alice Whiting (Spanish)

## 1906-1907

C. R. Fillerup  
 Elna Lemmon  
 Nancy Harvey  
 (?)

## 1907-1908

C. R. Fillerup  
 Harriet Frederickson  
 Winnie Johnson  
 Frank Whiting

## 1908-1909

C. R. Fillerup  
 Frank Whiting  
 Elna Lemmon  
 Winnie Johnson  
 Lulu Johnson (?)

## 1909-1910

C. R. Fillerup  
 Frank Whiting  
 Verna Johnson  
 Elna Lemmon  
 (?)

## 1910-1911

C. R. Fillerup  
 Frank Whiting  
 Elmer W. Johnson, Jr.  
 Myrtle Whiting  
 Annie Richardson

## 1911-1912

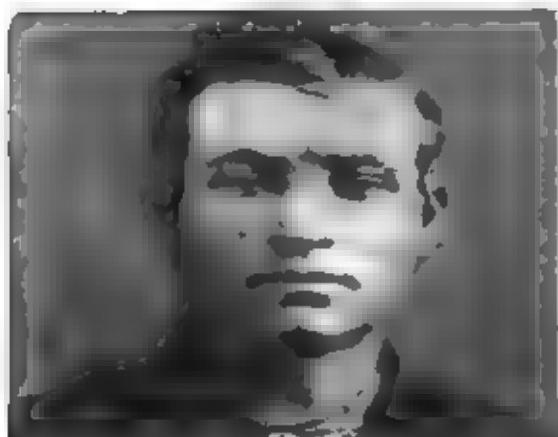
C. R. Fillerup  
 Frank Whiting  
 Harriet Frederickson Little  
 Myrtle Whiting  
 Viva Johnson  
 School terminated because of  
 Exodus.

## Authors note:

Since I was unable to obtain an official list of the Diaz school teachers at the church historians office or at the Juarez Stake Office, I utilized diaries, interviews and my own memory.

The diary of Bishop William D. Johnson was especially helpful in determining the year imported teachers worked because he dated their acceptance into the ward. Though I am grateful for as complete a list as I have, I apologize for omissions and any errors of placement as to years.

Annie R. Johnson

**SOME OF THE EARLY SCHOOL TEACHERS OF DIAZ SCHOOL**

**Sullivan Calvin Richardson**



**Emma Mortensen (Skousen)**



**Charles Edmond Richardson**



**Elmer Wood Johnson Sr.**

RECENT SCHOOL TEACHERS PRIOR TO THE EXODUS



Charles R. Fillerup



Frank Whiting



Winnie Johnson



Elmer Wood Johnson Jr.



Harriet Fredrickson



Myrtle Whiting



Verna Johnson



Annie Richardson

## Chapter IX

# WALL TO WALL RELIGION

### PRESIDENTS OF JUAREZ STAKE WHICH INCLUDED COLONIA DIAZ

Anthony W. Ivies

December 1895 - March 1906

Jasius Romney

March 1906-1912

#### Presiding Elders:

Jesse N. Smith

S. K. Rogers

Charles Whiting

#### BISHOPS

Ernest Van Romney  
1910-1912

#### BISHOPS (1886-1912)

William Derby Johnson, Jr.  
1886-1910

#### FIRST COUNSELOR

Alma Fredrickson, 1910-1912

#### FIRST COUNSELORS

Martin F. Mortensen, 1886-1894  
Nephi Thayne 1890-1900  
David F. Stout 1900-1901  
Erastus K. Fillerup, 1901-1904  
Charles Whiting, 1904-1910

#### SECOND COUNSELOR

John J. Patterson, Jr., 1910-1912

#### SECOND COUNSELORS

Joseph Henry James, 1886-1895  
Edwin M. Curtis, 1894-1895  
Charles Richins, 1895-1900  
Erastus K. Fillerup, 1900-1901  
Charles Whiting, 1901-1904  
Peter K. Lemmon, Sr., 1904-1910

#### WARD CLERKS

William H. Laws  
Erastus K. Fillerup  
Peter K. Lemmon, Jr.  
William H. Laws  
Peter K. Lemmon, Jr.



**Pres. Anthony W. Ivins**



**Bishop Wm. Derby  
Johnson, Jr.**



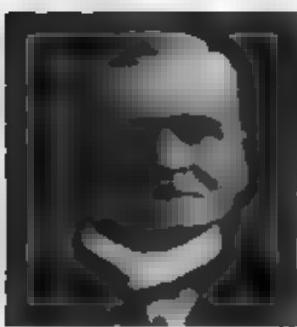
**Martin P.  
Mortensen**



**Charles Richins**



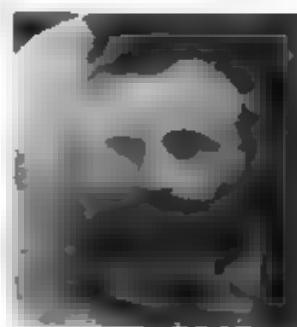
**Edwin M. Curtis**



**David F. Stout**



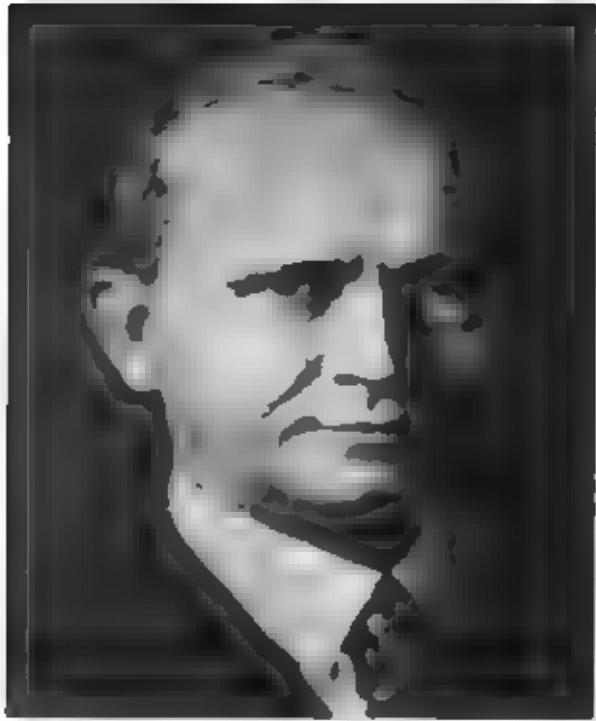
**Erastus K. Fillerup**



**Charles Whiting Sr.**



**Peter Lemmon Sr.**



Pres. Junius Romney



Bishop Ernest Romney



Alma Frederickson



John J. Patterson Jr.

To the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as "Mormons," religion is not a cloak to be worn only on the Sabbath, but is a complete way of life in which obedience to its principles begets exaltation commensurate to their obedience and service to their fellow men. They believe that the Church and the Priesthood of God, which was lost to the earth after the death of Christ and his apostles, has been restored through modern revelation and constitutes the Kingdom of God on earth.

Ecclesiastically the Church is governed from three levels — the General Authorities, the Stake, and the Ward Authorities. God places his Prophet, clothed with His authority of Priesthood, as President of the Church and gives him inspiration and revelation for its direction. The President with the Twelve Apostles and a few other ordained workers, some thirty in number, constitute the General Authorities.

Geographically the Church is divided into Stakes which are subdivided into wards which are again subdivided into districts where Home Teachers make monthly or more visits to each family to determine their welfare spiritually, temporally and physically. Stakes are presided over by a President, two counselors and a secretary and a high council; and Wards by a Bishop, two counselors and a secretary. All of these men hold the Priesthood and are screened as to worthiness and compliance to Church principles. A Bishop is held responsible to his Stake President for the welfare of his ward members and the Stake President is responsible to the General Authorities. Missions are directed by Mission Presidents and Presiding Elders. None of these men are salaried, yet they deem it a privilege to serve their Church.

Church doctrine teaches that all people were spiritual children of God in a pre-existent state and that they were then given a mortal body in this world as a step forward in their eternal progression. Through obedience to Church principles and compliance with required ordinances, all members may obtain exaltation in the Father's Kingdom.

The Church enters into every phase of life — spiritual, social, educational, cultural, temporal. In the temporal world, good health was important enough in the eyes of Deity to evoke a revelation and "Word of Wisdom showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days."<sup>1</sup> The revelation indicates beneficial foods to use in the preservation of health and bans harmful ones, such as tobacco, alcoholic drinks, coffee and tea. Keep-

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<sup>1</sup>Doc. & Cov. Section 89.

ing the "Word of Wisdom" is very important to faithful members. After reading this "Word of Wisdom" in the Doctrine and Covenants, section 89, the droll wisdom of the following will be appreciated:

### A UNIVERSAL MORAL PANACEA

The Yankee Blade proposes the following remedy for the ills of the flesh and spirit, composed of leaves, plants, and roots, which, if taken without a wry face, will make any man responsible and happy:

Leave off smoking — Leave off chewing — Leave off snuffing — Leave off swearing — Leave off immoral practices, plant your affections in the homecircle — Plant your business in some honorable employment — Plant your faith in truth. Root your habits in industry — Root your feelings in benevolence — Root your affections in God. For directions, see the Holy Scriptures, and beware of counterfeit doctors and quack theologians.<sup>2</sup>

The Welfare Plan of the Church is another program designed to insure the physical well-being of its members. It probably surpasses that of "Joseph sold into Egypt" because, in addition to outlining a plan by which church members can be supplied with commodities for a year, it provides employment for its handicapped commensurate to their ability, thus preserving for them the dignity of being self-supporting. The plan also provides for the worthy poor.

To foster spiritual development, the Church maintains a series of auxiliary organizations designed to acquaint its members with the Plan of Salvation as contained in the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, according to age and sex. These organizations are: The Primary for the children, Mutual Improvement Association for the young people, Relief Society for the ladies, Priesthood Meeting for the men and boys, Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting for all members of the Church. Hartzell Spence writes:

The Church (Mormon) provides for its faithful members like a mother hen. It has no professional clergy, but, largely through volunteers, it manages one of the most amazing religious-social-economic organizations in history.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>2</sup>The Millennial Star: (Under the heading of Varieties), Vol. 1, p. 7.

<sup>3</sup>Hartzell Spence, *The Story of Religions in America: The Mormon*, Look Magazine: Jun. 21, 1958, Vol. 22, No. 2, p. 57.

Indeed, in the Mormon Church it is impossible to set any phase of life off by itself for it is a wall-to-wall religion, affecting daily life. Problems arising are usually discussed in Priesthood meeting and plans made to correct them. Two incidents, noted by Bishop Johnson of Colonia Diaz, indicate the religious approach to the solution of problems. He writes: "Because some of the hired Mexicans had acted in an offensive way to some of our ladies, a committee was nominated to interview applicants for work and give recommends to worthy Mexicans who could then be hired with confidence."<sup>4</sup>

The second example concerns the brethren. The Bishop writes: "In compliances with Stake President A. W. Ivins' suggestion that those of our members going to Naco to freight effect an organization, John Fenn was made Presiding Elder over the group. All were expected to deport themselves as if in a Ward, holding Sunday Services, avoiding foul language, paying tithing and living uprightly. E. K. Fillerup suggested that they also take good books along with them."<sup>5</sup>

Compliance with this ecclesiastical form of government softened the rigors of pioneering in a foreign country, but the fact that they were annexed to the Mexican Mission engendered in the hearts of the Colonists a feeling of isolation from the body of the Church. Therefore, on December 9, 1895<sup>6</sup> there was great rejoicing when the eight colonies were united to form the Juarez Stake of Zion, under the direction of Anthony W. Ivins. Colonia Juarez, being centrally located, was made stake headquarters.

Brother Ivins' qualifications for this position ran high. Because of three previous Mexican missions, he spoke Spanish fluently, understood the natives, and personally had met the nation's President, Porfirio Diaz, and other key officials. He understood the reasons for colonizing in Mexico and through exploration had learned the nature of the lands upon which they settled. For years before this assignment, Brother Ivins had been active in Utah civic and ecclesiastical affairs and had been offered the nomination for State Governor. To answer this call to preside in Mexico, Brother Ivins had to resign a position as counselor to Daniel D. McArthur, President of the St. George Stake. In temperament President Ivins was gentle, kind, judicious. He loved people, nature and animals. The colonists responded to his love in kind and looked to him for direction in both civic and ecclesiastical

<sup>4</sup>Committee members were C. E. Richardson, J. H. Earl, P. C. Haynie.

<sup>5</sup>Diary of William D. Johnson, Jr., Book C.

<sup>6</sup>Romney, p. 130. (Nell S. Hatch in *Colonia Juarez* placed the date as December 6, 1895).

affairs. His counselors, Henry Eyring and Helaman Pratt, were also well-equipped men and together they soon had all stake offices filled.<sup>7</sup>

After the April 1896 general conference at Salt Lake City, the first official duty of President Ivins was to visit all the colonies<sup>8</sup> and assist with land titles and other things incident to colonizing in a strange country.

The Church Section of the *Deseret News*, dated December 31, 1960, says that the Juarez Stake is the oldest stake of the Church functioning in a foreign land, and the third oldest functioning in the Church (Salt Lake City being first and Weber second). It was also unique in being the only stake in the Church with a Church school in every ward and also in being the first stake organized in old Mexico.

The Mexican colonies, though scattered, maintained a strong inter-community solidarity due to their being a minority in a strange land and practically governing themselves under their own ecclesiastical law. The wise practice of alternating the quarterly conference site between colonies made them neighbors with an insight into each other's problems and assets.

When it became the privilege of Colonia Diaz to host the quarterly conference, her preparations glowed with the thought of hospitality. While the brethren grubbed the encroaching mesquite brush from the side streets, mended broken bridges, and leveled roads, the sisters invested time in housecleaning. Every room disgorged its furniture into the yard and hung its carpets over the clothes line ready to be beaten and swept free of dust. As children raced through the empty house chasing the echo of their shouts, walls were being whitewashed, front-room furniture varnished, stoves blackened and polished. Bedsteads were coaloiled and all cracks filled with a yellow powder, puffed in from a little bellows-like box as a precaution against bedbugs. By nightfall the homes out-sparkled the stars and moon-beams even removed their shoes at the window, before entering to spot the new arrangements of the doily-adorned furniture.

The visiting Authorities from Salt Lake City, Utah were usually entertained by Bishop Johnson at the home of his wife Lucy, but visiting colonists were welcomed with open arms throughout the entire

<sup>7</sup>At one time it was reported there were six Stake Patriarchs, two of which were in Colonia Diaz — William Derby Johnson, Sr. and James A. Little.

<sup>8</sup>Mexican Colonies: Colonia Diaz, Colonia Juarez, Colonia Dublan, Colonia Pacheco, Colonia Garcia, Colonia Chichupa Colonia Oaxaca, Colonia Morelos. Before the exodus, there were two branches of the Dublan Ward-Guadalupe and San Jose.

town. A very tangible welcome-mat appeared over Brother Anton Frederickson's gate: "Conference visitors welcome — especially any needing feed for teams."<sup>2</sup> Since visitors were kept busy filling invitations for both lodging and meals, the question was not where to eat but, instead, how to adjust one's capacity to sample all the excellent dishes served on the menu. One little old visitor voiced this concern when he asked, "Vot ave you gott goot vat iss not on de dable?"

The rich spiritual menu of the conference, planned around a central theme such as Chastity, Word of Wisdom, or Missionary work, was served with the addition of vocal music in the form of trios, quartets, or a fine choir interspersed with orchestral or band music. Conference usually terminated in a dance or drama.

The theme of the first conference held in Colonia Diaz on May 26, 1893, was "Unity." The messages were carried back to each ward by its Bishop, or his appointed substitute, who was sent also to report in conference the condition of his own Ward. These conferences were like a shot-in-the-arm to the prosperity and faith of the colonists.

The preparations which Colonia Diaz made to go away to conference were much different than those to host it. Wardrobes were replenished, musical numbers polished off for presentation at different conference sessions, and teams and wagons readied for the long overland trip. An all night camp at the Bend-of-the-River, twenty-four miles north of Dublan, rested the teams and afforded time for a community social which the Saints, perhaps enjoyed more than any other conference entertainment.

At one such camp, as they sat around the fire after the evening meal, Bishop Johnson responded to a request for the song *Hard Times Come Again No More*. This and the trio *Beautiful Lilies Grow*, a conference number sung by Verona Whiting, Libby Beck, and Charlesetta Johnson, spawned an entire evening of song and music which saturated the grove with harmony and prisms the aesthetic sky with sunrise colors. Even the planets paused in their "walk in space" as the choir put into orbit the following hymn which they were to sing next day at conference:

If you could hic to Kolob, in the twinkling of an eye,  
And then continue onward, with that same speed to fly.  
D'ye think that you could ever, through all eternity,  
Find out the generation where Gods began to be;

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<sup>2</sup>Nanny Frederickson, a daughter, said three days of grazing teams around the bottom of their hay stack left it looking like a toadstool.

Or see the grand beginning, where space did not extend;  
Or view the last creation where Gods and matter end?  
Me-thinks the spirit whispers, "No man has found pure space.  
Nor seen the outside curtain where nothing has a place."

The works of God continue and worlds and lives abound.  
Improvement and progression have one eternal round.  
There is no end to matter, there is no end to space.  
There is no end to spirit, there is no end to race.

At this same excursion, S. C. Richardson, driving a team for his sister-in-law, Sadie Richardson and party, says:

As we were starting into the pass on our way to conference, Brother Adam's horse jerked away from him and we had to camp instead of going on to the Bend-of-the-River with the others. Next morning the recovered horse kicked out of his harness, so we tied a rope to one front foot, bringing it up through the buckle where the belly band joins the tug. Kicking spells were discouraged by drawing his foot up with the rope. By the time we got to the river bend he was quite docile. We found the others had gone on their way. While Brothers Whiting and Adams watered the teams, I made a fire and helped the ladies with breakfast. We reached Juarez in time for the Mutual conference.

To the stay-at-homers the conference reports given at Sacramento meeting were very important. They were also much more comfortable, for the Conference-attenders shivered on the church benches fearing that the Bishop would call them to the pulpit to do part of the reporting. He usually did.

A report which Brother James Jacobson made in 1894 concerning foods brought both consternation and consolation. Colonia Juarez and the mountain colonies, he reported, lacked sufficient "bread-stuffs" for the year, because some big stockholders in the mill in Juarez had bought some \$1,000 worth of flour on "tick" (credit), thus crippling the miller's (Brother Stowell's) ability to buy grain for grinding. This purchase was necessary since only five acres of wheat was grown in Colonia Juarez that year. Colonists in Sonora and Colonia Dublan had most of their "bread-stuff" and Diaz had plenty with a surplus to share with others.

Several other conferences are recorded in the Diary of Bishop Johnson. On March 13, 1903 Elder Charles Edmund Richardson gave

a report on various items discussed in the conference held at Colonia Juarez:

In the Relief Society another class has been organized. Parents, you must pay more attention to the training of your children and get them to Primary. There are only about one-third as many boys as girls attending Primary. The Mission in Mexico is prosperous, and many of our children will be called to labor therein. Bishops are asked to be more careful about giving recommends and to remember that the Stake President has a record of every person in the Stake. We must keep the Word of Wisdom and we are counseled not to eat hog meat. If we obey we will escape many of the ills that are going on abroad. The Brethren are counseled to get a year's supply of provisions on hand. We are to get the Patriarch to go with us into our homes and bless our families.

Brother Richardson closed his report by announcing that Brother W. B. Sims and Brother George Redd would visit the Diaz Ward as home missionaries on March 29th.<sup>14</sup>

In the following year, Bishop Johnson read to the Diaz Ward members the encouraging talk of their beloved A. W. Ivins, given in June of 1904:

I know of no example where the blessings of God to His people, His provident hand, His mercy and kindness have been more directly manifest than in His dealings with you brethren and sisters who are established in the Republic of Mexico. We are not in a desirable country, as men understand countries to be desirable. Mexico is a land of barren treeless wastes, a land of dry rivers, of rugged impenetrable mountains — a desert land. Notwithstanding that, the few Latter-day Saints who are here have accomplished a most remarkable work — the Mexican Government has given us no assistance, never built a bridge nor constructed a road. Nevertheless hundreds of miles of wagon roads have been constructed and many bridges built. Eight prosperous colonies have been established and many luxurious homes built, and all this done by people in their poverty, depending solely upon God and their own efforts. All wards have free schools, with no help from the Government. They are free-will schools. In my eight years as Stake President the population has increased seventy-five percent. Our relationship to the Government is satisfactory, we keep out of politics, mind our own busi-

<sup>14</sup>Diary of William D. Johnson, Jr., (Unpublished).

ness and are left in peace. I do believe that the moral atmosphere of the Colonies compensates us, to a very great degree, for our lack of worldly goods. During my eight years here, I've never heard names of Diety profaned by any church member, seen any with cigarettes in their mouths, never one under the influence of liquor. There may have been isolated cases, but, if so, they did not come under my observation.

There are many other reforms we can make, and our successes are due to the Lord's blessings. . . . The Gospel teaches us to be more God-fearing, more patriotic, more capable of administering government be it civil or ecclesiastical, in justice among men and in righteousness before God. That is what the Gospel is going to do.

Another meeting of the Church is the Ward Sacrament meeting, a most solemn and sacred gathering and a source of weekly inspiration to the Saints — a *must* to faithful members, for the Lord has said, "Go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my Holy day."<sup>11</sup> Upon arrival at the Diaz church house each Sunday afternoon, the family separated, men and boys going to the north end, women and girls to the other end. Mothers with babies usually occupied the long benches between. Here babies were better managed and displayed. There were no assigned seats, but since most members appropriated certain vicinities, the Bishop could almost spot them with his eyes closed.

Though the church house was an all-purpose building, Sunday decorum forbade any loud laughter or rowdiness in the house, but smiles, handclasps and whispered greetings engendered a Sabbath peace enhanced by the choir numbers and opening prayer. Inquiring minds were readied to receive counsel and Church Doctrine as given by the speaker whether he be of the General or Stake Authorities or just a local member called from the audience. Most Priesthood members understood Church doctrine, depended upon the Lord to inspire them, and were able speakers. However, the salient feature of the meeting was the ordinance of the sacrament pointing attention back to the atonement of Christ as opposed to the discarded ordinance of sacrifice, which had pointed forward to it. A reverential expectancy filled the room as the Elders uncovered the bread and water, symbols of the blood and broken body of Christ. Few faithful Saints voluntarily forego the privilege of participating in this ordinance because of its great incentive to personal righteousness.

<sup>11</sup>Doctrine & Covenants, Sec. 59, Verse 9.

Reports of returning missionaries also strengthened testimonies and made neighbors of the countries they had proselyted. They also revealed the marvelous development of the Elders themselves. The talks of the young people leaving and returning from school usually justified, at least in the eyes of the parents, the expense of keeping them there.

This Sunday meeting also oiled the cogs of communication, progress and organization as, by the show of hands, new members were received, officers and teachers released from current positions with a "vote of thanks" and new ones sustained in their places. Decisions previously worked out in Priesthood Meeting were presented for public approval, public announcements maintained communications between leadership and membership; lost and found articles were advertised and any other necessary communications made public.

The most important sacrament meeting was, perhaps, the "fast and testimony meeting" formerly held in Diaz on Thursday but later held on the first Sunday of each month. After the opening exercises those who had been baptised during the month were confirmed members of the Church by some of the Priesthood holders, and babies were brought to receive a name and a blessing. This most precious ordinance introduced the child to the Ward, enrolled his name upon the Church records, and launched him into life with a blessing upon his head. It approximates the temple presentation of the infant Jesus and confirms the "Mother-feeling" of co-partnership with God. In Colonia Diaz the mother participated in the ordinance by carrying the baby to the front. There were usually several mothers and babies on the front seat awaiting their turn. As the Bishop held the baby up for introduction, some said it was difficult to tell if the mother's pride was most in the baby or in the long lace-trimmed clothes hanging far over the baby's feet. All but the most timid fathers blessed and named their own babies and all but the bravest babies cried in fear of falling as the brethren insisted upon teetering them up and down, up and down. (Why don't men learn?) After naming and blessing the baby, and before closing with prayer the brethren blessed the parents and reminded them of their responsibility to teach and train the child in the way it should go, walking uprightly before the Lord.

With business finished, the presiding officer of the meeting bore his testimony and then turned the time over to the people. Here it was that testimonies were spoken from the audience with only the Spirit of the Lord prompting their expression. Here was time for silent prayer and meditation. Since a large sprinkling of the Colonia Diaz citizenry came from "The Old Country," many testimonies,

coached in a delightful brogue, carried interest into foreign backgrounds where startling experiences had been met with incredible courage. Other convictions had blossomed in the United States and fruited in Colonia Diaz, but geographical origins faded as faith and humility activated speakers and listeners alike. As spirituality flowed, all felt what the Sage had voiced: "Humility is, like water, deep and quiet but with power to move mountains or gouge out valleys." They also felt what ten-year-old Lottie Gruwell was heard to say, "I wouldn't miss testimony meeting for anything."<sup>12</sup>

The consecration of oil for healing the sick, usually done in fast meeting, was done at Colonia Diaz in the Prayer Circle, organized early in her history by Apostle Teasdale and held upstairs in a room dedicated for this purpose. Here Priesthood leaders and High Councilmen met around the altar in solemn worship and prayer, to discuss ward affairs. This organization was continued until the exodus. To the children this room was considered holy and some were afraid even to ascend the stairs leading to the locked door above. True it is that at the time of the exodus many Diaz people had never entered the room. At a party honoring Bishop Johnson, the ward presented him with a booklet containing the photographs of all Prayer Circle members.

The social aspects of the Sacrament Meeting ranked high in importance as members rejoiced in the very presence of each other. After meeting they lingered long in exchanging pleasantries and invitations to dinner, or they just migrated into different homes to socialize in song, conversations and refreshments. By evening young people were paired off to attend church functions, or, lacking that, to set up singing fests or orchestrations of their own. Dancing on Sunday was prohibited.

Next in importance for spiritual training was the Sunday School where all members from kindergarten age to adulthood studied the Gospel. All Sunday Schools of the Church are directed by the Deseret Sunday School Union through stake and ward boards, the latter being composed of a Superintendent, first and second assistant superintendent, a secretary, treasurer, librarian, chorister, organist and other officers as needed. This Ward Sunday School Superintendent, appointed representative of the Bishop, directs the largest gospel-teaching force

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<sup>12</sup>Minutes of the last sacrament meeting held in Colonia Diaz, July 21, 1912, can be found in Appendix, page 466. Also the minutes of the last sunday school.

of the ward — with the teacher and each class following an outlined course of study. The Juarez Stake Board supervised eight widely scattered schools which they visited once annually. Of this trip Superintendent Sullivan Calvin Richardson writes: "Each summer we made a trip around the Stake, going south to Chuichupa in the mountains and west to Morales in Sonora. It would take about three weeks for the trips, but we enjoyed them greatly, especially after I had taken the Sunday School course under George H. Brimhall at the Brigham Young Academy at Provo."

Many of the Diaz Sunday School children will remember the novelty of chewing pine gum sent to them by the mountain colony Sunday School pupils; or of marveling at the beauty of the cactus seed-stalk which secretary Pearl Whiting brought back from the visit to Sonora and adorned with ribbon and decorated name cards, and then stood in the corner of her room.

To two little eight year-old Sunday School girls, Mynoa and Annie Richardson (daughter and niece of Stake Superintendent S. C. Richardson), the most joyful note of a trip around the Stake one year was their invitation to go along. Immediately the rainbow of their imagination sparkled the trip with the glory of every fairy tale they had read and they imagined the Sunday School children of each colony lining up along the streets to greet them as the Diaz children did to welcome Apostle Teasdale or other visitors from Salt Lake. But the "Alice-in-Wonderland" trip dissolved in a pool of postponement and their only consolation was that they still had their new "bleach" nightgowns made for the trip, the first they had ever owned made from anything but factory (unbleached muslin).

The Colonia Diaz Sunday School was organized June 20, 1886 with John Kartchner as superintendent, L. M. Savage, assistant, and S. C. Richardson, secretary.<sup>15</sup> The place of holding meetings graduated from a bowery, to private homes, and finally to a beautiful church with an upstairs Prayer Circle room and eight classrooms with a possible ninth by dividing the assembly room with curtains.

Superintendents served varying lengths of time, Peter K. Lemmon, Jr. perhaps serving longest. Each superintendency seemed especially adapted to solving its current problems, details of which would make an interesting study in itself. They tackled such things as enlistment, reverence, teacher-training, child training in the home,

<sup>15</sup> About the same time a Sunday School was organized at Corralitos with Brother Gale as Superintendent.

importance of the Sacrament. Once, at the conclusion of a talk on "Why We Partake of the Sacrament," Ward Superintendent C. E. Richardson asked, "Now, why do we—do this?" at the same time unconsciously giving his trousers a little hitch. A six-year-old boy answered, "To keep our pants on." A few days later, at the community Christmas-Tree Celebration the merriment was enhanced when Brother Richardson received a pair of suspenders on the tree "To keep his pants on."

The Sacrament equipment of Diaz was the best obtainable at that time: a white linen-covered table, four china plates, four pitchers and four drinking glasses. Deacons refilled the glasses as they were emptied when each member of the audience took a swallow and passed the glass to his seatmate next in line. The twelve to fourteen-year-old deacons prepared the table but after the meeting the librarian and her assistant carried the dishes to some Sister to be sterilized ready for afternoon use at Sacrament meeting. The same Sister also baked the Sacrament bread.<sup>14</sup>

The event of visitors from the General Authorities at Salt Lake City prompted the best Colonia Diaz had to offer in hospitality and welcome. In May of 1894, Superintendent Charles E. Richardson, in response to a telegram, met the train at Deming, New Mexico to begin that "welcome" for Brother Goddard, General Superintendent of the Sunday School and his assistant, George Reynolds. On the return trip to Diaz from Deming, the white-topped vehicle dust-signaled its whereabouts as the road ribboned its longitudinal way through the mesquites, and seismographed the "chuck-holes" (ruts) and intruding mesquite roots upon the weary occupants. If the sight of the Diaz-Oasis did not mitigate the visitor's fatigue, her warm reception did. The band met them on North Main Street and led them through a lane of waving handkerchiefs and smiling people who filed in behind the "white-top" and marched to the church where they all sang one of Brother Goddard's favorite hymns. As the visitors alighted, the Sunday School children strewed their path with flowers. These visits were an inspirational shot-in-the-arm for the Colonia Diaz Sunday School.

She was also invigorated in 1899 when she sent Stake Superintendent S. C. Richardson and his secretary, Pearl Whiting, to Salt Lake City to participate in the church-wide Jubilee Celebration. Here, in answer to invitations from the General Sunday School Union Board,

<sup>14</sup>In 1911 and 1912, the librarians were Esther Peterson and Edna Richardson, and Sister Patterson sterilized the dishes.

all Stake Superintendents throughout the church arrived on October 8, 1899, to participate in the Jubilee Celebration commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the first Sunday School in Utah. In the Tabernacle were seated all the General Authorities of the Church and the Sunday School Union Board with photographs of those who were deceased. Members of the first Sunday School, with their husbands or wives, sat proudly near a bust picture of Richard Ballantyne, its founder, and nearby, seats were filled with workers who had served in the organization from twenty-five to forty-five years.

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon presided over a very well-planned program in which badges were awarded to many, including those who had composed lyrics and music for the Jubilee song. One impressive feature of the program was the polyglot recitation of the Articles of Faith conducted by George Teasdale of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board. To open the exercises, he read a portion of the 107th Psalm: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever," etc. Following this, representatives of nineteen different nationalities,<sup>17</sup> dressed in native costumes, recited one of the Articles of Faith in the native tongue. Brother Richardson and Sister Whiting recited the third article in Spanish. "*Creemos que por la expiación de Cristo, todo el género humano puede salvarse, mediante la obediencia a las leyes y ordenanzas del Evangelio.*" They were picturesque in the authentic Mexican costumes they wore. Brother Richardson's costume was made by his wife, Irene, and Pearl Whiting's by her mother, Verona Whiting.

Brother Teasdale then named many other nations who had heard the Gospel and then repeated: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell upon the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people . . . saying with a loud voice . . ." etc.

The deaf mute Sunday School was quarantined because of Scarlet Fever and they were unable to give their part of reciting the Lord's Prayer, so Elder Laron Pratt substituted the hymn *Oh My Father* done in the deaf mute sign language. All thought that the celebration was a great success.

That the entire church might experience this same type of spiritual rejoicing, all Wards and Branches were asked to observe a similar

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<sup>17</sup>Nations represented were: German, Danish, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch, Welch, Norwegian, Icelandic, Turkish, Celtic.



S. C. Richardson and Pearl Whiting in authentic Mexican costume.

celebration on December 10, 1899, fifty years and one day from the Sabbath on which the first Sunday School was held in Utah.

At the Colonia Diaz celebration the church house decorations were as sparkling as the program, and charter members exulted under the honors and badges accorded them. The oldest ward members, smiling from their place of honor on the stand, inspired the audience like the morning sun warming the growing fields. Perhaps the Articles of Faith were never repeated with more interest and faith than when they were repeated there under the direction of S. C. Richardson and Pearl Whiting dressed in their beautiful Spanish costumes. Part of the articles were repeated in Spanish for the benefit of Mexican visitors and each of them was presented with a Spanish copy to take home with them. The Sunday School secretary, Rhoda Merrill, noted that the Ward Superintendence, Andrew Jensen, Parley Johnson and Peter Mortensen, and Bishop Johnson were well pleased with the program proceedings.

That, on the whole, the teachers of Colonia Diaz Sunday School humbly and successfully met the challenge of their classes is apparent from the following examples which could be multiplied throughout the school and the years.

Brother Abner Keeler brought to his theology class the wisdom of many years of experience, faith in the youth, a testimony of Jesus, and an interest in his subject — the life of Christ. His daughter, Philinda (Linnie), says he burned the midnight oil seeking a new approach, an added bit of information, or a psychological insight to make the lesson impressive enough to catch and hold the interest of developing minds. And those young teenagers became so interested that they anticipated each Sunday School class as a personal walk with the Savior through the eyes of their teacher. Soon every eligible member of the ward was enrolled except four would-be cowboys who thought they preferred to ride free, bedecked in boots and kerchief. However, when lack of personal attention wounded their pride, they yippee-yi-yi'd a race back-and-forth in front of the church, hoping to be chased away or made to ask forgiveness in church. Failing in this, three of the boys joined the class leaving number four to camouflage his ostracism with bravado and loud boasting that the "Old Man" would never get him. Still, desire for attention impelled him to crawl under the room and thump, thump on the floor while class was in session. Indignant students, ready to rush out and chastise the culprit, were restrained by the teacher who said, "Oh, you do not understand. He is just knocking to get in. He doesn't know how to find the door. Let him alone, he will learn how some day and we will be glad to welcome him." Philinda continues: "The boy did find the door and he and father became great friends. The boy later filled a mission."

One pupil, Gilbert Richardson, tells his great grandchildren that: "Brother Keeler had the bearing and the spirit of the old prophets and when he stood before the class one morning and said, 'This day you are building the character of your children,' it was as if a prophet of the Lord had spoken and his quiet purposeful manner etched the message into my soul as he continued, 'for what you make of yourselves largely determines the destiny of your children.'"

A second example involves a class of twelve-year-olds studying the Book of Mormon under the direction of Verna Johnson and Annie Richardson, later assisted by Brother Burrell Kenderick. Under the influence of the Heavenly Father and the enthusiasm of pupils and teachers, subject matter in this class took on a third dimension where the past and present merged and Book of Mormon characters, such as Lehi, Nephi, Alma, Sons of Mosiah and Mormon, became personal friends of the class. When some class members began calling at the Richardson home during the week, they were organized into a vocal quartet whose charter members were Robert and Lou Mortensen.

Madge Richardson and Joseph Scott. Soon Carl Donaldson, with his fine voice and great desire to sing, was added. Since there was no commercial entertainment, practices came easy and with the assistance of chorister Elmer W. Johnson, Jr. they did some very creditable singing. Permission of the Superintendent to begin each class discussion with song and prayer pleased the pupils very much. Soon they were answering requests to give special numbers in Sacrament meeting and Sunday School general assembly.

Long after the demise of Sister Verna Johnson and Brother Kendrick, several of those pupils, then grandparents, called upon the remaining teacher, Annie Richardson Johnson, to express appreciation for the testimony of the Gospel and the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon, as well as for the joy of expression in song, which they had learned in that class.

Weekly teachers meetings were held for the Sunday School teachers to improve teaching efficiency and monthly reports checked on progress and revealed any problem. These could then be remedied. Annual reports pinpointed cumulative data. (See appendix.)

The Sunday School also helped to prepare boys for service as missionaries whether called to foreign fields or to labor as Home Missionaries. Missionary work is a very important factor in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, because each member is anxious to have his neighbor know the joy and peace the Gospel brings and the Lord has said that every nation, tongue, and people shall hear the Word of God. Missionary service therefore, is considered a privilege and an obligation. Bishop Johnson voiced the hope that every young man could fill a mission as soon as he was old enough and he admonished the parents to help in their preparation. He said:

Teach your sons to be compatible with others, to be gracious and courteous and to obey mission rules. They must be humble, prayerful, and know that their Heavenly Father is their best friend. To care for their physical needs they must know how to dress in good taste, keep their clothes in repair, sew on buttons and clean and press suits. They must be able to cook and tidy up a kitchen. They must learn self-discipline and make use of their time.

In those days a missionary call came in the form of a letter from "Box B" in Salt Lake City, Utah, and most faithful young men hoped to receive one. The year 1896 brought three such letters to Colonia

Diaz. One each for Patric Haynie, Christopher L. Galbraith and Orson Oriel Richins. At his farewell party, Brother Haynie voiced happiness for the privilege of being the first missionary to be sent from Colonia Diaz and hoped that he would be able to bring honor to both his ward and his Heavenly Father. Brother Erastus Beck said that he would support Brother Haynie with both faith and means. On February 5, 1896, Brother Haynie left for Salt Lake City, Utah, to be set apart for his calling.

Two months later C. L. Galbraith left for a British Mission leaving his young wife, Heva Johnson Galbraith, and a six-week old daughter, Mamie. Once Chris and his companion, Hyrum Smith, were captured by a mob who took them to the Thames River to baptize them in their "style." As they neared the water's edge, Hyrum's command, "HANDS OFF!" given in a voice vibrating with power, so affected the mob that they stood motionless while the Elders walked away. One of their happier experiences was witnessing the coronation of Queen Victoria. Because of his father's serious illness at Colonia Diaz, Elder Galbraith was released six months before his time was up. He arrived home November 30, 1897, four weeks before his father, Christopher Galbraith, passed away on January 1, 1898.<sup>11</sup>

Unlike Elder Galbraith whose trial came at the close of his mission, Elder Orson Oriel Richins experienced his trial upon leaving, because his two families were ill provided for financially. For his third wife, Sadie, he set up a little store in town, and planned that his first wife, Rachel, would manage the dairy ranch, two and one-half miles northeast of town. Besides her own four children, Rachel was mothering three left by the deceased second wife, Carrie. When Rachel saw her husband agonizing over an almost empty flour barrel just before he left, she said, "Don't worry dear, the Lord will provide." Upon his return from his Central States Mission he found a six months' supply of flour and a new addition to the house, and knew that God did provide.

In July, 1898, Jesse W. Richins and Hyrum K. Mortensen answered a "Box B" call and the following year, two other Diaz members, Miel Pierce and Martin F. Sanders, likewise responded. After a February 3, 1899 farewell party, Elder Pierce began his Southern States Mission and his six-year-old daughter, Bessie, began piecing a quilt top as a home-coming present. Elder Pierce also filled a mission

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<sup>11</sup>Story of Heva Johnson and Christopher L. Galbraith, (in the possession of their son, Layton Galbraith of Phoenix, Arizona).

to Mexico in 1911-12 and did not return until two months after the exodus.

Elder Sanders spent five years in the Samoan Mission, the last two years of which he served as its president. During the last year Elder Silas Fish was his mission secretary and recorded the following facts. The islands were governed under the "Matai" system in which a council of men in each town directed its activities. Since they were opposed to any new religion, they gave the Mormons trouble. Because of this, the Church decided to try out a system of establishing a Mormon colony where the members could govern themselves. President Martin Sanders was instrumental in buying their land. He was released before the colony was fully established.<sup>10</sup>

In addition to President Sanders, three others who were former residents of Colonia Diaz, served as Mission Presidents. Ammon M. Tenney was the first. On April 26, 1908, Bishop Johnson publicly announced that Brother Tenney had been appointed to direct the missionary labors among the inhabitants of Mexico and that Brother Tenney had appointed Jesse N. Rowley to take charge of the Diaz Mexican Mission. The Bishop further explained, "We voted in Alma Frederickson, Jesse M. Jacobson, and Benjamin Norton to assist Elder Rowley in this work."<sup>11</sup> President Tenney took his wife, Eliza, then living in Colonia Dublan, with him to set up Mission headquarters at Chapultepec Castle, southwest of Mexico City (his first wife, Annie, lived at Colonia Diaz from where two of their sons, Nathan and Levi, later filled missions). President Tenney, who spoke Spanish fluently, was a powerful speaker and many flocked to hear him. At Trigales (translated Wheat Fields) he baptized most of a large audience and at Temosochec converted a large Loya family all of whom remained faithful members. Missionaries who followed Tenney found his photograph displayed in many of the natives' homes.<sup>12</sup> A. M. Tenney spent many years laboring among the Indian and Mexican people. It was not until years after the exodus that the other two Diaz boys, Lorenzo Andersen and Arwell Pierce, became Mexican Mission Presidents.

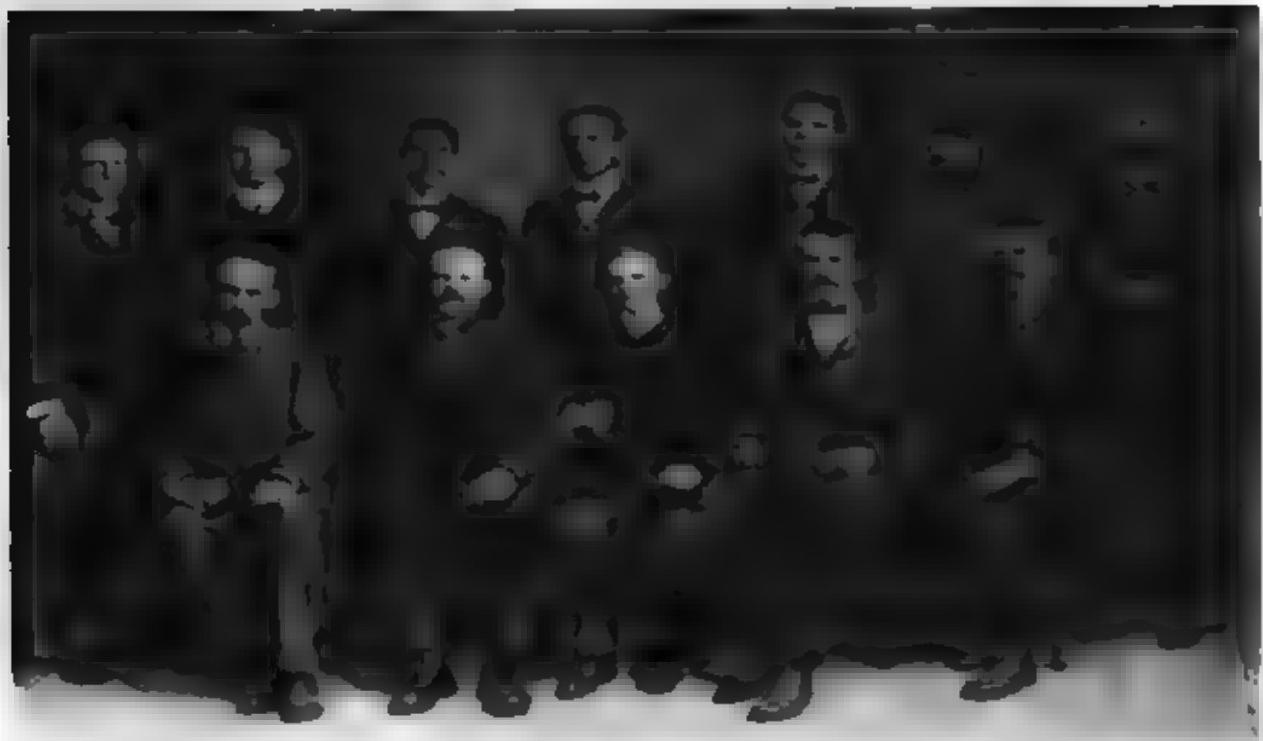
The following Mexican Mission photograph, taken at Mexico City sometime between 1902 and 1904, introduces some of her missionaries and pinpoints a little of her history.

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<sup>10</sup>Interview with Silas Fish.

<sup>11</sup>Diary of William Derby Johnson, Book D, p. 36.

<sup>12</sup>Interview with Tenney's nephew, E. W. Richardson, who saw the photographs.



#### MISSIONARIES AT MEXICO CITY

Front row, left to right: H. I. Hall, Cuernavaca, Mexico; James Jacobson, Colonia Diaz; Hyrum S. Harris (President), Colonia Dublan; Alonzo L. Taylor, Colonia Juarez; Talma Pomeroy, Mesa, Arizona.

Back row, left to right: Antone R. Ivins, Colonia Juarez; Solon M. Foster, Salt Lake City; Samuel Lake, Colonia Dublan; James Mayben, Colonia Diaz; Joseph H. Parry, Salt Lake City (later Diaz); Paul Henning, Central America; Pleas Williams, Colonia Juarez.

At James Jacobson's farewell party, held at Colonia Diaz on June 16, 1902, Sister Nancy Harvey read the following original poem. This was again read in 1952 at the farewell party of James' son, Willis.

The time is quickly drawing near  
When we must bid adieu,  
And send with blessings all sincere  
Our brother to his labors new.

We pray the Lord will lead his feet  
Unto the honest souls  
Who only wait to hear the Word  
That is better far than gold.

Go, Brother, trusting in the Lord,  
And labor with your might,  
And gain a glorious reward  
In heavenly mansions bright.

Remember always to intrust  
Yourself into His care,  
And He will safely guide you on,  
And all your burdens share.

Go preach unto that darkened race,  
The Words of Truth divine,  
That in your crown immortal  
These seeds of Truth may shine.

That all the true and honest hearts  
May have a chance to hear  
The glorious Gospel message,  
That is to us so dear.

Upon Elder Jacobson's return he wrote:

After two years and four months of pleasant missionary labor among the Lamanites, I returned home and found my family in comfortable circumstances and enjoying good health, which I also enjoy. I am truly thankful for the great privilege which has been afforded me — that of preaching the Gospel and for the Heavenly blessings that have rested upon myself and my family during my absence. I hope we may be worthy of all the blessings our Heavenly Father may see fit to bestow upon us in the future.

After Elder Jacobson was back home, he became one of the Diaz townsmen who helped devise means of sustaining the missionary program. During the year 1907 records of one activity of the Dramatic Association<sup>22</sup> state that after putting on the play, *The Mountain Waif*,

<sup>22</sup>The Dramatic Association's membership, 1907: Zeno Johnson, Director, Peter K. Lemmon, Jr.; Elmer W. Johnson, Sr.; Elmer W. Johnson, Jr.; Ernest V. Romney; Preston Gruwell; Charles Whiting, Jr.; Jesse M. Jacobson; E. Otho Johnson; Maggie G. Johnson; Winnie J. Whiting; Annie Johnson; and Letu Johnson.

the proceeds were given to the Ward Clerk, William H. Laws, to be apportioned to the Mexican Missionaries thus:

\$24.00 to Edmund A. Richardson .....	Ozumba, Mexico
\$18.00 to Zenos Laws .....	Mexico City, Mexico
\$15.00 to Simon Y. Beck .....	Toluca, Mexico <sup>22</sup>

The Elders who went into Mexico during and after 1910 had a precarious time because of the Mexican Revolution. Many were released to return home and those remaining were sometimes called into the Mission headquarters for safety during the upheaval. When Mission President, Rey L. Pratt left for a short stay at Salt Lake City, he cautioned the Elders not to go out where they would encounter rebel soldiers. But inactive missionaries are unhappy and one day Elder Edmund W. (Ed) Richardson invited Ernest Young, Mission Secretary, to accompany him on a proselyting trip out north of the City to Guadalupe, not yet infiltrated by revolutionists. Elder Richardson says that from there on the surprising turn of events was directed by a power greater than his own. Simultaneously both Elders decided to board the caboose of a freight train just leaving the city, and took a seat across from the conductor who did not ask for a ticket. (The Elders had only about a dollar and half between them). At San Marcos Tula, seventy-five miles north of Mexico City, when the Elders thanked the conductor, introduced themselves as ministers of the Gospel, and got off the train, he shouted, "I thought you were railroad inspectors or I never would have permitted you to board my train!"

The Elders walked to the wealthy section of the city and entered a little store they had never seen before. This proved to be a dress shop run by two sisters of the wealthy Monroy family, also unknown to the Elders. Immediately the clerk called back to her sister who was sewing behind a curtain, "Lupe, these are the men I saw in my dream and was told to accept whatever they had to offer." Eagerly she asked what they were selling. Elder Young answered, "We have nothing to sell, but we are offering the Gospel of Jesus Christ restored to the earth in these latter days by His Prophet, Joseph Smith." After

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<sup>22</sup>Other Diaz Missionaries were:

Will Adams — 1901

Ernest Acord

Alma Mortensen — 1908-09

Arvill Gruwell — 1908-09

Heber C. Rowley — 1908-09

Ernest Van Romney, sent to North Eastern States Mission on May 16, 1910 was later recalled to serve as Bishop of the Diaz Ward.

a few minutes of eager listening the sisters suggested they close shop and continue the discussion in their own home; uninterrupted by customers. "Our brother, Rafael, must also hear this," they said as they dispatched a messenger to bring him in from inspecting a large flock of Angora goats.

When the day had advanced to the time to return home, the Elders left Gospel tracts and books bearing the address of the Mission home in Mexico City. As before, a train seemed waiting for them at the depot and, as before, when they got off the conductor was surprised to learn that they were not railroad inspectors.

Soon after, Rafael Monroy came to the Mission home asking for baptism for himself, his mother and sisters. (The father was dead). They became faithful members and when the foreign American Elders were recalled because of the revolution, Brother Rafael was made Branch President. He sustained and comforted the Church membership during the cruel upheaval of war as oscillating powers robbed and fought their way through the city and country. (The surprising sequel of this conversion, told by Mission President, Rey L. Pratt, is found in Appendix number VII).

Occasionally some of the Diaz Ward members became negligent about Church attendance, creating a need for missionary work at home. In these cases a missionary call came from the Bishop instead of from "Box B." On February 10, 1902, Bishop Johnson made Home Missionaries of Abia E. Johnson and David F. Stout who had previously been companions while serving a foreign mission in 1896. They seemed to have retained their missionary zeal, for immediately they divided the Ward into districts, small enough that its residents could meet in one of the homes, and then held cottage meetings in each district, thereby creating great enthusiasm in the Ward. Of one of their weeks' work Bishop Johnson writes: "They visited every family in the Ward, held twenty-six cottage meetings, listened to 655 testimonies, and brought six inactives into full cooperation with church affairs. A splendid record."

Although the missionary gives two years of his life and pays his own expenses, he automatically receives remuneration in many ways. He learns to know God; he learns obedience, self control and wise use of time; he is compatible with people and learns to love those with whom he labors; he gains wisdom as he meets many problems and tries to solve them with the help of the Lord. These are contributing assets for a successful life and also enriches the Ward upon his return home.

Colonia Diaz utilized these assets, especially in her cultural activities which, though they were of necessity "homemade," reached a high degree of excellence. This was achieved through fine cooperation between capable leaders, talented performers, and appreciative audiences. Their first interests turned to music and song, long recognized as factors in importing deep religious dimensions to worship, but of more significance to the Mormons for they also had the recorded approval of the Lord who said:

For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart;  
Yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me,  
And it shall be answered with a blessing upon their head.<sup>24</sup>

After receiving this revelation the Prophet responded by organizing the first choir in the Church. He also instructed the people that the refinement of singing depended upon the assistance of the Holy Ghost which they could obtain only through righteous living.

The history of Colonia Diaz' organized singing began on the hegira to Mexico when they elected Sullivan Calvin Richardson as chorister to select and direct the songs for religious worship each evening. An organized choir soon followed the Ward organization. In fact, an entry in Bishop Johnson's journal sets practice time for both a Sunday School and a Ward Choir. Bishop also records that on December 22, 1889, Brother Walser was received into the Ward and on the same day was made choir leader. On January 2, 1890, after blessing his son, Alma Walser, Brother Walser bore his testimony and said he appreciated the privilege of being choir leader. (If this is the John J. Walser, eminent choir leader of Colonia Juarez who moved there in January 1890, he only had time enough to be a grace-note in the Colonia Diaz choir history). However, in April, 1890, the choirs received permanent assets in the form of an organ and a church bell.

History does not record who pulled the rope which set the first silver tones of the bell vibrating or who first fingered the organ keys, but time registered twenty-two years in which both instruments enhanced town joys and mellowed its sorrows. Any who previously had considered choir practice as a duty, now came with anticipation, for the joy of singing became as pleasurable as the choir's social aspects. On May 26, 1890, Stephen L. Wilson, experienced chorister from the United Order at Pima, Arizona, became the choir's first leader

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<sup>24</sup>*Doctrine & Covenants, Sec. 25:12.*



DIAZ CHOIR UNDER S. C. RICHARDSON

Sitting, 1st row, left to right: Centina Wilson, Pearl Whiting, Ellen Mortensen.  
 2nd row, left to right: Earl Lemmon, Phoebe P. Lemmon, William D. Johnson Jr.,  
 Sullie (S. C. Richardson) (and baton).  
 3rd row, left to right: Verona Whiting, Mary Johnson, Irene Richardson, Charles-  
 etta Johnson, Heva Johnson, Janie Johnson, unknown.  
 4th row, left to right: Elmer W. Johnson Sr., Abia Johnson, Parley Johnson.



LATER CHOIR — 1906 or 1907

Leader: Alfred Mortensen

Front row, l. to r.: Lizzie Jorgensen, Ruth Peterson, Winnie Johnson, George Norton, Dora Jackson Romney, Cecilia Acord, Verna Johnson, Tessie Johnson.  
 2nd row, l. to r.: Martin Jorgensen, Ruthie Johnson, Mamie A. Mortensen, Alfred Mortensen, Lucy Pierce Mortensen, Phoebe Pierce Lemon, Vivian Lemon Johnson.  
 3rd row, l. to r.: Joseph Mortensen, Vinie Choney, S. C. Richardson, Lulu Johnson Darwin, I. Clair Johnson, Jennie Johnson Parry, Joseph H. Parry, Mynor Richardson Andersen, Bertha Anderesen Johnson.

after the purchase, and his niece Mary Ellen (Maizie) Wilson its first organist with Jane Galbraith assistant.<sup>21</sup> Elbert Wilson was the first recorded bell-ringer. Stephen L. served some four plus years.

In order to raise funds for the purchase of music, the choir put on a concert. S. C. Richardson writes of the entertainment on May 18, 1894, part of which was done in Negro dialect:

The house was not very well filled and we — Elmer and Abin Johnson, J. D. Harvey, Alfred Mortensen, Elbert Wilson and I — felt that we had made a mess of our part. In blacking our hands and face the grease got on our fingers and caused the strings of our instruments to stretch and after all our practice we could not play the accompaniment to our song *Climbing Up The Golden Stairs* for which we had written the lyrics about nearly every girl and boy in town. We had to lay the fiddle, guitar and banjo to one side, but after all the people enjoyed the humor of it.

On January 6, 1895, S. C. Richardson, still in the choir harness, was made the principal in a surprise party. The surprise began while he and Elmer Johnson were at Brother Earl's and Sully's brother, Edmund, stopped by to tell him that the Bishop wanted to see him. The surprise was effected when he found his choir assembled at the Bishop's home ready to sing, *Let Us All Speak Kind Words to Each Other*, a song they had just learned. In behalf of the choir, the Bishop presented Brother Richardson with a nickel-tipped baton.<sup>22</sup> Sullie writes: "The evening was spent pleasantly in singing and conversation."

The choir was the highlight of all church gatherings and especially at Quarterly Conference where praiseworthy performances were appreciated by all and commended by general church authorities from Salt Lake. Fine concerts and cantatas, perfected by hours of practice, were enjoyed by both performers and listeners and helped refine aesthetic values for all.

Young men trained under the baton of these excellent choristers made capable directors themselves, especially after taking a year or

<sup>21</sup>Interview with Esther Wilson Lewis.

<sup>22</sup>Choir members who each donated ten cents to buy the baton were: W. M. Daines, E. W. Johnson, Janey Johnson, C. L. Galbraith, Joseph, Lizzie, Ellen, Emma, and Marie Mortensen, Clair Acord, Verona & Pearl Whiting, Mary Jacobson, Roxie Wilson, Irena and Teresa Richardson, Zella, Mary, Charlsetta, William D. Johnson, J. D. Harvey, Peter and Phoebe Lemmon, Viney Norton, Elbert Wilson, Alfred Mortensen, Centenna Wilson, Lizzie Jorgenson, Jane Galbraith and Libbie Beck.

two of high school music. Among those who served were Alfred Mortensen, Tom Lunt, Frank Whiting, and Elmer W. Johnson — from his mother Elmer learned very early to read music almost as readily as he could lyrics and developed a keen ear for harmony. These were assets during his term as chorister of the Colonia Diaz choir in 1909-1911. One of his critics said, "His leadership is as fine as his excellent tenor voice." But his excellence did not stem from self-esteem. Humbly he stood before his group, (the choir, audience and the Lord) baton poised. A moment of hushed expectancy accentuated the burst of sound-packed harmony loosed at its down-beat. "Let the mountains shout for joy! Let the valleys sing — and the hills rejoice" sang the choir — with the music crescendoing, diminishing and repeating as it floated down from the raised platform to the conference itself in anthem style. The audience regretted only that it was not repeated in its entirety.

Frank Whiting in his inimitable style likely directed the last hymn ever sung in the Diaz sacrament meeting, July 21, 1912.<sup>27</sup>

Instrumental music in early Colonia Diaz was breathed and strummed into enjoyment as noted by Bishop Johnson in his diary about the first year on the townsite:

December 25, 1888. In the evening Elmer, self, Willie, Sullie (S. C.) Richardson, Parley Biglow, and Fletcher Acord went serenading. First three and last playing harmonicas, Sullie on banjo and Parley on triangle. We went to every home, was out all night. Had a fine time.<sup>28</sup>

String instruments were popular, especially after the ladies collected all the instruments they could play and organized what they called the *Stellar Band*. They began with one organ, seven harmonicas, one banjo, one mandolin, three guitars, and one snare drum. What they lacked in instruments they made up for in talent, popularity, star-studded costumes, and enjoyment.

Later another similar orchestra was organized composed of both sexes. One evening while they were serenading, Sister Holden, thinking they were Mexicans and wishing to tell them that her husband was ill and could not come out to thank them, stepped to the door and said, *maller, maller* meaning to say *malo* which means bad or sick. This proved to be the christening of the Mallor Band which functioned for quite sometime.

<sup>27</sup> Minutes of this last Sacrament meeting are found in Appendix, page 441.

<sup>28</sup> Willie is the Bishop's son and Elmer is the Bishop's brother.



STELLAR BAND

Front row, left to right: Phoebe Lemmon, Amanda Tenney, Annie Earl, Lizzie Galbraith, Clara Acord, Anna Eliza Pierce.  
 Second row: Pearl Whiting, Lulu Johnson, Lizzie Jorgensen, Lucy Pierce, Moneta Johnson, Lois Tenney, Viney Norton, Dumer Adams.

Although Colonia Diaz had made some previous efforts at band music, the arrival of Erastus Kruse Fillerup, a young Brigham Young College graduate, as school instructor and music director spiked the organization of both a ward and a school band. Under his enthusiasm and that of his assistant director, I. W. Pierce Jr., so many people wanted to join that the few available instruments were circulated for practice periods. When fourteen-year-old Ralph Richardson developed great skill on the E Flat horn his father, Sullivan Calvin, quit the band so that his son could use the instrument.

Meanwhile, the ward put on dances and shows for the benefit of the band and Miss Driggs of Pleasant Grove, Utah who was touring Mexico, added the proceeds of a very excellent recital she gave in Colonia Diaz.

Through his father's business connection at Ciudad Juarez, the assistant band leader, Isaac W. Pierce, learned of a firm who was selling band instruments at greatly reduced prices and hurried to El Paso to make purchases. When the tuba, base and snare drums, and other instruments purchased there, arrived at Diaz, music broke

out all over the town. No one voluntarily missed a band practice and aged grandpa Adams (Jerome Jefferson Adams) rode his iron-gray horse one and one-half miles with the large base drum tied on the back of his saddle. With this able leadership and interested membership, the band achieved exceptional excellency and was in demand at all ward functions and special occasions. All patriotic celebrations began with a sunrise serenade and band music led the parade. On May 28, 1905, after Brother Fillerup was called to Juarez Stake Academy, I. W. Pierce, Jr., was made band and orchestra leader with Frank Cheney as assistant. Brother Cheney, John H. Earl and others were violinists for the band. The school and Ward bands were now merged into one. The first band wagon was a hayrack with benches from the church tied onto it, but Brother Anton Frederickson soon had a wonderful band-wagon built which assumed elegance when decorated with red, white and green and drawn with a fine four-horse team.<sup>20</sup> The natives at La Ascencion were so impressed with the band and its outfit that they asked the Diazistes to help them buy band instruments.

During the 1902 Christmas holidays, the band gave a ward concert, played for seven dances and serenaded the town on early New Year's day. The Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association also put on a concert of singing and music, perhaps using the Stellar Band.

To the children, the Primary entertainment, put on at this time, was the most important function of the year, and they brought out parents and family to share their triumphs and glory in each appearance. However, before many numbers had been given tragedy struck. As the curtain raised to display five little girls dressed in white, it knocked a coal oil lamp from its wall-bracket and in horror the audience saw Susie Holden's clothes burst into flames. Instantly, S. C. Richardson rushed from behind the scenes, clutched the child to him, bent her over and began brushing the flames down with his bare hands and arms. Seeing that his brother was waging a losing battle Edmund Richardson reached the stage via the top of the audience benches and extinguished the flames by rolling Susie over and over. Meanwhile, other men from the audience beat out the flames from the stage and scenery thus saving the building and perhaps many lives as well. Susie was immersed in a barrel of cool water to ease the pain of her burns, and after administration and the faith and prayer of

<sup>20</sup>John Pierce, John Maybin and others always had very fine teams and were proud to have them serve as band horses.

her townsmen, she recovered with but few scars. She was given the spotlight at the next band performance.

Many of the *old world* Mormon pioneers brought with them an appreciation of high-class theater and musical concerts. They considered the drama as a means of expression, instruction, and relaxation. Joseph Smith also had this idea when he introduced drama into the church program. Brigham Young used the great Salt Lake Theatre as a facet in spreading an appreciation of high-class plays over the Church and reiterate his idea of teaching virtue and faith over the footlights.

Neither isolation, hard work, nor penury dampened the zeal with which the Diazistes sought after culture, especially the drama. In the first addition of the school and church house the people built a raised floor to serve as a stage for their plays. Scenery was provided by stretching factory (unbleached muslin) over frames 2' x 5' and painting an indoor scene on one side and an outside scene on the other. These were placed by slipping them between cleats nailed to the floor and to a frame above. Other frames were added as needed and often the wait between scenes was filled with the sound of hammering as stage hands worked feverishly to ready the stage. At first costumes and furniture were borrowed from the town, but later authentic costumes were made. Diaz was fortunate in having professional actors and others with experience and much talent among her citizenry. Elmer W. Johnson, Sr. had organized a troupe of players in Salt Lake and put on plays in several different wards, roadshow fashion; and Verona Snow Whiting had played opposite her father professionally.

Almost immediately after the ward organization a home dramatic association was effected with Elmer W. Johnson as director and manager. Other members were: I. W. Pierce, S. C. Richardson, Joe James, Verona Whiting, Matt Acord, Maggie Galbraith and others. Ward talent was brought in as necessary. Though, like all church positions, they were unsalaried, their activity was not curtailed. Elmer Johnson said, "We planned on having a dance or a play every Friday night." Of the Christmas holidays of 1889, Bishop Johnson says:

During this week we had many dances and several theatrical performances such as *Ben Bolt* and others which were well rendered. Elmer Johnson, manager, S. C. Richardson, assistant. My son Willie is a member of the dramatic association.

The problem of the church stage shrinking before the increasing needs of both the school and the dramatic association was solved by

converting a large tin factory nearby into an opera hall. This served until the exodus though at that time there was a move on foot to build a larger and finer one.<sup>30</sup> Colonia Diaz was better because of her opera hall and the plays it housed. Some of these included several from Shakespeare — both comedy and tragedy — *The Charcoal Burner*, *Under the Gas Light*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *A Woman's Honor*, *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, *East Lynn*, and *The Two Orphans*. In the latter, Sister Verona Whiting as the hateful old hag, did a masterful piece of acting as well as a little clowning (in the wrong place). Behind the scenes she pushed up the long stuff-paper nose she wore fastened behind her ears then forgot to lower it when entering on her cue. When the audience roared with laughter she whispered, "What are the fools laughing at?" After being told, her response, "My nose? Oh, my land!" as she jerked it back into place, really brought the house down. She acted equally well the heart-rending role of the mother. In this the audience shed tears right with her.

Joe James, a born comedian, was adept at portraying comedy roles but equally good at forgetting his lines. In these cases, his witty ad libs added stature to the play and convulsed the audience with laughter, but put the cast on their mettle to work in their lines. On stage, I. W. Pierce was the villain of villains and for years enjoyed doing the role, but when the children began scaring him off-stage, he said, "No more!" No spectator will forget the time Zeno Johnson, taking the part of a confirmed coward, appeared on stage armed with every conceivable weapon protruding from boots, pockets, belts, etc., and in the spirit of bravado announced, "I'm huntin Del Marr!" Then, at the first sound, turning coward again and frantically hiding all the weapons for fear Del Marr should use them on him.

Drama continued to be popular as time passed, but the church organizations sponsored it more and more, though dramatic groups often called some of the first organization to polish a performance off. One group, determined to learn their lines quickly, locked themselves together in a room and alternated study and rehearsing. Rachel Mortensen was delegated to buy lunch at the store and to serve the incarcerated. Since there were no loud speakers the coach drilled his actors to speak loudly and clearly, often sitting at the back of the hall to test them out. Proof of their eloquence was a packed house

<sup>30</sup>At priesthood meeting they discussed building an amusement hall with a stage. P. K. Lemmon, Jr., presented a plan and said \$2,000 had been subscribed. A motion was carried to erect the hall by a joint stock company under the direction of the Priesthood. A committee was appointed consisting of P. K. Lemmon, Jr., I. W. Pierce, Abie Johnson, Alma Frederickson, and Alfred Mortensen.

both nights of the performance. Yes, Colonia Diaz was better because of her opera hall and the fine plays it housed.

Because dancing did not require long periods of preparation and practice, as did the drama, it was enjoyed more often. At some seasons a dance was held every Friday night. The first sound of the chapel bell on a Friday evening sent villagers hurrying to finish their preparations for the dance, and the second bell brought going-steady couples who were loitering at the door, into the hall and sent indoor visiting groups to seats on benches pushed back against the wall — men sitting on the north end of the hall and women on the south. As the orchestra readied itself on the stand each fellow checked his dance number, received when he bought his ticket, for it determined his dance turn. All heads bowed in reverence, and the Bishop and his dance committee were there to check on any laxities in decorum.

The manager's invitation, "All gentlemen holding even numbers take partners for a quadrille," sent each swain hurrying across the hall seeking the lady of his choice. Nora Jorgensen (Donaldson) laughingly remembers how Sam (later her husband) slipped on the slick floor and sat at her feet as he hurried to ask her for a dance. "However," she said, "we both recovered from surprise and chagrin in time to join the six or eight dance-sets on the floor, our feet gliding safely over the scattered corn meal or the shaved candles on the floor."

*Uncle Elmer* (Johnson), master-caller in Diaz, often danced with a center-set while he called the changes for a square dance, directing all sets to dance as one, never missing a beat. "Balance all," he began. "Bow to your partners and swing once around; allemande left; swing the ladies to the center of the set," he chanted in rhythm. "gents promenade around the outside; pass your partner and bow to the next; swing that lady and all promenade."

The chanting and dancing continued until all couples were reunited and back to their place and ready to dance other calls, such as:

First couple lead to the couple on the right and four hands around; on to the next and four hands around; dos-a-dos; sashay out and swing on the corner; ladies change; circle all; right-hand your partners and grand right and left all around the hall and back to your seats.

These calls were repeated for the gentlemen who held uneven numbers.

As waltzing was not allowed in Colonia Diaz, variety was achieved by the introduction of the Varsouvienne, Schottishes, and reels. Miss McCloud's reel with a formation similar to the Virginia Reel, with a head couple, was much enjoyed. The calls were:

Every other couple; ladies down the outside and gents cross and balance; join hands and down the center; cast off a couple and right and left. Repeat until the head couple is back in place.

Finally some of the dance committees worked out a version of the waltz done side by side and instead of the couple turning, the lady pivoted under her partner's raised arm, but waltz music was allowed for it. All dances terminated at twelve o'clock and the "Amen" of the closing prayer licensed the janitor to begin extinguishing the coal oil (kerosene) lamps circling the upper walls. If the waving of a hat proved inadequate he climbed a chair, lifted the glass chimney a bit and blew the flame off the wick. Almost on the heels of the departing guests, he closed the door and locked night in to cover the littered floor and forgotten articles until the deacons arrived next Saturday evening to prepare for Sunday Service.

Dances were also interest-spiked by using overall innovations such as *Character Balls, Apron and Overall Dance, Basket Dance, Toe and Weigh Dance, Leap Year Dance* (where ladies chose the partners). But of all the innovations, cattlemen favored the *Scalp Dance*. By decoyoting the vicinity they hoped to save many calves. The dance date was set ahead, perhaps six weeks, and the town divided itself, east and west to make competing teams to go out after coyote scalps. The losing team must host the winners at a dance. Each captain used psychology on his men, taught them to set traps and bait, and received the scalps. The Alfred Mortensen side felt favored because he could lure coyotes into shooting range by imitating the cry of a wounded rabbit. Great hilarity prevailed at the dance as the contestants bantered each other — ladies piquing or salving the thrusts.<sup>21</sup>

Eligibility for dancing denoted good standing in the church, for those who cut themselves off the church were not allowed at dances and violators of ward regulations were barred until restitution was

<sup>21</sup>During Priesthood meeting on January 12, 1896, Brother Galbraith announced that plans were now completed for a coyote and rabbit hunt and read the names of those on his side. Joe James read the names of those on Brother John Fenn's side. Bishop urged all to help as both crops and animals were in jeopardy. (Bishop's diary Book C, p. 100.) No after-celebration was announced.

made.<sup>22</sup> There were some violators because often there were two or three kids reaching the wonder years. "I wonder what I could do to shock the ward, and my parents, into knowing that I am here." Some of them found this unique way:

One dark midnight the church bell set up an incessant ding-donging until the janitor came and began an investigation; then it hung as sedately as any church bell should at that time of the night. However, as soon as the janitor got comfortably back to bed, the bell became bewitched with tolling, ding-donging, and jitterbugging. When it finally pealed out the bishop, the dance committee, and the janitor, it lost its voice again and the church house and grounds were innocent of any explanation of the phenomenon.

A few midnights later three youths crouched behind a clump of mesquite brush on the public square, one-half block east of the church where they anxiously awaited a tug on the long wire they held to inform them that their co-trickster had the other end of the wire fastened to the church bell and the ladder back in its accustomed place. In whispers and smothered chuckles the three gloated over the success of their previous bell-ringing stunts which had outwitted and upset the entire town.

However, this night when, after the first few taps of the bell, the bishop, the dance committee and the janitor joined the boys at the square, it was difficult to know who had the greatest surprise for it turned out to be a meeting of fathers and sons. But the sons, unsatisfied even after a march home by the ears, soon ran away in quest of continued defiance of convention. They took three mounts, bedding and supplies smuggled from their own homes. However, when they were not pursued, a week of unmolested camp life paled on the boys and to stir up a little excitement and remind the town of their existence they enlivened surreptitious night forages into their homes for supplies, by whooping and galloping down main street as they again fled town. When this stirred up no attempted arrest for disturbing the peace, the boys began to think of the good times they were missing at home, the church dances, the operetta practices, even the work in the field with dad, and so they planned an uncamouflaged bell-ringing episode in order to be captured and taken back home without having to give themselves up.

<sup>22</sup>Dance Rules: Dances were held under the direction of the Bishop. They were opened with prayer and closed with prayer at 12:00 o'clock. No smoking, drinking nor swearing was allowed. No firearms were permitted, either inside nor outside the building. No rowdiness was tolerated.

They half enjoyed the lectures they were given by their parents, revelled in getting back to work on the farm, and the feeling of restored kinship after the Ward voted to receive them back was, they felt, worth asking forgiveness in Sacrament Meeting. The attention they received from other young people at the next dance left no room to wonder about who realized they were back there again.

The process of maturation was made more palatable to the boys when they were made members of a committee to plan the activities of some of the ensuing community celebrations. Their vote helped to stage the Easter Celebration at the Eastern Sand Knolls and, under the direction of the older priesthood members, some of them directed the egg rolling contest and the barefoot races down the sand hill while others led a mountain climb to the cave and into the backdrop mountains above the sand.

In contrast to mountain climbing, overnight swimming parties at Ojo Fredrico Springs, some twelve or fifteen miles southeast of the Colony, were much enjoyed. The crystal clear waters of the pool distorted the appearance of the swimmers, making them appear short and stubby, to the merriment of the onlookers. At one time, to the delight of all, a fawn slipped in for a drink but, of course, was soon off when the children hurried over for a better view. Barbequed meat, roasted potatoes and bake-oven biscuits, supplemented with vegetables followed with all kinds of pie and cake, tempted the children to hope that the brother who asked the blessing would be more hungry than wordy. Milk or root beer cooled in the spring water made enjoyable beverages while laughter and fraternizing spiced the entire meal. After a program, games and baseball, the people went for another swim before leaving for home.

At the Ascencion Cemetery, on the way home, some of the braver people ventured to climb up and peek through the barred windows of the room built as a shrine over Ancheta's grave. (Ancheta, a martyred *Jefe* of La Ascencion). The grave and room were beautifully decorated and an eternal candle burned before the crucifix and a picture of the Virgin. However, during the quiet and solemnity of the occasion some prankster was sure to yell from the other window, shocking the peeker almost as dead as Ancheta.

In 1894, Elmer W. Johnson, Sr. gave a house party for the widows and all Diaz people over sixty years of age. The Bishopric was also invited. This successful affair was repeated for a year or two, and then the Bishop organized an Old Folks Committee and

appointed Elmer as Chairman. At the 1903 celebration he invited the string orchestra of La Ascension to furnish the music and eat dinner with them. In 1908 Jesse Richins was appointed head of this committee. At the party, usually held at the church, guests were given different colored badges denoting their age. They all participated in the programs, dancing and games.

To celebrate the Golden Wedding of Brother and Sister Hans Larsen the Relief Society gave a lunch and program and presented them with a purse. These parties were perhaps as important in teaching thoughtfulness among the youths who helped with the preparations, as they were for the old folks.

On April 21, 1909 the Old Folks Committee and the Bishop's counselors, Charles Whiting and Peter K. Lemmon, held a Ward reunion in honor of Bishop Johnson who arrived in Colonia Diaz on that date twenty-four years before. In appreciation of his labors as Bishop, they presented him with a gold ring bearing the following inscription: "Citizens of Diaz to W. D. Johnson, Jr., 4-21-09." They also presented an album containing the photographs of the members of the Prayer Circle. Eric Jorgensen made the presentation. A program followed the Bishop's speech in which he said he was "overcome with joy."<sup>12</sup>

Having adopted Mexico as their native land, the Colonists also adopted two of her national fiestas (holidays). *Diez y seis de Septiembre*

<sup>12</sup>Diary of Bishop Johnson, Book E.

Program

1. Singing by the choir
  2. Prayer — Abner Keeler
  3. Music by the band
  4. Speech, Charles Whiting on the condition of the country in 1885
  5. Reading by J. D. Harvey, "Ranchman's Version of an Exodus"
  6. Music by the orchestra
  7. History of the colony by Violet B. Johnson
  8. Song by Mary A. (Mamie) Mortensen
  9. Sketch of early life of William D. Johnson, Jr. by his brother Abia E. Johnson
  10. Music by band
  11. Talk by Martin M. Sanderson
  12. Music by Vinnie Cheney and others
  13. Remarks by Sister M. M. Merrill (Aunt Din)
  14. Anthem by Ward Choir
  15. Comic remarks by Elmer W. Johnson
  16. Solo by daughter, Winnie Johnson
  17. Remarks by Andrew Andersen
  18. Remarks by daughter, Jenney J. Parry
  19. Song by son, Zeno Johnson
  20. Remarks by Bishop William D. Johnson, Jr.
- Picnic for children, and a well attended dance for adults at night. Had a very pleasant time and a beautiful day.



**MAIN STREET OF COLONIA DIAZ**  
(Note telegraph line at left of picture.)

Photo courtesy of Verna Black



Sixteenth of September celebration at plaza at La Ascension. Note the Independent Band driven by Eric Jorgensen. — Photo courtesy of Joe Jorgensen

(16th of September) her Independence Day, celebrating the beginning of her revolt against Spain, and *Cinco de Mayo* commemorating a victory over the French under Napoleon III (1862).

Often their patriotic fervor led the Diazistes to add a touch of the border flair to their holiday and to share their parade with their native friends at La Ascension. As usual, the celebration began and ended on a patriotic note. *Viva Mexico*, boomed the colony band as the red, white, and green Mexican flag inched its way up the flag pole atop the church pinnacle to float free in the breeze, with its noble eagle catching the first rays of the sun. In the parade that followed *Viva Mexico* was symbolized by a party of mounted, Mexican-hatted Mormon men each representing a Mexican state, riding proudly beside a lady portraying his capitol. Feminine-like, she rode a side-saddle, allowing her long, colorful native costume of velvet, silk, or cotton to flow free and full to the stirrup and back over the rump of her mount. Black or matching lace mantillas, worn over the head, added elegance and accentuated their pale faces, contrasting them sharply with the olive skin of the native friends. Bishop Johnson, charro-costumed and carrying a large Mexican flag, represented the nation's capitol. He pranced his great white horse before his states as he led them to head the entire parade.<sup>3</sup>

The queen, Miss Ruthie Johnson, beautiful in white dress and crown and seated between two attendants costumed one in red the other in green, resembled a Mexican flag accentuated against the black of the fringed-topped buggy in which they rode. With the coachman and prancing horses tasseled in the same colors and the band following closely behind, her cortège was second to none in interest and beauty.

Floats, pridefully displaying industries, businesses and achievements of the town also used national colors in costumes, flags, bunting and streamers as a means of expressing gratitude to the land of their adoption. The Union Mercantile float with many bolts of cloth partly unwound and passing over a raised rod to form a colorful ridge-pole tent created many a desire for a new dress. Parley Johnson's shoe-shop

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<sup>3</sup>"The charro suit was brought to Mexico and worn by horsemen of the large haciendas or land owners who lived in luxury like the plantation owners of the U.S. deep south. Tight fitting trousers buttoned down the outside seam with silver buttons were topped with a short tight-fitting jacket embroidered in silver. A large felt sombrero also embroidered in silver and fringed with dangling silver coins topped the rich fabric of the suit. Riding boots, saddle and bridle were also trimmed in silver. With the passing of the haciendas, a club of wealthy business men and land owners attempted to preserve the colorful costume by wearing it as they paraded at Chapultepec Park every Sunday morning. The Charro's wife, dressed in Chino poblana costume often paraded with them."

display, which won a second prize of five dollars, showed the process of manufacture from leather to the finished product. First prize (\$10.00) went to Peter Mortensen for his clever *Produce Exchange* (peddling) float. Everyone felt involved in that — in fact each could almost identify his own garden and orchard products in the display. Jess Rowley and his brother, James, put skill into their blacksmith float as they sharpened plowshares, reset wagon tires, or clanged the anvil as they shaped red-hot iron into usable form. The Norton float after taking broom-corn through all the processes of broom-manufacture, displayed fine finished brooms in several different sizes and grades. A cooperative float, in which several farmers displayed choice products, looked like a farm harvest on wheels with corn, squash, grain, molasses, and honey. There was a Relief Society float depicting a work meeting in which women pieced quilts; carded wool; spun yarn; made rugs; braided straw hats; drafted patterns and sewed clothes. The tannery and harness shop displayed their trade and a dairy float was made attractive with two dairy maids and a dasher churn surrounded with crocks of butter and pyramids of cheese. A large group of Mormon *caballeros* each wearing a sash of red, white, and green and a band on their sombreros, followed the gaily decorated family vehicles to terminate the parade.

At La Ascencion the *Jefe* rode beside Bishop Johnson to lead the parade through the streets and around to the plaza filled with people ready for a *fiesta*. The band was invited into the bandstand where they played the Mexican National Anthem and other pieces. S. C. Richardson made a speech in Spanish and was followed by speeches from Mexican officials. Whenever a Mexican patriot was mentioned, *Viva Mexico* rang out and the Mexican hats waved high. Alice Whiting sang a verse or two of the *Himno Nacional* (national anthem) and the crowd finished off with the rousing chorus. After many an *abrazo* (hug and patting the shoulder) and a vigorous *Vivan Los Mormones* the parade returned home to an afternoon of games and races. The day finished off with a dance in the evening. Certainly a sense of unity between the neighboring towns had been felt by all.

*Cinco de Mayo*, (fifth of May or May Day) favorite holiday for the colonists, was traditionally celebrated by the entire town at a grove of trees some seven or eight miles southeast of town. Crowning of a May queen highlighted each celebration, details of which were planned by committees appointed at priesthood meetings where all community affairs — social, religious and financial — were considered. The grounds at the grove were also cleared off and readied.

In 1895 the celebration was held on May 2nd commemorating Bishop Johnson's birthday. Early in the morning the band called the people to the lineup of vehicles in front of the church to be conducted to the grove by a mounted Marshal-of-the-day.<sup>1</sup> Phoebe Lemmon supervised the crowning of the queen, Louisa Hansen, but this time she added a king, Jesse Richins, which added greatly to the color and pageantry of the occasion as they presided over the events of the day. Many envied the twelve couples delegated to braid the Maypole. Gracefully they danced to the music of the band as they wove the streamers over and under to sheath the pole in beautiful red, white and green. After an interesting program of song, music and speeches, highlighted by the oration of the day,<sup>2</sup> tablecloths were spread over tarps or quilts and families and friends banqueted together.

The afternoon was spent at playing games such as ball for both old and young, pitching horseshoes, jumping rope, singing, circle games, and at contest games and swings. Children enjoyed the small swings but young people enjoyed the long, high ones. When a lady sat in the swing her skirts were tied around her ankles with a string or a man's handkerchief, for the sake of modesty. To propel the swing, two fellows, each holding opposite ends of a rope, stood on either side of the swing to flip the center of the rope over her lap as she descended, and at the right moment, to give the rope a pull to send her swinging higher and higher. Mischievous boys might ignore her cries of "enough" and keep sending her into the high branches of the tree until she called, "I swallow!" When the fellows swung they often stood facing each other in the swing, working themselves to a height almost as great as that of the girls.

At five o'clock the celebration ended and the crowd went home piecemeal. Nate Tenney and Joseph Mortensen, each contending that his team of horses was faster, began a race to settle the question. When a harness strap broke, the tongue of Joseph's wagon dropped and ran into the ground. Luckily it broke and saved an accident to the occupants, Emma, Cora and Joseph Mortensen and Mary Jacobson. But since Emma's dress was torn, she went with her friend Mary to sew it up and because she didn't get home until nearly seven o'clock

<sup>1</sup>On 5th of May 1894, Charles E. Richardson was elected to be Marshal of the Day, but early that morning his wife, Caroline Rebecca, received a summons from the stock to greet a new daughter Edna, and all feared Edmund might be delayed past fulfilling his appointment, but obligingly, Edna arrived in time to send her father off to direct the parade to the grove. The pride he showed was not all because of his military suit decorated with shoulder epaulets. After the day's festivities, Edmund presented Edna with the decorative epaulets, remarking that perhaps she would like to show them to her grandchildren.

<sup>2</sup>Diary of Bishop William Derby Johnson, Jr.



**CINCO (5th MAY 1895) de MAYO, JACKSON, RICHINS, MORTENSEN  
PICNIC LUNCH AT THE GROVE.**

Front row, left to right: Mary Ann Jackson, sister Richins, Eunice Rowley, Jesse Richins, Agnes Richins, Lois Richins, Dora Jackson, Amanda Mortensen, Dagmer Mortensen, Joseph Mortensen, Cora Mortensen, Hans Mortensen, Andrew Mortensen, Rachel Mortensen, unknown, unknown, Nephi Thayne.

2nd row, left to right: Preston Gruwell leaning on chair, Aaron Gruwell, Alice Jackson, several unknowns, seated by wagon wheel are Emma Mortensen and Brother Jackson.

her parents forbade her attendance at the dance that night. After the grove of trees planted on the school grounds provided shade, the fifth of May celebration was held in town. The people programmed in the morning, picnicked on the lawn under the trees and had a children's dance. The afternoon was spent in sports and races. One race between a Mexican and a Mormon-owned horse proved near tragic. Rachel, a sorrel mare belonging to John and Miel Pierce and jockeyed by Joe Holden raced against Chilicote, a dark red Mexican-owned horse ridden by a Spanish jockey. The race began on south Main Street near Sanders' store and ran north to the church house, where most of the crowd had gathered. Near the finish line when Rachel passed Chilicote, the Spanish boy struck her with a quirt causing her to fly the track and run into the crowd on the sidewalk. O. O. Richins was knocked down and seriously injured, but he recovered without permanent results.

Besides community celebrations the people enjoyed many other forms of recreation. An invitation to spend a few days at one of the large neighboring cattle ranches was a highlight enjoyed by either young or old. Ernest Van Romney tells of accepting such an invitation for ten of the Diaz young men and their girl friends to vacation with the Wood, Hagenbarth Land and Cattle Company at their San Francisco Ranch in northern Chihuahua, Mexico. At the evening camp, en route, where they arrived in wagons and on horseback, some of the boys killed a deer and a turkey while the others built a great bon-fire. Here the foreman of the ranch came to offer them saddle horses for the next day's ride and remained to enjoy an evening of songs, stories and laughter. Next morning, after a nocturnal escapade in which they had hung the girls' dresses and petticoats on the nearby bushes and trees, the boys indulged in hilarious laughter, more because of pride in their superior cleverness than over the girls' chagrin. But a little later when, at the insistence of the girls, the fellows decided to get up and return the missing clothes, their hilarity turned to groans because not a masculine shoe could be found in camp and the girls would not disclose their whereabouts until after breakfast.

Such fine horses the party found waiting for them at the ranch — sleek blacks, bays, dappled grays, and one beautiful white whose red saddle blanket had faded and was still showing on his back. Because they lacked one sidesaddle for the girls, Mitty Holden, an excellent horsewoman volunteered to ride a man's saddle if they would give her the white horse wearing the marks of the faded blanket. Excellent horsewoman though she was, she could not keep up hanging sideways on a man's saddle so, to the merriment of all, she decided to ride astride.

Ernest and his fiancée, Dora Jackson, were more interested in each other than in the crowd, so they rode off together through wooded and flower-filled canyons dotted with small waterfalls from the high melting snows. Soon a cave high upon the canyon wall attracted their attention and tethering their ponies, they began the climb on foot. Part way up when they encountered a rattler coiled to strike, Dora shot its head off and Ernest took its fourteen rattlers as a souvenir.

About four o'clock, after spending several hours at the cave, they returned to the ranch house where a Mexican cook served a delicious meal seasoned with just the right amount of chili. Since that noon he had been serving the party as they rode in.

The evening was spent in Colonia Diaz fashion, with an amateur program which the boss and ranch hands said was the best they had ever heard. All felt satisfied with the day's pleasures and thanked the Boss and all who had helped to make it so. Also in Diaz fashion, the young folks gathered to have group prayer before retiring. On the way home next day, Ernest and Dora accepted an invitation from Bernard Whiting and his fiancée, Julia Holden, to accompany them to Bernard's place of employment, the Sycamore Ranch on the U.S. side of the line. Here they spent another pleasant evening to tuck away in life's memories, then returned home to Diaz to find all the party safely back and equally happy.

Several years later it was the gracious Boyd family who invited Diaz friends to their ranch near the border. While trading at the Diaz mercantile store, Roy Boyd, a fine handsome young man, admired the black eyes and gracious manner of one of the clerks, Lurline Tenney, consequently he invited her and her brother, Levi, and his wife, Clara Acord, to participate in a ten day round-up at the Boyd ranch. The invitation also included Clara's sister, Minnie Acord, and her chum, Mae Whiting. Mae says, "I don't remember of a time in my life that I enjoyed more. Since propriety now permitted ladies to ride astride, our riding habits consisted of divided skirts, long sleeved blouses, and men's felt hats, finished out with beautiful riding gloves. Although we girls had ridden horses before, we were novices at riding the range and were considered tenderfeet. However, after about three days we were inured to the saddle and used to the moods of our ponies. We could race skillfully after a fleeing steer or ride peacefully chatting beside our cowboy guide, even as his skillful eye caught any quirks of the herd or antics of individual steers bent upon hiding out. Levi and Clara were equally observant of us that our church standards were observed at all times.

Each morning the riders divided into groups, spreading out in all directions to surround and bring the range cattle into large corrals to cut out the ones being shipped for beef. A trusty cowhand always accompanied each group, as an escort. Roy Boyd was usually our escort and he was adept at handling cattle as well as looking after our interests.

Each day's work began with a most delicious, pre-dawn breakfast of bacon and eggs and hot biscuits a-la-dutch oven; sometimes we had hot cereal with milk to drink or coffee for those who drank it. Then after we had ridden all day rounding up the cattle our return to camp was rewarded with the most delicious meal of beef steaks,

beans and hot sour-dough biscuits all cooked by cowboy cooks. At night, after sitting around the campfire for an evening of chatting, singing and sometimes listening to the tall tales of the cowboys, we retired to our tents and a bed made on the ground. I never slept better but was ready to be up at crack of day and riding again.

We really hated to see the time come to say good-by to our hosts, the Boyds, but it was a good thing we did go home because when we drove up to Minnie's home in Diaz, her mother, Aunt Maude, came out to the wagon and told Lurline that she was afraid she had lost her job at the store. This alarmed Lurline because she was the bread-winner for herself and her mother. However, when she got home and talked with her employers, Ernest and Kim Lemmon, she found that the job was still open. "All is well that ends well."

Mac tells of a Whiting family visit to another of the neighboring cattle ranches. She says:

Another time that I remember taking a trip to a border ranch, was when my cowboy brother, Bernard, was working at the Sycamore ranch near Dog Springs, for a Mr. Craven who told Bernard they would like him to bring his family out for a visit. Father couldn't leave the farm but mother accepted the invitation. With my sister Amy (age 13) myself (11) and our two little boys about two years old (Herman, my brother and an orphaned nephew, Carl Beck, whom mother raised) traveled to the border with team and buggy. Bernard and his fiancée, Julia Holden, rode horseback. We took lunch but forgot drinking water so we arrived at the border as dry as parched corn, only to find that the Mexican officials would not allow the outfit to be driven across the border without official papers. Bernard rode on to the ranch and Mr. Craven soon returned with a canteen of water and a fine team and buggy to take us on to the ranch.

Mrs. Craven had two sisters about our age and what a fine time we had together. The great house was large enough for any indoor activities we could think up and the outside ranch sparkled with interesting things: such as young calves, colts, lambs, little pigs, chickens, ducks and geese, ponies and swimming pools. Spanish ladies assumed the care of the babies leaving mother free for teas, dancing, horseback riding or just plain visiting. We thought we had found a heaven on earth. We met them again in El Paso after the exodus, and found that remembering was almost as exciting as the visit itself.

Now after learning how religion affected every phase of Mormon life and how Mormons believe in continued revelation, it may be

easier for the reader to understand why they accepted Celestial marriage as the key to the Celestial Kingdom of eternal life; and Plural Marriage, then commanded by God, as a step toward added glory and happiness in that kingdom. At first it took great effort to understand the law but once converted, they made every effort to learn to live it. A few examples reveal the sublimity of the principle, the enormous job of compliance, and some of the rewards of success.

As Joseph Smith had anticipated, even the vote to accept Plural Marriage as a Church tenent, August 28-29th, 1852, (ten years before President Lincoln signed the anti-polygamy law) did not mitigate the conflict of individual compliance. It was good that there was a respite between the introduction of Plural Marriage and the persecutions which subsequently followed, to allow the Saints to make necessary spiritual adjustments. Brigham Young confessed that he was shocked when Joseph Smith first spoke of the revelation, and would have preferred death to practicing it except for the blessings it brought. It is said that John Taylor spent two years of fasting and personal struggle before embracing it. John R. Young, nephew to Brigham Young says he was converted to polygamy at his wedding breakfast, when his uncle, Brigham Young told the following story:

The first time I spoke on the principle of Plural Marriage was in the Nauvoo Temple . . . at the close of our exercise, I gave permission for anyone to ask questions. Dr. Bernhisel, who was on a visit from Philadelphia, arose and said, "I have heard it reported that Joseph Smith taught and introduced into the church, a principle called Plural Marriage. Is it true? If so, what is the nature of that principle?"

I answered, "Joseph gave us a revelation on Celestial Marriage, and had Hyrum read it to the high council. Let the brethren of the high council who heard Hyrum read the revelation, hold up their hands." Several hands went up. "Does that satisfy you that Joseph gave the revelation?"

"Yes," answered the Doctor.

Very good; now for the principle. "We will suppose there are three young men just starting out on the journey of life for themselves. They resolve that they will be farmers. . . . One said; 'I am not going to push things at the start. I want to enjoy life. I will put in ten acres of grain. That will support me and that is all I care for.' The second one says: 'I will put in twenty acres. I can care for that amount and not work very hard, and I want to forge ahead a little.' The third one says: 'I am going to plant forty acres.'

"Now we will suppose that they keep up their fences, and properly care for their crops. When the harvest comes, which man will receive the greatest reward? We will all answer, the man who planted forty acres. And Joseph has told us, 'There is a decree eternal that men shall be rewarded according to their works.'<sup>37</sup>

This story was the means of converting the nephew, John R. Young, to the principle of Plural Marriage. He says: "I never forgot that story and one year from that day I married Lydia Knight." . . . John subsequently married Tamar Black and later said:

"In my heart I have always felt that the Lord blessed me with a noble family. I loved them all and I believe in my soul what President Young said about the young men who planted forty acres of grain. I tried to lay a foundation for growth and expansion in the Kingdom of God. I may have overtaxed my strength and abilities . . . and may not have cared wisely for the field I sowed, but I firmly believe that when the day of recompense comes the Lord of the vineyard will confirm to me the family relations I gave the best years of my life to build up. . . . I always said, and it came from my heart, that God had blessed me with nobles wives; that I became a better man through obeying the principle of Plural Marriage than I ever could have been without it. Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God and no other principle taught by him could have done so much for the uplift of the human family, on the plane of purity and righteousness. The men and women who practiced that principle were not sensual sinners, but they were strong, clean souls, willing to suffer, and die, if need be, for the right as they saw the right."

"I have partaken of the hospitality of the common people in England, and in the United States. I have witnessed the love and happiness that abide in those Christian nations; but never have I seen more perfect trust, confidence, and love without guile than I have witnessed in some of the Plural families of the Latter-day Saints."

That Brother Young achieved a great measure of success is attested by his son who wrote:

Oh, how thankful I am for the parentage; for the noble souls who gave me life; how I love them for the clean, uncontaminated body with which they blessed my spirit. No loathsome

<sup>37</sup>John R. Young, *Memoirs of John R. Young, Utah Pioneer 1847*, p. 255. Salt Lake City, Utah, Deseret News, 1920. Used by kind permission of Martin R. Young, Sr.

disease fastened to it, no cravings for liquor and tobacco, as an hereditary hindrance to my progress. Oh, those noble women! Their crowns will be as bright, and will shine with a splendor equal to that of the Prince at whose side they walked unslinchingly through life, turning their sorrows into joy. Again, how thankful I am for my noble parentage."<sup>26</sup>

Brigham Young's teachings might have converted some men to the truth of the Plural Marriage but sometimes it took the efforts of the wife to launch him into its practice. There was the case of the young husband who confessed to his wife that he had declined the offer of a nice young girl to become his second wife. The wife immediately took issue with her husband, explaining that the young lady was as much entitled to a home of her own as any other woman. She asked if he was willing to forego the blessings as well as the responsibility of Plural Marriage. She explained that, first and foremost, there was the blessing to himself and family, attendant upon obedience to the commandments of the Lord, and, secondly, there was the blessing of preparing tabernacles of flesh for spirits anxiously waiting mortality. Those spirits, she explained, were hoping to grow up in Latter-day Saint homes filled with love and religion. The husband was convinced and accepted the lady when the call came.

Sometimes the acceptance was even more difficult and heroic because it was self imposed, as in the case of Martha Cox, third wife of Isaiah Cox, and one time resident and school teacher of Colonia Diaz. Her unpublished journal reads:<sup>27</sup>

My decision to marry into a plural family tried my family, all of them. In giving them this trial, it sorely tried myself. I had studied out the matter. I knew the principle of Plural Marriage to be correct, knew, too, that I might fail to live the holy life required and lose the blessings offered. If I had not learned before to go to the Lord with my burdens, I surely learned to go to Him now. Having decided to enter this order it seemed I had passed the Rubicon. I could not go back, though I fain would have done so rather than incur the hatred of my family. If the Lord would have manifest an answer to my sleepless nights of prayer, that the principle of Plural Marriage was wrong and it was not the will of heaven that I should enter it, I felt that I would be happy. But it only made me miserable

<sup>26</sup>Ibid., p. 262.

<sup>27</sup>By kind permission of Evelyn Cox Bunker, Mesa, Arizona.

beyond endurance that when I tried to recede from my praying it only strengthened my resolve to leave father, mother, and all for I scarcely knew what. I was sorry, sometimes, that I had taken up the question at all, but having assumed it, I could not recede and I found relief only in prayer when the Holy Spirit gave me inspiration and made it plain to me that it was the only source through which I could attain salvation.

When the final decision was made known to my family that I could not recede from my purpose, the storm broke upon my head. . . . The fact was, I had asked the Lord to lead me in the right way for my best good, and the way to fit me for a place in His kingdom. He had told me how to go and I must follow in the path He dictated and that was all there was to it.

It had always seemed to me that Plural Marriage was the leading principle among the Latter-day Saints and when I came to know how generally my action in going into it was denounced, especially the fact that I had married into poverty, I was saddened and well nigh surprised.

Martha was puzzled about why more men in St. George were not polygamists<sup>47</sup> and why her former friends gave her the "cold shoulder," and made uncomplimentary remarks.

"But," she continued, "The good kind women whom I had chosen to share the burdens of life with, gave me strength and comfort with their sympathy and love. . . . I began to realize my own imperfections now, and I am grateful to my Heavenly Father that I had wisdom from Him to see and know them. Adopting the rules and regulations of my husband's family order, already established, I had to submit to an almost reversal of my nature and habits. The greatest fault I had to meet was my hot Irish temper that had always swayed me when occasion aroused it. Many times the words of McCarty would be brought to my mind, 'Remember in your home to speak no word when angry.' When I disobeyed that injunction it always brought me sorrow."

Emma Mortensen Skousen, daughter of Trina and Martin P. Mortensen, tells of how her father managed his triple families and then also pays tribute to Bishop William Derby Johnson, Jr. and his three wives. Emma says that brother Mortensen went the rounds of the families to check on their welfare and hold family prayer before going to the fields to work. He advised each mother to see that her

<sup>47</sup>"James G. Bleak's census of St. George in 1867, lists the marital male status as Polygamists 67, Monogamists 102, doubtful.

sons performed his priesthood duties (which might include helping to build the combination church and school house or cutting stove wood for some widow) and then to send them out to help him.

Brother Mortensen had a well regulated family plan which included recreation as well as work, and was designed to foster family unity. Children of the same age from all three homes attended church, school and social functions together. Emma notes that each evening after family worship the husband and father gave joy and comfort with his approval of tasks well done and wise admonition in case of failure. If punishment for disobedience of a child included a denial of attendance at some social function, such as a dance or a party, then all the eligible brothers and sisters were also denied, consequently, infractions were kept at a minimum.

The ability of three divisions of a polygamist family to grow up feeling that they are one was made manifest years later when eighty year old Hyrum, son of the first wife, Dorothy, visited his eighty-two year old sister, Emma, daughter of third wife Trina. Emma says that after admonishing Hyrum to speak the truth she asked, "Which children did you like best, your mother's, Aunt Martina's, or my mother's? Hyrum smiled his answer: 'I liked Hyrum and Ellen of my mother's family, Alma and Elizabeth of Aunt Martina's and Alfred and Emma of your mother's. And why did I like them best? Because we were always together, at Church, at dances and at school. Also, we studied together because we had only one set of books. We took turns reading aloud and because mother had the largest room, we usually studied there. But wherever we were it was a family affair.'" Years proved that all the Mortensen children from all three families were included in the project.

Emma explained that the Trina Mortensen family and that of Bishop William D. Johnson, Jr. were separated by an adobe fence until the children wore it away by climbing over it to play and then they just were not separated. Emma related the following about her neighbors:

Because I loved to read and study, Bishop Johnson invited me to use his wonderful library. And since I read them right there I grew to be almost a fixture of the family, and know whereof I speak. Bishop had three lovely wives, Lucy Brown, Charlesetta Cram, and Mary Riggs, the first wife, Lulu Salsbury, having died before she got to Mexico. She left a son, William Derby III, and an adopted daughter, Domer, which Lucy raised

with her own children. The three women each had two or three children when they moved to Mexico.

Bishop Johnson built a nice house in Colonia Diaz and moved his three families into it. Here is where I became well acquainted with all three women. Their husband was a prince over his family and they were all organized by him, but met in a group to counsel together. Lucy was placed as head of the kitchen though they all, including Domer, helped as needed. The entire family arose early to assume the respective duties. Willie did the outside chores, occasionally helped by Domer and the Bishop worked in the yard where he had a most beautiful flower garden.

They all prepared themselves for breakfast which was always ready on time. All knelt at the table for prayer, each wife taking care of her own children. Each wife had her own apartment and managed her own family. After the morning work was finished, the children were allowed to go out to play, usually with the Mortensen children, pairing off according to ages.

When the family increased and it became necessary to divide them, the Bishop bought the home of Martin Sanders, just east across the street and moved Aunt Charsetta into it. Later he bought William Black's five acre lot and unfinished house just west of town. This he later traded for Trina Mortensen's home adjoining Lucy on the immediate west and moved into that.

I never saw a family more perfectly organized, nor who worked in greater harmony than did the Bishop's family.

After the exodus in 1912, I visited eighty-two year old Aunt Lucy in Tucson, Arizona, where she proudly and lovingly displayed a large plaque containing photographs of Bishop Johnson's entire family. "This is my family," she explained. "and they are as dear to me as if they were all my own flesh and blood. I have them on my bedroom wall where I can see them all at once and remember how happy we were together."

There were other families of Colonia Diaz who were equally emphatic in their testimony of the opportunities for growth and happiness afforded by Plural Marriage when they attempted to live it on the high plane God had intended it to be. Mistakes were made and jealousy sometimes raised her head, but faith and humility inspired courage to continually tackle and overcome them.

When Sarah Louisa (Sadie) Adams, first wife of Charles Edmund Richardson, dictated her life story to her granddaughter, Carmen Richardson Smith, she touched on another fact that most polygamist

families learned — which is that when jealous, if the heart spills over into some kind deed for its object, jealousy transmits itself into love. In speaking of her husband, Sadie says:

When Edmund came back from St. George, where at my insistence he had married his second wife, Sarah Rogers, he sent her home to St. Joseph because U.S. marshals, on the alert, made it dangerous to take her to Snowflake with him. He then came up to Heber where I was. We loaded our wagon to go to Old Mexico and then went down to Snowflake to the house where I had lived not far from the Rogers' home. Edmund then took me in his arms and told me how much he loved me, and then said, "I guess I had better go to Sarah because we will be leaving in the morning."

I didn't say a word but I just couldn't get into bed. I went to work and worked as hard and as fast as I could, and thought faster. He did not stay until daylight, — he did not dare. When he came home there I was still working. He took me in his arms and I knew he loved me dearly though he didn't say a word. I knew he knew just how I felt.

If anyone in this world thinks Plural Marriage is not a trial, they are wrong. The Lord said he would have a tried people. Plural Marriage was not only a trial to the women but a trial to the men as well. . . . When a man is honest and wants to raise honest children and make his family happy, he has a job to please and satisfy all.

I thank the Lord that I have had the experience of living in polygamy. While I regret that I did not live it better, that I was not more patient and more self-sacrificing, I am thankful that I had the privilege, and the whole family is dear to me.

That fall when Edmund married his third wife, Rebecca Jacobson . . . I took enough feathers out of my bed to make her pillows, my sheets to make her underclothes, and I divided the bedding we had equally with her. We lived in the same house about two years. We lived happily together for all the great sorrow and trial it was to me. She was a good woman and tried to do what was right. I loved your grandfather with all my heart and it was a trial to have to share him and know that he was some other woman's husband. I was not jealous of his children or that he had other children, I loved them all. The strongest evidence that I have, except my faith, in the divinity of the Gospel, is that I loved his children. . . . I know that if they had been born in sin the feelings would have been different. And I also loved his wives. I was more jealous of Aunt Becky

## HEARTBEATS OF COLONIA DIAZ

(Rebecca Jacobson) than of the others but I loved her more. That woman who believes in continued revelation, could not be far off in accepting the principles of polygamy. They might have different attitudes in their living of it, but not in the divinity of it. Some women are so covetous of the means that their husband has to divide with the other families, that money is the bone of contention and their husband's affection does not amount to anything.

When Aunt Becky called her family together to testify to them that Jesus was the Christ she also testified that the principle of plurality of wives was divine:

It is as true as any other revealed principle of the gospel and is eternal though it is to be practiced only by command of God. I want to testify again that I have been happy and blessed as a polygamist wife. I love your other mothers with all my being. They are dearer even than a sister and there is nothing too good to say of them. Any sacrifice we made for each other was rewarded ten-fold and we learned the truth of the Chinese proverb, *Part of the fragrance is left with the hand that bestows the flower*, for our sacrifices brought us mutual benefits. We learned to worship together, sorrow together, play and rejoice together, to unselfishly pool all our resources for the good of the family which held precedent in all our hearts. This was accomplished without sacrificing the sanctity of our own homes but we learned that it takes more than wishing to gain and hold the love of an entire family of multiple mothers.

Your father, because of his great wisdom and self control, his testimony of the Gospel and the power of his priesthood gained the love and respect of his family and kept us united and safe in the sunshine of his love and justice. He gave approbation freely when merited and seldom found fault. I submit to you this letter of counsel he wrote to us wives and enjoin you to study it carefully for it is applicable to any form of righteous human relationship: If your wish is to find fault it will be utterly impossible to avoid giving cause for complaint; because human nature cannot walk so perfectly in any walk of life as to afford no cause at all for fault finding. On the other hand, if we do not wish to find fault, the little things that usually are used as pretext for complaint will dwindle in significance until they will count for nothing. If the adversary can make the little things look big he will do so, as a step toward our destruction. As I have said in public, if we require perfection in others they could with equal reason, expect it of us, which we cannot give. Also,

if a mother allows her children to hear even a slight word of complaint or reproach against the father, or against his way of doing, they will soon look upon him as a wretch, unworthy of their esteem. Equally bad results will attend if children hear expressions of disapprobation of the other women, or children.

In all these things we ought to consider and reflect that we are privileged above all other people of earth, including the wealthy and otherwise fortunate, in having the privilege to live the principles of the gospel including that of Plural Marriage. If this is not a privilege, then the knowledge of the Gospel is not a privilege; which is unthinkable.

Now, if we do not observe these conditions and live according to these ideas, we will meet disaster in our happiness and misery will be our lot, because, if we take no thought of our privileges and blessings, selfishness will become the rule of our conduct and where this is the rule, happiness becomes impossible. After all, the only real happiness results from seeking the happiness of others.

Now I beg of all my dear ones to take thought of what I have said, not only because they love me, but for love of themselves and our children, and heed this admonition, and make the refuge it seems the Lord has provided for us, not a hell on earth, but try to make it, instead, as near a heaven as human imperfections will allow. May the Lord add his blessings. Amen.

signed — Charles Edmund Richardson

With such a wise husband it was not difficult for the wives to become co-helpmates to him as well as co-partners to each other. Daisy, your beautiful fourth mother and best educated of any of us, said she loved the principle of Plural Marriage and hoped to be worthy to live it with us throughout eternity. I don't need to say much about Aunt Sarah, second wife, because she lived on the ranch with us and mothered you for so many years that she is enshrined in your hearts. Without the baby tending she did, I don't know how Aunt Sade and I would have ever managed our large families and also the dairy. But I want to say that she had fewer faults and more virtues than the rest of us. Aunt Sade, of course, was the queen mother of us all because as a senior wife, she had sacrificed to receive us all. We loved her for it and tried to mitigate her problems as much as possible. You, my children, have been privileged and blessed through your membership in a family of more than one mother and I hope we will all strive to be worthy of its gifts. But we must recognize the fact that through His prophet, God revoked the privilege of

Plural Marriage and now until he restores it through revelation, it is not to be practiced. However, we still have the blessing of Celestial marriage and I hope all my posterity will be worthy of it through obedience to God's laws and compliance with Church requirements.<sup>41</sup>

Sister Richardson had unconsciously revealed the fact that, like Joseph Smith, polygamists had sealed their testimony, not with their blood, but with the power of acceptance when the principle of Plural Marriage was revealed and likewise had accepted its revocation as the word of God. This extreme test was possible only because they knew that theirs was the revealed Church of Jesus Christ directed by his priesthood and by revelation, and that its blessings came through daily obedience to its principles.

These testimonies could be multiplied by all the others who attempted the practice of polygamy. There were mistakes made and a few failures, just as there are also in monogamous families, but on the whole, its adherents found happiness and development in the compliance. To them, this Church was indeed a wall-to-wall religion.

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<sup>41</sup>This testimony was given to members of the family and recorded in the Richardson family historical newspaper *The Shuttle*.

## Chapter X

# REVOLUTION

In Mexico, the year 1910 was an eventful one in which much political unrest brought about the downfall of the Diaz regime and the beginning of a great agrarian revolution. The fact that the strong military arm of Porfirio Diaz was weakening with age affected the president's *Latifundismo* program without his recognizing the fact.<sup>1</sup>

A large part of the responsibility for the subsequent uprising was the result of an interview in 1908 between James Creelman and the President in which Porfirio Diaz told the newsmen that Mexico was now ready for democracy and that he intended to retire in 1910. Diaz had intended the interview only as a means of strengthening his position with the United States, but it electrified his own country into a surprising reaction. The "Científicos" dreamed of a dictatorship of their own and "Los de Abajo" (the under-dog peons) fluttered their eyelids in assumed resignation, while they sharpened their "machetes" in secret, and awaited a leader and an opportunity to fight to regain their lands and to carve a new life for themselves.

Francisco I. Madero, an aristocrat with a love for the common people but almost too small politically to be noticed, soon drew public attention when he published his *Plan de San Luis Potosí* denouncing the continued re-election of the president of Mexico.

Choosing to ignore the little man, Diaz turned his attention to celebrating the centennial of the nation's birthdate, September 16, 1810;<sup>2</sup> and two weeks later, announced his re-election, September 30, 1910.<sup>3</sup>

After the Diaz re-election, Madero escaped from prison at San Luis Potosí, where his noisy protest against re-election had finally landed him, and fled to San Antonio, Texas, much discouraged because of his poor reception there. His hasty plans to abandon the revolution

<sup>1</sup>Lesley Byrd Simpson, *Many Mexicos* (Univ. of Calif. Press, Berkeley) p. 264.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 265.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid.

and escape to Europe<sup>4</sup> were halted when he heard that two Cuartelezcos (revolutionary factions) were flaring in northern Chihuahua. He soon persuaded their leaders, Pancho Villa and Pascual Orozco, to join forces with him under his "Plan of San Luis Potosí" which was to unseat Porfirio Diaz and his hated vice president, Ramon Corral, and to set up a new government to restore the *ejidos* (common public lands) to the proper owners. They were soon joined by Abraham Gonzales, another would-be-savior of his *Patria* (country) operating in northern Chihuahua.

Northern Chihuahua was an ideal place to stage a revolution, as it was far from Distrito Federal (Mexico City, Mexico's Washington D. C.) and was crossed by the only north-south railroad in the nation. Control of this railroad almost assured control of Chihuahua; therefore, it was not surprising that the first noteworthy act of violence of these revolutionists on December 24, 1910, was the burning of the railroad bridges north of Chihuahua City as the rebels marched to pledge allegiance to Madero.<sup>5</sup> Because of this situation, the Mormon colonists were in a vulnerable position. The Mormon colonies of Guadalupe and Dublan were situated only three and five miles respectively southeast of Casas Grandes with Colonia Juarez some ten or twelve miles west, sitting in the foreground of the mountain colonies of Pacheco, Garcia, and Chuichupa, while Colonia Diaz fringed the district some seventy-five miles north. In Sonora, Morelos was the only colony left, since her sister Colony, Oaxaca, had been destroyed by a flood.

Though the colonists governed themselves under an extensive ecclesiastical organization, they were politically responsible to the *Distrito* and its subdivisions of municipalities. Any political difficulty had to be settled in courts presided over by Mexican officials at Casas Grandes, the municipal center of the *canton* or Distrito de Galeana, which governed most of the colonies. As the revolution progressed, it was difficult for everyone because the authority at Casas Grandes oscillated between the Federal and Revolutionary factions and later even subdivided as splits or divisions occurred among the revolutionists themselves. Even groups of soldiers foraging the vicinity were sometimes confused as to which party they belonged.

Considering this fact, it is not too disconcerting to find slightly varying reports about encounters such as Madero's attack upon Casas

<sup>4</sup>Ibid.

<sup>5</sup>Henry B. Parker, *History of Mexico* (Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston, 1938) p. 325.

Grandes on March 5, 1911.<sup>8</sup> In his book *Mormon Colonies in Mexico* Romney concedes an easy victory to Madero though he was wounded in the hand.<sup>9</sup> But C. C. Cumberland's *Mexican Revolution* makes Madero's victory short lived by bringing in unexpected cavalry reinforcements under Colonel Garcia Cuellar, sent from Ciudad Juarez to recapture La Ascencion, but who, instead, marched to aid Casas Grandes. Lem Spilsbury, a Mormon boy well known throughout the district for his ingenuity and bravery, tells of being hired to smuggle a doctor through Columbus, New Mexico, to Casas Grandes for the purpose of giving medical aid to Cuellar, who lost an arm in the battle.

Regardless of the battle's outcome, Madero did set up temporary headquarters in the district where he acquired some needed guns and ammunition. Peons, who had nothing to lose, flocked to join *La Causa* (the cause) with its promise of regaining the beloved *ejidos*.

The battle which gave the Revolutionists control of La Ascencion and occasioned the approach of Cuellar's cavalry to regain it, came both as a surprise and as much excitement to the Colonia Diaz people as they were early awakened by the din of battle. It also occasioned some minor incidents and of two of them Chone (or Cone) Patten of Colonia Dublan, who was visiting with his Aunt, Mary Jackson at Diaz, has this to say:

At five o'clock a.m. when the attack began, Leon Jackson, Ramon Fava, Milton Jensen, Burton Jensen, and I hid along the river bank between Diaz and La Ascencion and watched the fighting. Two Mexican farmers, who had been in the fields all night, had returned to cook breakfast and were wounded by stray bullets passing through their door; one was struck in the hip and the other in the arm. Their folks took them to Diaz to be doctored by Sister Jane Keeler. While she was busy with the wounded men, word came that Villa was now raiding the Van Rhoeder place on the extreme south of the Diaz Main Street. Van Rhoeder was a wealthy German who had built and maintained a big estate stocked with a fine breed of horses and cattle. His barns were the finest in the land. Not wishing to miss any of the excitement, we boys galloped to Van Rhoeder's where we found the rebels "snaking" him from under a feed manger. As Villa dragged the man away, he became amused at the importuning of the wife to kiss her husband once more and

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<sup>8</sup> E. Young, *Ordeal in Mexico* (Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah 1968) p. 10.

<sup>9</sup> Thomas Romney, *Mormon Colonies in Mexico*, p. 150: (Deseret News Press,) Salt Lake City Utah 1936.

laughingly remarked, "Well, if that is all you want, take him and keep him." He, however, was not so thoughtful about leaving the fine blooded horses in the stable and his parting threats to the wealthy German scorched the Mexican air, and was punctuated by a pistol shot fired into the air.

On his foraging trip up the river, north, Villa cut passage through pasture fences and on Orson Richin's ranch he beefed two fine heifers.

After the loss of his horses, Von Rhoeder offered Burton Jensen \$35.00 to put him and his family over the United States border within three hours. Burton used a cut-off road between Three Wells and Columbus and lacked only one-half hour of making it in the allotted time.

During the afore-mentioned encounter while Villa was camped on the river above the Joe James' grist mill, some five miles southwest of Colonia Diaz, some of his men appropriated a fine colt from a registered Coach stallion, which the colonists had imported from England and placed in the care of John Pierce. The colt belonged to Sister Moon whose two little boys had ridden it to bring home the cows.

There are two parts to this story due to the fact that when the Moon boys reached town, they separated, one going home to alert his mother and the other to seek legal aid through Frank Whiting, the Diaz *Jefe* (police).

After Sister Moon had been informed of the loss of the colt, she appealed to the Jensen boys and Chone Patten to try and recover the colt. They explained the situation to Villa who after promising to return the colt, severely reprimanded his soldiers as he explained his business principles to them. "If I can't pay for what you get or take," he said, "you must give a receipt, and for any subsequent infringement of this rule I will shoot you like a coyote." But the colt was not returned.

One account of the events of the conclusion of the incident involving the theft of Sister Moon's colt transpired in this manner:

When Frank Whiting, *Jefe* of Colonia Diaz, saw the other Moon boy stumble through the gate, breathless and almost exhausted from running but buoyed up with the necessity of telling his story.

"Oh Brother Frank," he gasped, "two Mexicans have taken our mother's horse and they didn't just borrow it either. We told them the horse belonged to our mother and they couldn't have it. But one

pushed us off our horse and when I bit his hand he hit me with a quirt. Then he pointed a gun at us while the other man rode off with our pony."

Frank readily recognized the earmarks of banditry, cloaked under the guise of the revolution, and knew that he must set out at once to curb such thievery. Calling his mother to comfort the Moon boy, Frank secured the help he needed for the job, by deputizing his friend, Elmer W. Johnson, Jr. of whom Lorin Adams said, "Although Elmer was a good church man he was as brave as h----."

With sheathed rifles immediately accessible from their saddle, Frank and Elmer tracked the robbers southwest of Diaz to a ranch beyond the Joe James' grist mill some eight or ten miles up the Palatada Ditch. Upon entering the ranch gate with cocked guns, the officers met the ranch owner bringing the Moon horse and bridle. He explained that the men said they left it because they found it was no good for riding. While Frank was receiving the horse, Elmer rode around a pile of adobes near a mesquite thicket, where they had seen two men hide as they rode up to the house. Finding only a gun there he picked it up to throw out the cartridges and found it empty. He remarked to Frank as they rode away with the Moon horse, "If those bandits had found time to reload that empty gun before fleeing, one of us might have ridden home alone." The laugh that followed had more gratitude than mirth.

Most of the trouble for the colonists stemmed from the fact that an army, when mobilized, needs food, transportation, guns, and ammunition, or from the fact that petty officers, becoming drunk with a little authority, misuse their positions: But on the whole, the colonists suffered less than the non-combatant natives themselves. Still, tensions ran high and unforeseen things flashed out of nowhere at unexpected moments. One such incident happened at Colonia Diaz in the late fall of 1910 as anti-American feeling broke out, increasing after Antonio Rodrigues was lynched November 4, 1910, at Rock Springs, Texas. Riots occurred at Mexico City where the American flag was trampled. The feeling spread and from La Ascencion the *jefe Politico* sent word to Bishop Johnson that a band of *banditos* was reported to be stalking the country and threatening to kill all *gringo* ranchers. The Bishop read the letter in church and advised all ranchers to move into town until the rumor could be verified.

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<sup>a</sup>Charles C. Cumberland, *The Mexican Revolution* (Univ. of Texas Press, Austin, Texas: 1952) p. 123.

On Edmund Richardson's 'Dustydale ranch,'\* preparations to leave were slow in materializing because the only man on the ranch at the time was a hired Mexican by the name of José, and Sister Rebecca Richardson planned to get the Monday morning cheese and the weekly wash done before leaving. About ten o'clock the family was electrified by the blood-curdling scream of, "Mama! Mama! the rebels are coming to kill us!" The scream terminated the cheese-making operations in the basement as the mother rushed upstairs to her children.

Horrified, the family watched as some fifty armed men, with swords and bayonets glistening in the sun, rode two by two into the clearing, surrounded the nearby water tank, dismounted and began polishing both swords and guns. Time stood still for the children as the metallic sound of sheathing and unsheathing swords and the click of released trigger-hammers ricocheted above the tramp of the horses and oaths of impatient men. Even the familiar slursh of water sucked over the horses' bridlebits and spilling back into the tank as the animals attempted to swallow sounded ominous. Meanwhile, Sister Richardson hastily ironed a dress, explaining afterwards that she didn't want to be found dead in her dairy clothes.

As two of the men went into the barns, others scoured the corrals and one of them shot a fleeing rabbit then laughed at its dying struggles. Finally when the captain rode up to the half-story high porch to inquire the whereabouts of *Don Edmundo* (the ranch owner), the oldest daughter, Annie, stepped out to meet him. Not wishing to disclose the absence of men on the ranch, she falsified her answer, "He is working just there in the mesquite brush." Half expecting him to stride up the steps and push himself into the house, she took a firm stand at the top, determined to prevent this by shoving him over backwards down the steps. Taking advantage of the respite afforded her when he turned and detailed a few men to search through the brush, she re-entered the house where her four-year-old sister ran into her arms crying, "Oh, Annie, I don't want to be shot like the rabbit." Taking the child into her arms she hurried to comfort the other little girls, but found them on their knees seeking comfort from a higher power.

After a futile search through the brush, the armed Mexicans galloped back up the road leaving the family thankful but prostrate from shock. It was later disclosed that the group was a posse of Federal soldiers from La Ascencion looking for the reported bandits,

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\*Home of the Author.

and the captain, wishing to consult his friend, *Don Edmundo Richardson*, had made the visit to his ranch.

As these events were taking place the Church authorities at Salt Lake City, concerned over the safety of the colonists during this ominous revolutionary movement, sent Anthony W. Ivins, their former stake president, to inspect the situation, to confer with all concerned, and to advise techniques to be used in facing unforeseen problems.

At the stake conference held in Colonia Juarez, December 17-18, 1910, Elder Ivins strongly advised neutrality in the attitude of the Saints toward the political disturbances.<sup>11</sup> "Take no part with either side," he admonished, "but judiciously seek for the protection of each faction as it comes into power. There will be demands," he continued, "accede to them in reason and deny with wisdom. Be humble, live your religion, pray for the spirit of the Lord to direct your leaders and you will be prepared for whatever comes." This to the people, constituted the word of the Lord and the conference visitors carried back to their homes a renewed confidence in their Stake President, Junius Romney. This confidence was often vindicated and tested during the revolutionary activities that followed.

As Madero's army increased, it became imperative for him to take Cuidad Juarez, a border town geographically separated from El Paso, Texas, only by the Rio Grande, in order to easily import munitions across the border. As preparations for this attack, Madero made a feint at attacking Chihuahua City, and in consequence, Porfirio Diaz ordered all available Federal forces in the district detailed to that city, thus leaving Cuidad Juarez poorly defended, and an easy prey to the sneak attack planned by Madero. With both Pascual Orozco and Pancho Villa and their combined forces of three thousand men serving under him, Madero marched against Cuidad Juarez. Here he hoped to negotiate a surrender thus eliminating the danger of stray bullets falling in El Paso where it might create an international incident. But when the Federal General Navarro refused to surrender by negotiation and Madero indecisively toyed with time, some of his irate generals fired upon the city, and the attack was on.

Astonished citizens of Cuidad Juarez scurried under cover and agonized as homes and prominent buildings were destroyed or damaged. Curious El Pasoans watched the battle from box cars or house-tops regardless of danger from possible stray bullets. However, soldiers from nearby Fort Bliss soon took command of affairs on the American

<sup>11</sup>The author attended the conference.



Left to right. Pancho Villa, unknown, Madero



Insurrectos in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico



Mexican Federal Troops taken in State of Chihuahua.



Rebel cavalry in Naco, Sonora typical of those who overran Chihuahua.  
Pictures courtesy of Dr. John Henderson

side of the river and unequal forces took care of the Mexican side. (That the city suffered the destruction which Madero had hoped to avoid is evident from the following interesting photographs from the fine collection of Dr. John Hendrickson whose father was a soldier stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas during the time of the revolution.

The city's capitulation May 10, 1910<sup>11</sup> and its establishment as the provisional capitol was the "Open Sesame" to the success of the Madero revolution. It occasioned no international incidents, opened the way to legally import guns and ammunition, and placed funds from Ciudad Juarez banks at his disposal. But perhaps most important of all to the success of Madero's cause, was the Mexican soldier's psychology of deflecting his allegiance from the loser to the victor. Casas Grandes and the border town of Agua Prieta practically opened their doors for occupation. From many states came innumerable requests<sup>12</sup> from *Jefes* seeking instruction about placing their men at his disposal. On Madero's march to depose Porfirio Diaz at Mexico City, city after city en route capitulated and his Mexico City reception led Francisco Bulnes to say that Madero's popularity exceeded even that of the Virgin of Guadalupe.<sup>13</sup>

When the march of Madero became obviously successful and Porfirio Diaz capitulated, under pressure, his subsequent flight from Mexico to France was a sad end to the regime of the aged President. Although he had occasioned much progress for his country, geared though it was to the already wealthy, it was a lonely flight he made from his beloved Mexico. It was also a sad affair for the colonists who had enjoyed his good will and protection ever since their entry into Mexico and who had named their first colony — Colonia Diaz — in his honor as proof of their gratitude and esteem.

With the success of the revolution assured, Madero was elected to the presidency October 15, 1911. His few months tenure of office were not happy ones and he was soon to know the full force of the Porfirio Diaz prognostication that Madero had unleashed a tiger which he might not be able to control.<sup>14</sup>

Besides facing the results of some political errors, Madero was harassed by the populace clamoring for the distribution of lands

<sup>11</sup>Henry B. Parker, *The History of Mexico* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1938) p. 325.

<sup>12</sup>Charles C. Cumberland, *Mexican Revolution*, (Univ. of Texas Press, Austin, Texas, 1952) p. 141.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid. p. 151.

before necessary machinery could be set up to do so. Diaz supporters and wealthy haciendados blocked his measures in their efforts to preserve their affluent society. Traitors operated undercover of his political circle and even his general, Pascual Orozco, twice angered at not receiving appointments to enviable political positions, staged a counter revolution, chose a red-flag emblem, designated his followers as "Red Flaggers" and hurried off to northern Chihuahua after recruits. Here Orozco met another mal-content, Emilio Vazquez Gomez, also angered when his pronouncement against Madero in a try for the presidency had failed. The two merged forces and became known as "Red Flaggers," a title which later grew to designate all northern revolutionists or "Liberales" even after the generals were replaced by Inez Salazar. As these "Red Flaggers" operated mostly in Northern Chihuahua, the colonists' hope for peace under Madero's rule soon crumbled and the Mormon stake officers were continually faced with ominous situations ranging from petty thievery to murder. The rebel leaders, pressed for supplies and ammunition, made drastic demands upon the Mormons. Bands of "Red Flaggers" scoured the country demanding goods and taking what they wanted. Upon one occasion, about February 6, after Enrique Portilla had invaded Colonia Juarez and demanded, in the name of General Salazar, a gun, horse and saddle for each of his twenty-five men, President Romney felt called upon to seek protection for the colonists. At an interview with these generals at Casas Grandes, Salazar assured President Junius Romney that as long as the colonists remained neutral they would be unmolested. In substantiation of his promise he issued to each colony a copy of the following order:

Casas Grandes  
February 6, 1912

**To the Chiefs and soldiers of the Liberal Party**

**To whom this statement may be presented.**

**You will kindly respect in every way the neutrality of the members of the various Mormon colonies and in no way molest them.**

**Liberty, Constitution and Justice  
El General, I. Salazar.<sup>12</sup>**

The ink on the above order was scarcely dry when the "Red Flaggers" staged simultaneous raids on several of the colonies. On the main street of Colonia Diaz they appropriated a load of hay on

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<sup>12</sup>Romney, p. 167.

its way to the stack. Here their horses fed as some soldiers lolled in the shade, drank and shouted while others seized ten horses and eight saddles from the colonists with no offer of compensation.

Bishop E. V. Romney tells of one of the too frequent raids made upon his Diaz branch of the Mercantile store. He says:

Today, without warning, a group of fifty armed revolutionists galloped into town like a wave of undulating sombreros (Mexican hats) red banner, and sweating horses, jerked their horses to a stop in front of our store and began circling it.

Each man in the fierce-looking bunch had a gun across his saddle and a pistol at his side. Each had three or four belts of shining cartridges tied to his saddle and red ribbons flashing everywhere from among the cartridges, and fastened to the saddles and bridles. The burly captain detailed some of his men to scour the town while he led others into the store and demanded supplies for them. I explained that I would have to get a receipt for the goods so that I could apply it on my taxes which were then due. After getting all they wanted, the captain made camp at a ranch below town.

Next morning at La Ascencion, the tax commissioner refused to acknowledge my presented receipts until I brought the captain to force the issue.

Further proof of the serious situation of the colonists is explained in a letter from President Romney which was probably in the local paper, *El Progresso*, under the date of February 23, 1912:

Salazar made us a proposition to pay for all merchandise stolen from our stores. The proposition was to pay us in corn and wheat, which they wanted to deliver to the San Luis ranch, and pay our people for hauling it to Juarez and Dublan.

Immediately after the proposition had been presented to us, we called meetings of the high council both at Dublan and Juarez. Both meetings decided that we should accept nothing whatever for the merchandise stolen from us, for to do so would be to engage indirectly in the conflict. We felt that the only way in which we could maintain a clear course would be to refrain from anything which bore the semblance of aid being rendered to either side.

Such a course resolves itself into a loss to our people of everything that is gone, but the best we would be able to get from them at the present time would be receipts from their

lawless element. They have taken \$800 in merchandise from Farnsworth and Romney stores, and about \$1,000 from the Union Mercantile. This consisted mostly of men's goods.

We have been shut off from the outside for weeks, learning only a meager bit concerning what actions are being taken against us, and what is doing in general. You can imagine how we feel, shut off from communication from all directions. Some of our people have been seriously wrought up on seeing how nearly we were plunged into a fight which would be fraught with such consequences. . . .

A report came to us indirectly that the United States might intervene in the Mexican trouble. It was received with some degree of assurance here and both some of our people and the Mexican citizens accepted it seriously. It would place us in a most critical condition, for we have every reason to mistrust these people, and we would simply have to fight for our lives until help could arrive.

It makes me wonder if any arrangements have been made by the United States so we could know and make preparations, and get some assistance rushed into the country to protect us.

If an attack were likely we should have time to call in our men, who are now scattered in many directions at their work. We ought to know also in order to collect our people as much as possible.

Brother Brown is now at El Paso, and word has reached us from him that he has a number of men ready to hasten to assist us in case of difficulty of a more serious nature breaking out.

We are not yet alarmed beyond control, but when we have been so often driven to such extremities, we cannot help but plan and wonder what we would do in case we were taken a notch farther. We have witnessed so much treachery on the part of these people that we remain on the watch for injury at any time.

We assure you that it is no comfortable feeling for our men to have their families here in the midst of such an upheaval, while all other foreigners are leaving the country. Dozens of Americans are leaving daily fearing the results of intervention on the part of the United States. It is unsafe even as it is now.

While we write, we learn that Roque Gomez, the *Jefe de Armas*, came to our neighborhood for more recruits, and that a carload of men had been taken out to be added to the rebel movement.

A postscript added to President Romney's letter and dated February 24, says: "To our surprise a passenger train came through today bringing us some mail. Everything is quiet this morning."

The Diazistes now decided to organize themselves for protection. Levi S. Tenney, a man who had received military training and had served in the Philippine War, was chosen to act as captain and to organize a band of "Minute Men." He says:

My first duty was to know how many guns there were in town, who owned them, and how much ammunition they had on hand. The first survey showed that we were short on both.

To enlist the help of Charles Edmund Richardson was my next step. I put the problem before him, mentioning the fact that we were short on funds. His answer was that he would do all he could to help. I was to contact every man who needed guns and ammunition and tell him that if he would turn into the Richardson herd a young cow, Mexican stock or better, he would pay for the guns and ammunition and express them to Levi S. Tenney at Tres Hermanas, New Mexico. He explained that because of the U. S. embargo on arms, we might experience a little difficulty in passing them over the border. Sure enough, when I called for the shipment, the government officials took possession of both them and me.

Brother Richardson immediately appealed to the War Department in Washington, explaining that we were Americans living in the midst of hostilities and needed the guns for protection. And we finally got a release.

I knew how to use a gun, I knew every canal and culvert of Colonia Diaz and I knew the character of every man in town. The men of Colonia Diaz were strong, brave, and true. They were not afraid to die neither were they afraid to live. We soon effected a military organization and designated strategic points of defense. The old gravel pit, near my mother's property, became the focal point of activity from the Ascencion approach to town. From that point a few concealed men could pick off large groups of approaching enemies before they were aware. Our northern defense centered around Grandpa Donaldsen's home, but each street had an assigned patrol. At a signal of four shots in quick succession, every man was to take his post. Night guard was set up, but when things seemed quiet, only one guard went out.

Now we had done all in our power for the protection of our homes and family, but we prayed we would never find the necessity of acting.

The position of neutrality became increasingly difficult for the colonists to maintain since the entire district was under military rule and the authority oscillated from faction to faction as they, in turn, swarmed around and into the colonies. Under these conditions the Mexican citizenry also took liberty to make frequent stealing expeditions within Mormon territory. One such incident happened at Colonia Diaz on May 2, 1912, in which two Mexicans staged a store robbery which resulted in tragedy to one of them and near tragedy to the two towns of Diaz and La Ascencion. It happened thus:

One night while Frank Whiting, whose upstairs bedroom overlooked the store enclosure, was giving his six-months old Marian a drink at 2 o'clock a.m., he discovered that two Mexicans were loading store goods onto waiting horses. Being the *Jefe* Frank immediately planned to capture the thieves and turn them over to the officers at La Ascencion. His plans included assembling a posse of townsmen to surround the store and capture the thieves as they emerged. No posseman was to fire a gun without Frank's orders and then to shoot only into the air to frighten the bandits. With this in mind, Frank slipped out into the night.

Surmising that accomplices might be hiding behind the great cottonwood trees on Main Street, Frank reached Elmer Johnson Jr.'s bedroom window via cross-lots. His stage-whispered message, "Elmer, the Mexicans are robbing the store. Get your gun and quickly meet me at Bishop Johnson's corner across the street," galvanized both Elmer and his wife, Annie, into action and left Frank free to summon other men. As she dressed, Annie admonished her husband, "This calls for great caution and wisdom. You must remember that no amount of merchandise saved is worth embroiling the town in conflict with the revolutionists." His parting reassurance "There is nothing to worry about, dear, lie down and go back to sleep," left her desolate in the chilled suspense of the dark room, with prayer her only recourse. Presently, she crossed the hall and tapped on the bedroom door to awaken and alert her in-laws, Shirt and Verna Johnson Black. They scarcely had time, however, to realize the import of her message, when four shots were fired from near the store, loosing a tumult of shouting voices and racing horses hooves. Shirt, whose heart was still bleeding over the recent murder of his father by the Mexicans, groaned. "Oh, I've heard that before!"

The heart of every waiting wife also groaned as she waited the outcome of events. Mrs. Kendrick, whose husband, Burrell, had also answered Frank's call, says:

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I didn't want my husband to go, but he hurriedly dressed, grabbed his gun, kissed me and was gone. I couldn't sleep. I dressed, lit the kerosene lamp and found the time to be 2:15 a.m. I shall never forget that night! I blew out the light and went onto the front porch. A full moon was shining in golden glory. Two large almond trees were in full bloom, their fragrance filled the spring air, though I could not appreciate them then. The barking of a dog now and then broke the stillness of the night. Lights were burning in a few homes and I knew the anxiety I felt was shared by others. I paced back and forth and waited, then, to my horror, four shots rang out in the stillness of the night — other shots followed — then silence. My imagination ran away with me. I thought I could hear groans. Someone was hurt — how many — and who? Oh, why didn't someone let me know? I could stand it no longer. I rushed into the house, flung myself upon the bed beside my babies, and sobbed my heart out to God to protect our husbands.

Seconds after the shots, when Frank reached the store, he found that one posseman, fearful that the bandits were escaping, had called "shoot" and four others, taut with suppressed excitement, had each fired a shot into the air. The two robbers then fled south on Main Street, firing as they rode. Immediately armed minute men, in answer to the four-shot signal, stood at their post on every street. At Jorgensen's corner on Main Street, where the fleeing robbers failed to stop at the *Quien Vive* (halt) command, the Mormons, thinking it to be the beginning of warfare, fired and the robbers fled east at Parley Johnson's corner still firing. Sam and Nora Donaldson were awakened by the sound of shots and horses racing past their house. One bullet entered through their bedroom window and lodged in the opposite wall. As the Mexicans fled past the home of Julia Orton Johnson, three houses south of the store, she heard one Mexican call, "*Me Han Herido!*" (They have wounded me), and in spite of protests from her daughters, she stepped into the street to pick up his bullet-pierced hat, clearly visible in the moonlight.<sup>16</sup>

By now the entire town was awake, women collected furtively in dooryards, while night-gowned children shivered under the icy suspense in the air. Under the light of the bright moon, the colonists discovered blood on the lawn at Parley Johnson's corner and knew that one or both robbers had been shot. Soon Lewis Jorgensen arrived at the Donaldson home and upon investigation, he and Sam discovered a dead Mexican and part of the five-hundred dollar loot taken from

<sup>16</sup>Interview with Fern, daughter of Julia Orton Johnson.

the store lying in the street near Aunt Lilly Galbraith's home on the extreme east of town. Sister Donaldson says:

At the insistence of the lawyer, Charles Edmund Richardson, Sam accompanied the group of colonists that Mr. Richardson, Frank Whiting, and Bishop Romney took to Ascencion to report the incident and to have the officers come and investigate it. After the inquest, when Romney and Richardson returned the Mexican Officers of La Ascencion, they found pandemonium rife in the town which seemed overflowing with drunken Mexicans. According to Romney, they shouted ominous threats against him and his *Mormones*. Cesario Gonzales, who claimed the dead man as a brother he had not seen for five years, threatened that he would get ten *Mormones* in retaliation for his brother's life. Some wondered if Cesario was the robber who escaped.

William Shirt Black, was dispatched as a messenger to carry the news of the tragedy to Dublan. The first plan, for several men to escort him through Ascencion, was abandoned and Shirt slipped through alone after dark with no incident except that a drunk Mexican called to him from a saloon. After an hour of rest at the "Bend of the River" Shirt reached Dublan about sunup and phoned the message to President Romney at Juarez.

The Ascencion officials, adamant in their threat to arrest all Diazistes who had guns that night, were placated when the four men who fired the shots confessed. Burrell Kendrick, Peter Mortensen, J. J. Patterson (Bishop's counselor) and Frances Mortensen were arrested and jailed at Casas Grandes for ten days with no effort made for a trial. Finally, Edmund Richardson and Junius Romney were successful in freeing the men on one-thousand dollar bonds.<sup>17</sup> But for the oil poured upon troubled waters by President Romney and two Mexican officials who arrived from Casas Grandes, the neighboring towns might have clashed in a life and death struggle.

The oil, however, did not placate Cesario Gonzales who soon proceeded to carry out his threats. He was not a stranger to the Diazistes. His farm and that of Brother James D. Harvey, four miles southwest of Diaz, were separated only by the Palatada ditch. The two men worked together in harmony and for years Harvey had practically kept the Gonzales family in potatoes and flour. On May 4th, Harvey, unaware of the store incident, called to notify Gonzales that his horses had crossed the ditch into his farm, but he was chased out of

<sup>17</sup>From Family history by Abby Johnson Kenderick (unpublished).

the house with a pistol, and then around the house several times. Harvey's young son, Willie, hid in the willows and attempted to aid his father by calling the whereabouts of his assailant.<sup>15</sup>

The Diaz Ward records continue the story:

Harvey was shot three times, the last bullet taking effect between the eyes after he was dead. And then Harvey was beaten over the head with a shovel. Cesario then rode into Ascencion, but was never brought to justice and openly worked on his farm. Willie Harvey hurried to Diaz for help.

Harvey's three sons, Charley, Raphael, and James, heard the shooting from another field, saw Gonzales racing down the road and wondered why his family followed in a wagon. After finding their dead father, the three little boys had to wait at the ranch house until the posse of men arrived from Diaz. The Mexican officials finally arrived and took the body to La Ascencion in Harvey's wagon — Raphael and James doing the driving. After the inquest, the body was returned to his wife, Nancy's home in Diaz.

The deliberate murder of such a stalwart, kind, and faithful man as James D. Harvey infuriated Diaz to white heat. Would Gonzales again strike like a rattlesnake in the grass or would he incite trigger-happy bandits to shoot his nine other men during one of their almost daily forays through the town? A posse of grim, armed men prepared to ride after Gonzales and prevent him from doing either. But James Jacobson, Charles Whiting, Bishop Romney and others visited the men throughout the town before the posse was fully formed, and through their wise counsel and calming influence, the mob spirit was stilled and the crisis averted.

The citizens of the town, now united in fellowship rather than violence, each tried to mitigate the other's worry and to impart faith and courage. Each morning when husbands left for the field, after the family worship, the parting from wives was a bit more tender. Blessings are appreciated much more when they are threatened.

This new-found unity was soon to be taxed again by events following the death of Aunt Dorner, wife of Will Adams, who passed away July 3, 1912, (two months after Harvey's death).

Telegrams were sent to notify absent family members, and her son, Lorin, made an eighty-mile horseback ride from Pearson, arriving

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<sup>15</sup>Interview with one of the sons who witnessed the tragedy.

at Diaz at 4:30 a.m. Finding his home empty, he rested two hours before a neighbor, Parley Johnson, informed him that his mother's body was lying in state at the home of her foster father, Bishop William Derby Johnson, Jr.

Lorin's sister, Mrs. Edyth Parks, then living in Columbus, New Mexico, hired Arthur Evans to bring her to Diaz in his car. In their hurry, Evans failed to get the proper permit papers to bring his car into Mexico and the rebels, who discovered it on the way, decided to use it as a pretext to extort a little money from the *Gringos* (Americans).<sup>11</sup>

Soon after the party's arrival at Diaz, a group of six rebels rode up to the Johnson gate demanding audience with the American party. The rebels were very definite in imposing a cash fine upon each of the car occupants and ordered them all to make an immediate return to the United States. An argument ensued, each party vehemently defending its position.

Aunt Domer's husband, Brother Adams, a very fine and active man who knew no fear, attempted to negotiate and asked that his daughter be allowed a day in which to attend her mother's funeral and collect the money to pay the fine. This served only to anger the obdurate officer who then threatened Brother Adams' life.

Quick to note the danger, Edyth sprang in front of her father but the irate officer shot above her head striking her father in the neck severing the jugular vein. Brother Adams walked a few steps along the white picket fence then fell into the arms of his son, Lorin.

Alvin, the thirteen-year-old son of Rasmus Larsen, who had been sent up to inform the Adams family that the casket ordered for their mother was now finished, arrived just in time to witness this ghastly tragedy. He describes it thus:

That Sunday morning as I arrived, just across the street from the Bishop's home, six Mexican officers rode up . . . the sidewalk on horseback. Just over the white picket fence, Will Adams, his daughter Edyth, and son, Lorin, were standing trying to reason with the Mexicans. . . . They pleaded with the Mexicans to allow the daughter to remain one more day to attend the funeral, but to no avail. The officers became very angry.

My heart was beating so fast I could feel it in my throat. I wanted to turn and run, but I dared not move. I just listened to the throbbing of my heart. What would happen next? Mrs.

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<sup>11</sup>"Interview with Lorin Adams.

Parks moved swiftly in front of her father . . . the report of a gun, the slumping of Will Adams' body to the ground, and the clattering of the horses hooves as the Mexican officials retreated on horseback, brought an agonizing relief to the tension which bound me. But another Mormon pioneer had fallen martyr to his faith and my father had to make another casket.<sup>20</sup>

Another witness to the tragedy was twelve-year-old, Madge Richardson,<sup>21</sup> who fled in terror to the home of Elmer W. Johnson, Sr. for safety and solace. Sister Janie Johnson fainted from the shock of the bad news and her husband, leaving Madge to administer restoratives, hurried into the street to help his neighbors, but arrived only in time to see the armed rebels racing back to La Ascencion.

Adding to the distress of the stricken people was the report of J. F. Sanford, an American friend of long standing from Ascencion, who was in Diaz with his half-breed son, a revolutionary soldier. He informed Bishop Romney that the man who shot Will Adams was now reporting back to his rebel troops and had bragged that he would return with fifty soldiers and wipe out the town.

As proof of his conviction that carnage was inevitable, Sanford fled to the United States. On his way he stopped at the Dustydale ranch, called and waved to his friend, Elmer W. Johnson, Jr., then disappeared behind the mesquite brush. Johnson, supposing Sanford to be warning of the approach of bandits, whisked his wife, Annie, upstairs, thrust a gun into her hands, and said, "Shoot every fellow who sticks his head above those stairs!" and was gone.

Mystified, Mrs. Johnson stood her grounds for a few minutes, then went to investigate. She found her husband administrating water to the excited Sanford as he told of Will Adams' murder and the certain carnage that would follow and insisted that the Johnsons save their lives by fleeing with him across the border. Of course the Johnsons hurriedly prepared to go to town as soon as Sanford and his young son continued their flight, alternately riding and walking the one saddle horse.

In seconds after Sanford's warning to the Diazistes, the church bell called every Minute-man to his post and the threatened town was ready to meet an attack. Levi S. Tenney, entrenched with ten men at the gravel pit, said they could pick off the fifty rebels before

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<sup>20</sup>By kind permission of Kate Carter, *Daughters of The Utah Pioneers* (Utah Printing Co., Salt Lake City Utah).

<sup>21</sup>Sister of the author.

they could get one of the colonists. However, the entire town, though ready, was praying that a fight could be averted. Of this affair Bishop Romney says:

It was time to act so I decided to go over to meet the fifty armed men of La Ascencion. I got Martin M. Sanders to go with me and, true to the report of Sanford, we met the fifty men on the way to Colonia Diaz.

I got them to go back to Ascencion and told them they could hold me as hostage and their officers would be safe to go to Diaz and hold an inquest over the remains of Brother Adams.

The men took us back to Ascencion and locked us up in their grain house. They had no sooner left than I climbed up on a pile of sacked corn and fell asleep. We were released early the next afternoon and allowed to return home. Brother Sanders said he hadn't slept a wink all night long and was ashamed of me to think I could sleep under such a strain.

While Bishop Romney was in jail at La Ascencion, he penned a letter to his Stake President, Brother Junius Romney explaining the serious turn of events at Colonia Diaz and young Charley Harvey, whose father had recently been killed by a Mexican, volunteered to carry it to Colonia Juarez.

Already overwrought emotions filled Charley's heart and as he skirted La Ascencion en route, he relived the horror of bringing his father's mutilated body there and waiting hours in the street for the leisurely judge to make an inspection. These were not reassuring thoughts to occupy a young boy's mind on a lone seventy-five mile horseback ride through trouble-infested country where any minute rebels might accost him. His only consolation was his faith in a Supreme being, but even this seemed to wane as he entered the ghost town of Barrancas where the road led past an old two-story mill where, years before, Wesley Norton from Diaz had been lured to a brutal death by Mexicans posing as friends. Charley recalled the blood-splattered walls of the ground floor room where Norton had attempted an escape after his head was mashed with a rock. When the horse shied in front of this building Charley galloped on, grateful to be through the ghost town. However, upon checking his shirt pocket, he discovered that his important letter was missing and had to retrace his route in search of it. Finding it almost inside the door of the death chamber, Charley shuddered as he dismounted to pick it up. The rest of the distance he rode with the memory of three tragedies

gnawing at his heart while he faced the fact that some renegade could make him the fourth.

The message Charley delivered sent President Romney speeding to Colonia Diaz to help his brother in stemming circumstances which could develop into a war between the two towns of Colonia Diaz and La Ascencion. For Charley, the return trip was more pleasant because he made it in the company of Charles Edmund Richardson and Brother Tenney.

July 5th was a sad day for all of Diaz as they buried Brother and Sister Adams side by side in the Diaz cemetery, but especially so for the eight orphaned children, of whom Edyth was the only one married. Lloyd, the youngest son, being mute, but very alert and intelligent, was perhaps most puzzled about what was happening. Edyth took him back to Columbus with her to remain a short time.<sup>22</sup>

The violence and tragedy of events in the colonies only reflected that in the political events of Mexico. The Red Flaggers held practically all of the state of Chihuahua and General Victoriano Huerta was dispatched by Madero to check their southern advance. After a crushing defeat May 23, 1912, at Reilana, between Chihuahua City and Torreon,<sup>23</sup> Orozco, the Red Flagger General, retreated north covering his movements by wanton destruction of the railroads. A second defeat of Red Flagger troops at Bachimb, July 3rd, left Chihuahua City vulnerable to the Federals and Orozco moved his capitol from there to Ciudad Juarez, meanwhile concentrating detachments at Casas Grandes to augment the forces of his General, Inez Salazar. These troops were desperately in need of arms, horses, and food supplies, which they determined to wrest from the colonists.

The first demand for guns was made by Colonel Arriola, a rebel leader, at Colonia Diaz on July 12th, (some say it was De La Torre). After confiscating all the flour from the grist mill on the Palatada, he rode into town, stationed guards at the street intersections and surrounded the store. Gilbert Richardson was allowed to pass onto Main Street with a load of hay, but at the store a Red Flagger rode up and called, *Para ti!* as he motioned him to stop. Gilbert told the fellow he had no time to stop as he was hauling hay. At that, the Mexican jerked out his rifle, rode in front of the team and again commanded the boy to stop; then the rebels led their horses up to feed on the

<sup>22</sup>Later, Lloyd graduated from a mute school, learned to talk, read, and write and operated a business of his own. He married a mute girl and had a fine family.

<sup>23</sup>Cumberland, p. 197.

hay while they looted the store. Gilbert then had time to watch the antics of those left outside to guard the store. A half drunken soldier lassoed the top of a telegraph pole, wrapped the rope around the horn of his saddle as he rode full tilt and jerked the pole over, snapping it off at ground level. The cheer and merriment of his countrymen stimulated the "show off" to repeat the performance. However, this time the post held and he and his horse were both capsized, much to his humiliation and to the hilarity of the others. To off-set his chagrin he began displaying his excellent marksmanship by bullet-splattering the dust around and between the feet of one of his comrades, laughing hilariously at the dancing antics of his victim. However, when the inevitable false shot shattered the ankle of the poor fellow he was pestering, both men were taken to Ascencion — the one to jail, the other to the barracks' doctor.

Upon another occasion when bandits were looting the store, a smart-alec soldier stopped Brother Andersen with his load of gravel, then shot a pistol into the air as he poked the horse's ribs. At this the team bolted, scattering gravel and loose boards over the street as they ran. The driver miraculously escaped injury. Brother William Adams, an irate witness to this episode, ignored the guns instantly leveled upon him as he strode into the store demanding audience with the leader. "That is enough!" Brother Adams calmly but emphatically told him, "Treating that marvelous old man like that is the limit! I suggest you call your men off right now." Soon the rebels rode off to La Ascencion leaving their leader to follow when Brother Adams had finished his conversation.

As the soldiers, detailed to scour the town to spot horses, saddles, hay, grain, or other items vital to the army, rode boldly into corrals and around barns, they seemed to delight in shocking women and children housed-up and praying for the day when they could again live under law and order. From his saddle, one soldier leaned over and grabbed a chicken, then beheaded it by whirling it in the air. He then threw the head at a horrified child watching the performance and rode near motioning as if to grab the child for a similar beheading. The screams of the child and the ribald laughter of the departing tormentor brought the mother hurrying to the child's rescue.

While the soldiers rioted in the streets, Arriola entered the store and made demands of Bishop Ernest Van Romney that all the guns and ammunition in the colony be delivered to him the next morning at ten o'clock or he would shoot up the town. After posting an order

to that effect on the front of the store, he rode off to Ascencion, well pleased with his sense of authority.

On the heels of this departure the Diaz men gathered at the church, each in his own way voiced his resentment against the violation of his right to retain ownership of his own gun. Their conversation consisted of such sentiments as these, "I'll be glad to give Arriola the front end of my gun and all that goes with it, but he'll never get his fingers on the trigger end!" Another, "If Arriola rides over in the morning, he'll be surprised at the number of guns welcoming him from the old sand pit; if he lives to be surprised." Many men in the group evinced approval when young Lorin Adams voiced his feelings. "I'd feel a d-- sight better if lawyer Richardson would ride into town right now. He'd brave a charging bull and talk sense into his tough old hide while he eyed him down. Richardson has talked us out of many a tough scrape."

The next day at a council meeting of the priesthood holders, Grandpa Keeler offered the opening prayer. He seemed to talk face-to-face with the Lord as he explained the drastic situation of the colonists and asked for wisdom in making decisions. He also petitioned help for the poor Mexican people who were desperately in need of liberty and a stable government. In the discussions at this meeting, the safety of the women and children held precedent over all else and the men decided to keep their guns, through parley, if possible, by resistance if necessary.

Young Lorin Adams was then dispatched as a runner to report to President Junius Romney at Colonia Juarez the demands Arriola had made and the decision of the Colonia Diaz men to keep their guns.

He made the sixty-five mile horseback ride to Colonia Dublan by 9:30 that evening and reported to Bishop Thurber. While Sister Thurber whisked Lorin through a good meal and into bed for a short rest, her husband called a meeting where the men expressed themselves as in accord with the decision of the men of Diaz to retain their guns.

When Bishop Thurber called President Romney at Juarez by telephone, he was instructed to have E. W. Payne accompany Lorin back to Colonia Diaz in order to let his people know that the Stake President had gone into action.

According to the Ward Record, the two men arrived at Colonia Diaz at eight o'clock Sunday morning and found many of the people out to welcome them. In spite of his fatigue, Lorin remarked over a

sly grin, that this was the most fanfare Colonia Diaz had ever accorded him.<sup>24</sup>

Forthwith, Bishop Romney, Alma Frederickson, James Jacobson, Jr., Peter K. Lemmon, Sr. and Jr., and E. W. Payne drove to La Ascencion in a white-topped buggy to confer with Colonel Arriola. A meeting was held, but no minutes were taken.

In Colonia Dublan, immediately after receiving the telephone message about Arriola's demand for the colonists' arms, President Junius Romney and his counselor, Brother Hartis, set out in a buckboard to seek an interview with General Salazar, whom they found about eleven thirty, at Casas Grandes. Even though he had been awakened for the interview, Salazar listened intently to Romney's report, envincing great displeasure that such a demand had been made upon the colonists. The order Salazar issued to Arriola to refrain from molesting the colonists was hurried to Ascencion by Nathan Tenney who arrived in time to prevent the Diaz party from being arrested and thrown into jail.

The joy over the safe return of the committee from Ascencion with Salazar's rescinded order, which brought down Arriola's offending sign from the store, was somewhat dampened by speculation upon how long it would be before the order was repeated. Salazar's sinister demand upon President Romney for a list of all the guns and ammunition held by the colonists, they thought, was not too cleverly veiled by the explanation that it was to be used only in his search for smuggled weapons. Their conjectures received some substantiation from Brother Nathan Tenney's report of a rebel plot afoot to confiscate all the guns and ammunition from the colonists and to loot the towns of all usable supplies. The friendly Mexican informer told Brother Thurber that the plot was not to mature for ten days. This fact, perhaps, accounted for the Salazar rebuke to Arriola about the Colonia Diaz demand for arms.

In spite of the uncertainty of the future, morale at Colonia Diaz was lifted perceptibly when the people learned of the rebuke by Salazar and of the arrival of their beloved ex-stake president, A. W. Ivins, in Colonia Juarez where he would support and sustain President Romney. General Church Authorities in Salt Lake City, after learning of the rapidly growing crises in the colonies, instructed Elder Ivins to join the local church authorities in seeking Divine aid and in deciding what moves to make to mitigate the dangers.

<sup>24</sup>Interview with Lorin Adams.

Events in the district now crowded upon each other in such rapid succession that decisions, deemed wise one day, crumbled the next. President Romney, in his job as mediator between the oppressor and the oppressed, had scarcely time to pause between conferences and was fast losing rapport with Inez Salazar. He and Inez had practically grown up together, each understanding much about the other, but now friendship dissolved in the face of conflicting interests. The rebel party was caught in a vise which threatened to clamp on pressure, if not destruction. Federal troops under General Blanco and Colonel Sanjinez were marching from Sonora up through Pulpit Pass, which movement at this time could mean only an attack upon Casas Grandes — an attack which circumstances, such as the defeat at Chihuahua City and the United States embargo on arms to Mexico, had left Orozco ill-prepared to meet. He must have arms and have them "Pronto." His immediate source was the Mormon colonies and he turned the job of collecting them over to his General Salazar.

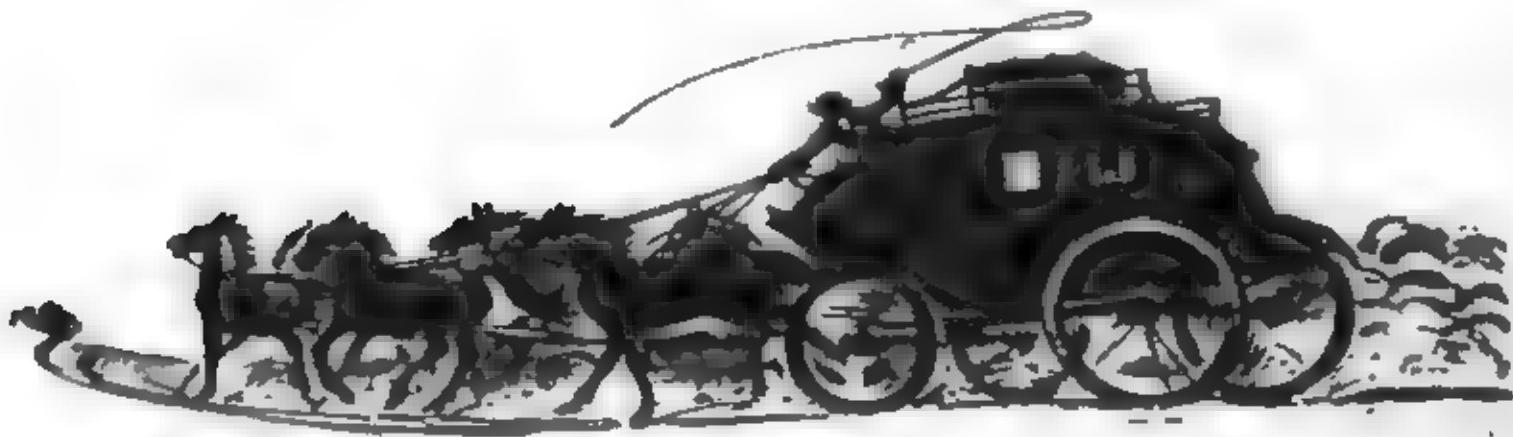
Immediately after receiving the restraining order for guns at Colonia Diaz, President Junius Romney left Salazar and called a three o'clock morning meeting at Colonia Dublan. Here the men voiced their feeling of accord with the Diaz men in refusing to surrender their weapons; however, they were much concerned over conditions in the district. Colonia Diaz was equally concerned. It was a time to try men's souls, for there was no yard-stick with which to measure intercourse with the rebels, not even with the leaders themselves. One day they might evince suave politeness and the next brutal domination. Through the religious faith of the Mormons, came the wisdom to solve many an incident that might have ended in stark tragedy for them. People were thrown into jail by one party and forgotten as far as the courts were concerned; another party evicted them, and re-arrests were sought when the party returned; lawyers were baffled because there were no courts in which to present prepared cases; worse still, soldiers began flooding the country like a cloudburst. Six hundred soldiers, under General Castillo, dominated the San Diego district, and smaller groups mushroomed everywhere. On July 20th, a crowded train of rebels under General Rojas and Colonel José de la Torre unloading in the stockyards, in Colonia Dublan's northern dooryard, sent Messers. Ivins and Romney to seek help from superior rebel officers to stop their wholesale appropriation of colonists' horses and saddles.

However, hopes of help floundered next hour when Romney received an order from General Castillo demanding delivery next day,

at San Diego, of horses, saddles, and any supplies necessary to the support of an army. At the ensuing interview, Castillo granted sufficient time to appeal to Orozco at Ciudad Juarez and Elder Ivins left immediately for that city. President Romney was taxed to respond to orders issued by rebel leaders and to set up interviews in his efforts to avert impending crises and dangers. Through Brother Orion Brown, the Mexican council suggested that, if the colonists were in danger, it might be wise to flee to the United States until the danger was past.

Some of the inhabitants of Pearson, above Colonia Juarez, also felt the need of escape and hired Lem Spillsbury to take them across the line at Palomas. For this overland trip Lem outfitted an old stagecoach of his brother's, in which 13 could ride inside and two outside, and set up a regular route carrying passengers out to the United States and returning with groceries and tobacco to sell in Mexico. It was quite an excitement to Diaz to have the six horse team dash up to Ross Beck's barn for a change of fresh horses, then gallop on again.

Perhaps the most difficult trip for Lem was smuggling out a group of 17 Chinamen whose lives were in danger, but he delivered them safely to El Paso via Columbus, New Mexico.



And then the world of the colonists exploded, with the vortex of the storm touching at Colonia Dublan. Salazar issued the shocking ultimatum for immediate delivery of all guns and ammunition or he would go into the homes after them and remove all restraint upon his men, allowing them to loot the town and ravage the women and children at will. During the council meeting to decide what to do, word came from the colony of Guadalupe, three miles south, that rebels were already searching the homes for guns and giving no quarter. The dye was cast! Women and children must be sent to safety! Brother Bowman hurried to El Paso to make arrangements to receive them.

A few people left immediately and trains were chartered to carry the rest out next morning. The collection of guns (old guns) to be delivered to the rebels from a central place was begun and a runner was sent to notify the other colonies to flee until affairs became settled. All felt and hoped that the exile would be of short duration. It was hard on the colonists to leave all they had, but they were lucky in comparison with the poor Mexican peasants who were forced to stay and face untold sufferings at the hands of both factions of the revolution in Mexico.

## Chapter XI

# THE EXODUS

*The prophet Joseph Smith said that the Latter-day Saints would yet be under the protecting wing of the Republic of Mexico; that, familiarly speaking, the Lord and Satan were, as it were, playing a game of checkers; the Lord had one move ahead, and the moves would continue to be made and we would be got down toward Central America: then a backward move would be made and the Lord would clear the board.<sup>1</sup> (The settlement of Mormon colonies in Mexico and their expulsion in 1912 seems to have fulfilled this prophecy.)*

The stories of the exodus of the Mormon Colonists from Old Mexico are as varied as the number of people experiencing them and if put together would form a saga of courage and sacrifice equaled, perhaps, only by the history and circumstances of their settlement.

### COLONIA DIAZ

On the night of Saturday, July 27, 1912, Colonia Diaz retired fully prepared for Sunday worship next day. The deacons had swept and dusted the combination church and school house, filled the dozen or so wall lamps with coal oil and topped them with glistening lamp chimneys. Homes of the town had received the usual scrubbing and cleaning; bread containers boasted fresh loaves of bread, savory biscuits, or corn bread, as the case might be, ready to supplement the prepared Sunday meal. Clothes were pressed, shoes polished,<sup>2</sup> and the children all had taken their turns at the weekly bath in the number three tin tub, isolated by a quilt draped over the backs of two chairs. Little girls slept uncomfortably on strands of hair tied up with strings, that they might wear ringlets to Sunday School. Teachers had polished off their Sunday School lessons by a final review and young people

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<sup>1</sup>Analys of Southern Utah Mission — James G. Bleak.

<sup>2</sup>Polish was obtained by dipping a wet brush into the soot of an upturned stove lid and smearing it onto the shoe.

dreamed of their social activities between meetings.

How far afield happenings can stray from their planned schedule! About three o'clock the next morning, July 28, 1912,<sup>\*</sup> after an all night ride, Levi S. Tenney entered the sleeping town of Colonia Diaz bearing shocking news from the Stake Presidency at Colonia Juarez.<sup>\*</sup>

After stopping at the first house and instructing Martin Sanders to alert his neighborhood to be immediately at a meeting with the bishopric, Tenney rode on to send Frank Whiting on a similar errand in the other part of town, then delivered a letter to Bishop Ernest Romney. The letter stated that the colonists were in great danger, as the rebels were demanding that all the guns and ammunition held by the Mormons be delivered to them on the 28th and were supporting the demand with ruthless force. The women and children from the upper colonies were being evacuated to El Paso and the Diaz people were advised to flee immediately across the border.

Since the bishopric were all young men they felt this responsibility keenly. But they were men of faith and they went onto their knees before the Lord seeking wisdom and help in directing the stupendous move. Soon the voice of the church bell, silenced now except for emergencies, clanged loud and clear through the morning air bringing men hurrying to the church house, jerking on a suspender with one hand while they carried a gun in the other, meanwhile breathing a prayer for the safety and protection of their families. At home anxious mothers peered into the darkness then protectively kissed the damp brows of their sleeping children as they prayed for their welfare.

After Tom Merrill left for the meeting with the bishop, his six-year-old daughter, Eulla, lay listening fearfully for the tramp of rebel horses galloping across the river bridge, near their home, for an attack. Fear mounted as she recalled a gruesome experience she had had a few days earlier when rebels were stealing grain from the very bin in which she was hiding with her four-year-old brother. As the moving grain sucked them down like quick-sand, they frantically clutched at the wooden shoots determined not to go into the sacks. Though splinters drove under their fingernails, all sound congealed in their throats to be sobbed out later in the safety of their mother's arms. After the return of their father from the early meeting, preparations to leave became a sweet relief to the child.<sup>\*</sup>

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\*Tenney's letter to the author.

<sup>1</sup>Interview with Mrs. Merrill.

At the meeting the message from Stake President, Junius Romney, was read and discussed and its potentialities considered. Every man realized the danger the town would be in if left unarmed and at the mercy of marauding rebels. It was decided that the townspeople would go overland, cross the International Boundary Line at the Corner ranch, some nineteen miles northwest of Diaz, and proceed to Hatchita, New Mexico. Plans were made for every man owning teams and wagons to take his own family and as many as possible of his neighbors who had no outfits. They were to take only bedding and provisions to last four or five days because all felt that the danger would pass after the rebel army moved on to its field of battle. Since the rebels might arrive any minute to demand the guns, a guard was placed around the town to prevent a surprise attack, and everyone was instructed to be ready to leave by ten o'clock.

After the meeting men hurried home casting about in their minds for some reassuring method of acquainting their families with the situation. But they had small cause for worry, for the reaction of Aunt Annie Tenney, so typical of her sweet self, voiced the reaction of most of the others: "We will obey authority and not falter, shed tears, nor sigh; rather go straight ahead with a prayer in our hearts asking God for guidance."

But time demanded immediate action and converted each home into a hive of preparations. Guards patrolling the town stopped to lend any needed assistance: perhaps greasing a wagon for some widow or supplying missing pieces of harness, a tug, a bridle, or perhaps a hamo-strap.

Tom Merrill readied a partly filled hayrack for travel by nailing a post at each corner to support side-boards, a ridge-pole and a canvas for shade. Bedding spread over the hay protected the people while lunch boxes and trunks supplied the seats. He dispatched his ten-year-old daughter, May, to invite two widows, Mrs. Favala, a Mexican neighbor, and Aunt Lizzie Maybin and two children, Martha and "Wee Samuel" to ride with his family. His son, Ezra, went to pasture to get the cow. Brother Merrill comments that during the ensuing trek, his was usually the last outfit in the caravan.

In the absence of his father, who was building barns at Lord Beersford's ranch southwest of Colonia Diaz, Wallace Johnson, son of Violet and Abia Johnson, was sent to the Dry Wash pasture to bring in a half broken range horse of his uncle, Elmer Johnson, to complete their team. Abia and Wallace, the two older sons assumed

the family responsibility until their father arrived three weeks later after driving overland with a mule team and buckboard. Jim and Sam Donaldson had to double up equipment to make conveyance for their families. Having just sold his wagon, Sam hitched his team to Jim's wagon, and drove the outfit, and looked after the families because Jim and his oldest son, Carl, were to remain and help guard the town. Jim had just moved his family into their nice new home, purchased from James Jacobson. Sister Donaldson, reluctant to leave, patted her new curtains, said goodby to her rugs, and promised to be back in a week.

Thirteen people with all the worldly goods they could carry went out in that wagon with Fanny, Jim's wife, seated on top of a steamer trunk. Since they rode without a wagon cover, Fannie's six-week-old baby, Clifford, became so sunburned that his face peeled for days afterward.

Andrew Andersen alerted his wife, Janet, and his two sons, Will and Hans, instructing them to take only a few days' supplies, then hurried off to assist his daughter-in-law, Blanch, to begin preparations because her husband Monroe, was in Columbus.

Into the granary, bursting with grain, Hans Andersen packed the cheese his wife, Mynoa, and her sister Mandana Richardson, had made, and nailed the door against marauders. Special treasures left at this home were two guitars, silverware, a camera, and a home-hooked rug with the words "Love at Home" done under a bouquet of roses. The occupants of the Andersen wagon were Brother and Sister Andersen and two children, Eliza and Lee; Mynoa and baby Zelda, and Blanch with her three children.

On the night of July 27th, Peter Mortensen and his oldest son, Arvon, camped between Colonia Dublan and Colonia Diaz with a load of merchandise for the Diaz branch of the Mercantile store. When Levi Tenney passed their camp bearing the word for the Diazistes to evacuate the town, Brother Mortensen exchanged a fresh team with Levi consequently delaying his arrival at home. But the preparations to leave progressed without him. His wife, Mamie, instructed their little girls to do the packing while she prepared lunch and provisions. The only conveyance they had at home was a hayrack — one balky mare. Brother Mortensen arrived in time to transfer the load to his freight wagon and found that the girls had packed little else than their toys: five dolls, a toy stove on which they could cook, a little sewing machine which really worked, little tables and chairs,

and their toy dishes. As they drove off five bereaved little girls were puzzled to know why a freight wagon couldn't carry toys.<sup>6</sup> Brother Mortensen took the responsibility of helping his sister, Mary Ann Andersen, whose husband, Will, was among those who remained to watch the town.

At Edmund Richardson's Dustydale ranch located some three miles northeast of Colonia Diaz, the rising sun found the calves all turned out to their mothers because cheese making was always suspended on Sunday morning. Elmer W. Johnson, Jr. and Alma Frederickson lived on the ranch at that time; Alma was filling his contract to develop an orchard and other agricultural products, and Elmer was managing the dairy. Aunt Becky, who had moved from the ranch into Diaz came down and spent Saturday night on the ranch with her husband, Edmund, and his second wife, Sarah, and her two sons Mark and Lynn. During their very pleasant visit, Brother Richardson remarked that the Lord had been very good to them and finances were now such that they would be able to relax a little and enjoy the fruits of their labors.

But the best laid plans of men sometimes fail and the Richardsons' hopes crumbled along with those of every family in Colonia Diaz. About sunup the next morning a runner, Rue Lemmon, galloped across the clearing to bring word that everyone must be ready to leave Diaz for the United States by ten o'clock that morning. He reported that the upper colonies were already on their way out. Then away he galloped to notify the Richins ranch people one-half mile south while Mark Richardson was dispatched to the Button Willows, across the river east, to alert the Nortons.

Not for a minute did Brother Richardson show concern for his property or plans. His anxiety was for the safety of the people and especially for those members of his two families in Juarez who were making the move without his help and protection. Becky's two daughters, Edna and Lenore, were in Colonia Dublan. He knelt in prayer asking the Lord's blessings upon all who were facing the problem of leaving all they possessed to flee to another country.

After instructing his sons, Mark and Lynn, as to what outfits to prepare for the exodus, and leaving instructions to the overseers to turn the cows and calves out to pasture and free all the hogs and chickens, he took his two wives and hurried to town, fearing that their young children there would be suffering from fright. But not so;

<sup>6</sup>Interview with Lu Mortensen, one of the little girls.

they were too busy making preparations to leave to feel frightened. Lola, age ten, spent the morning running errands and carrying Lamar's clothing to Sister Bessie Hardy who acted as wet nurse to the young few-months-old baby brother. Floss, age twelve, set about selecting clothing and bedding to pack and Madge, age fourteen, began making biscuits and preparing food. Her mother said she had baked enough biscuits to feed an army, the table was literally heaped with them. Sister Richardson had the girls take off their freshly ironed bonnets saying that she did not want to do them up again as soon as they returned. She also objected to their taking their dolls, but Madge got permission to take her doll's head along.

Back on the ranch Alma and Ruthie Frederickson hurried to town with their children and Elmer instructed his wife, Annie, to pack their things while he finished looking after the welfare of the animals as best he could, trying especially to provide water for them. Sister Johnson decided to leave most of her wedding clothes in the closet, but her husband suggested that she pack everything, as there was a possibility that they would never return.

On the way to town Elmer and Annie met droves of cattle, horses, and pigs feeding or worrying their way into the mesquite flats, now under the necessity of shifting for themselves. Not a soul was on the streets of the town. Familiar sounds were hushed — even the mocking-birds forgot to sing. Everyone was purposefully busy packing and preparing conveyances or carrying out his appointed task.

Back at the Button Willows Ranch, Mark found Sister Rosetta Norton Scott and her two children, Wesley, ten and Sophronia, eight, the only occupants of the ranch that morning all ready to leave for Sunday School in town. Hurried preparations made after receiving the evacuation news, were later detailed by an older daughter, Lucy:

We turned out the cows and calves, and a large fat hog (ready to butcher), scattered a sack of grain in the chicken-coop, set extra water out and sawed a hole in the door so the chickens could go in and out.

Into a tin tub we packed all the cheese, butter and eggs on hand, rolled the tub in several quilts and tied it onto the running gears (only means of conveyance on the ranch) beside a trunk of clothing.\*

Upon arrival in town at the home of her Aunt Celestia Ann Norton where her two older children had been staying, Rosetta sent

\*Interview with Lucy.

her children, Lucy, twelve, and Wesley, younger, home to get their Sunday clothes and what money they had in the house. They returned with clothes rolled into a tiny trunk, 1' x 1½' x 10", and with ten centavos in cash, (worth a nickel in American money).

As conveyance for the trip, the Norton brothers, John, George, and Aaron, had prepared a wagon and buggy. They joined the lineup on Main Street with Joseph, fourteen, driving the buggy containing Aunt Celestia Ann, her father, Brother Marble, ninety-years-old, and her daughter, Eliza Norton Johnson and young baby. The rest of the family, including a widowed daughter, Martha Holden and three children, Edna, John, and Mary rode in the wagon.

Brother Elmer Johnson, Sr. wrote:

I readied two teams, one pair of colts that had been hitched up only three times and another consisting of a good work horse and a partly broken colt. I drove the colts and my daughter-in-law, Annie R. Johnson, drove the other team. To make room for other people to ride, we had to leave the trunk of wedding presents, feather bed, and new carpet that she and my son, Elmer, had brought up from the Dustydale Ranch.

The James Jacobson family arrived in town from their Box Pasture Ranch in three divisions. The mother, Hattie, and children, drove a wagon loaded with provisions and other necessary articles, while the fourteen-year-old son, Willis, and his father each rode horseback. Soon after their arrival, someone remembered that they had left their dog, Dukie, locked up inside the ranch house. After receiving instructions to overtake the caravan at the Salt Lake pasture, Willis sped back the three miles to release the prisoner.

On the flat roof of the house where Willis climbed to spot the tell-tale line of dust stirred up by the moving caravan, he was delighted to find a pair of spurs which he quickly buckled onto his boots. But his horse, Snip, was not so delighted, for at the first touch of the spur he began a bucking act which lasted until he fell, landing Willis on the ground. Willis relates the story thus:

All excited, Snip broke into a run westward (the way I wanted to travel) with Dukie nipping at his heels at every jump. I tried to call the dog off, but no use. Away they both ran as fast as they could leaving me on foot. I had no idea

I would ever catch the horse for it was loose on the open range and not very gentle. However, as soon as Dukie got tired, he stopped, so did the horse, who stood dead still in his tracks permitting me to walk up and mount him. I have always believed this to be an act of Providence that I might be able to overtake the caravan.\*

Orson Oriel Richins' two families, of Rachel and Sadio, living two and one-half miles north of Diaz, were also pressed for time since they received notice of the exodus later than the townspeople. Sister Rachel soon had extra chicken on to fry and cake in the oven while the sons, Orson and George, sacked a few potatoes, onions and green corn from the garden. Young Orson buried the precious toy dishes of his little sisters' and his mother hid a pair of earrings, family heirloom, in the clock. That was such a safe place since the children were never allowed to touch the clock. But when Orion returned home after the exodus, the clock was gone.

Rachel Mortensen Jensen told of how she and her widowed mother readied themselves to leave:

Mother and I hooked up old Shorty to the buggy, put in a few of the bare necessities then gave our attention to the livestock. We turned the cows and calves out together, broke down the pigpens, opened the chicken-run, and watched the creatures gingerly find their way about. Our bins were bursting with freshly harvested grain, our cupboards full of bottled fruit, our homes nicely furnished and our loved ones buried out there in the cemetery. The work of twenty-five years had never seemed so precious, but we turned our backs on everything. We drove to the postoffice to get our last mail, and I remember there was a letter from my sister, Amanda, with a photograph of her first baby. Then we lined up in the train of wagons and buggies stretching south down Main Street from the schoolhouse.

As each family took its place in the line, it was as if the history of the town fell chapter after chapter into place to begin the final pages of the Colonia Diaz story, unaware, because the people all felt they would return in a day or two as they had ridden away. Only the stark, empty houses denoted the fall of the final curtain on the twenty-eight-year saga of work, faith, courage and co-operation.

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\*From the Little family history.

After completion of the lineup and at Bishop Romney's "go ahead" gesture, driver after driver spoke to his team in the side-of-the-mouth, tongue-clicking signal, slapped the lines over the horses' backs and they leaned into the collar, to begin that unhappy trek back to the United States. As the caravan got under way, apprehension and emotion muted the people and magnified every sound such as the cry of babies, the whinny of horses, the thud of their hooves on the dusty road, the rattle of chain tugs at their sides, the creak of the wheels, and the jolt of the wagons shifting their loads. In spite of the gravity of the situation, there were moments of unexpected humor. Once a young driver was thrown practically onto the lap of his seat-mate and as he apologized, saying he had just bounced over, they hit a mesquite root on her side of the road and she replied, "Well, now you can just bounce back." In apprehension and insecurity, little children cuddled close to their fathers, gathering comfort from his sinewy back and his confident hold on the lines.

Levi S. Tenney, delegated to take charge of the move, reports that about eighty-five assorted vehicles (Violet Johnson reported eighty-two in a newspaper article, and Gilbert Richardson counted ninety-six) loaded with some eight-hundred people drove out of Colonia Diaz about ten o'clock that morning in the most remarkable order. Levi Tenney, his wife, Clara Acord Tenney, and five children made the trip in a one seated buggy. The two oldest girls, Maudie and Hettie, rode standing on the axle back of the seat. Tenney reports that the caravan stretched out more than a mile. Perhaps it should have stretched farther because, in a forced stop, one of the young drivers, Gilbert Richardson, rammed his wagon tongue into a trunk in the back of the wagon ahead.

James Jacobson was put in charge of a body of scouts who rode out on all sides of the caravan to prevent any surprise attack from the "Red Flaggers." He detailed several scouts, Leon Jackson, Wallace Johnson, Arvan Mortensen, and others, to patrol the caravan for the purpose of spotting any trouble with individual outfits or any illness developing among the people.

Even though they were blessed in escaping molestation from rebels, that was a long exhausting trip with no stops for lunch or water. No one had thought to bring along a portable restroom, and nature's concealed comfort stations were scarce. The July sun beat down blistering hot on babies, children, women, and old folks alike, many of whom rode without protection of any kind. All but the

first few wagons traveled in a continual cloud of dust rising and drifting in ever increasing volume as the roads were powdered under the wheels of the passing vehicles. Even the cool smell of the chaparral wafted into the air by the stirrups of the patrolling scouts, failed to relieve the oppressive heat and choking dust. Sister Rebecca Richardson brought a cottlene bucket (lard pail with a set-in lid) of water and rationed it out to her young children, Elva and Vernon. At their repeated insistence that they were choking to death she answered, "Oh no, you aren't dying yet. People's tongues hang out before they choke to death." Soon both children's tongues were dangling over their chins.

As the day progressed, whirtwinds dotted the countryside, columning lazily into the sky or tearing about twisting branches from the brush to fling at the clouds. Turkey buzzards hung ominously on motionless wings searching the flats, and an occasional chicken-hawk squinted from the top of a fence post before rising on nervous wings.

After a time the older children, caught with a festive spirit, deemed the trip a lark, perhaps like a May-day trip to the grove, when the entire town participated. They fanned out on all sides of the creeping caravan playing tag, racing, and even singing. One child picked up a turtle in the brush and made room for it in his wagon.

But all were not so joyous. Ida Jorgensen, an eighteen-year-old orphan girl, reports walking much of the way to the Corner because of the crowded condition of the Sanders' buggy in which she came out. All she brought was a change of clothing rolled inside a precious quilt, which had been made by her mother. She says her face became streaked with mud as the dust mixed with her tears. Leaving both her father and mother buried in the cemetery seemed to sever the last link in the chain of her security and, with no place to go, her future looked bleak and desolate. However, from Hatchita, Bishop Romney was able to send her and her sister, Otilda, to Richfield, Utah where Ida found peace in mothering her uncle's seven motherless children. She later married a man named Ogervie and found her security. When she married, she took her uncle's fifteen-month-old baby to raise.

About six o'clock that evening the Diazistes crossed the International Boundary Line and made camp at the "Corner Ranch" near by. Eight hours they had been traveling those nineteen miles. Imagine such speed! They had made a little over two miles an hour. Immediate preparations were made for rest and food. The windmill

and tank of water at the ranch were a veritable oasis in the desert for both the people and the animals. Since a storm threatened, a few babies and old people were rushed into a small rock room there on the ranch while the men hurriedly stretched wagon covers between and around wagons in an attempt to shelter those who were exposed to the already falling rain, which soon developed into a terrific thunder storm. The efforts of the Norton brothers to pitch a large tent were hampered by the fierce wind, but people filled it to standing-room capacity even before it was anchored. Joseph Scott, age fourteen, and others, supported the tent poles and ropes during practically the entire storm becoming as wet as others who were compelled to weather it. Someone remarked that they had enough rain to wash off the Mexican dust of the day, though not enough to drown the longing for a speedy return home.

While the townspeople were traveling toward the Corner Ranch, Brother John Pierce rode the French Coach stallion, co-operatively owned by the Diazistes, over to Alamo Hueco to notify the line-rider (the equivalent of today's Border Patrol), Jim Robinson, that the people were there and wished to go on to Hachita.<sup>11</sup> Next morning, July 29, 1912, the line-rider and three other Americans arrived, but instead of sending the people on to Hachita, as expected, he ordered them to go on to Dog Springs, some nine miles west of the Corner Ranch to await word from the Government.

Upon arrival there, the wagons were drawn up in a four row formation with streets in between, forming quite a "wagon city."<sup>12</sup> The campfire kitchens were set up in the streets and people laughed and talked as they prepared the evening meal that first night at Dog Springs, a meal which many of them never ate. For suddenly, a boistrous bolt of lightning ripped through the black clouds which had gathered and water sheeted down in torrents over the territory drenching everything. In a matter of seconds streams of water flooded over the camp and things went sailing away; towels, pillows, dishes, loaves of bread, pots and pans. As Lorenzo Rowley and wife sought shelter in their wagon, the flood carried away their skillet spilling half-fried potatoes and onions as it went. Loie Richins reports standing in water half way to her knees holding her baby under one arm while she rushed her younger children under cover. A baby quilt she dropped was later found a half mile down the wash. The storm ceased as suddenly as it began and fires were built in an effort to warm up

<sup>11</sup>Interview with Moneta J. Fillerup.

<sup>12</sup>Journal of Rachel Mortensen.

the people and dry out clothing and bedding. The baby of Mary and Wilford Laws became so chilled that it was threatened with convulsions but they soon had it bundled up comfortable and warm. Another casualty of this camp involved Sister Julia Holden Whiting, wife of Bernard Whiting who was badly burned at a campfire, but recovered without serious results.

Before breaking up the camp at Dog Springs, a group of men consisting of Zeno and Abia Johnson, Kim Lemmon, Isaac Pierce, Frank Galbraith, and Rulon Peterson were sent to Hachita, New Mexico, to buy wagon covers, tarpaulins, and other supplies, and to obtain permission to camp at Hachita.<sup>11</sup> At Dog Springs Mr. Walter Birchfield, manager of the Diamond A Cattle Company, with headquarters at Hachita, let them take his best team and a large carriage to make the trip. He also sent letters of introduction to the owners of the other ranches through which they must pass to Hachita asking them to supply the refugees with wood and water.

Mr. Leroy Boyd, a foreman of the J. B. L. Cattle Company, sometimes known as the Alamo Hueco Cattle Company, with headquarters at Dog Springs, was helpful with wood and water and also killed a beef for the company. He had planted a water tank with fish and he let the men drain and clean this tank in exchange for the fish which proved ample for the entire Mormon camp.

As the refugees settled into their first resting place after the trek, their thoughts became concerned with those whom the hasty exodus had forced to remain behind. Great joy surged over the camp when Oriel Richins drove in one morning bringing the two young Harvey boys. As the three had been absent at the time of the exodus the entire camp, in unison, shouted for joy that they were safe. Since they brought word that all was quiet at Colonia Diaz, seven outfits were dispatched to bring out food and supplies. Some of the men who had remained in Diaz returned with Oriel — Hans Mortensen among them.

Jim Robinson now received word from the Government officials at El Paso permitting the refugees to continue to Hachita and they made their first night camp at Alamo Hueco. Mr. Birchfield's barbecued beef, prepared for the camp, turned his gracious reception into an evening of dining and dancing.

Next day, August 2nd, after a nooning at Cienegas Ranch, their 4 o'clock night stop was made at the Hatchet Ranch where Elmer

W. Johnson, Jr. arrived as a messenger from Bishop Romney at Diaz. And the following day, August 3, 1912, the company went on to Hachita, New Mexico.

They had arrived! But to what? There was more than one viewpoint. To some it was to nowhere with nothing but desert, heat, sand and dirt, high winds, no water and no shelter. To others it was a place to be together, to share, to love, to hope and to pray. But whatever the viewpoint, necessity demanded that everyone get busy whipping camp into shape.

While the Diazistes were making their long trek, critical events were taking place in Colonia Diaz. As soon as the caravan of refugees left the town, Bishop Romney called a meeting of the remaining men and boys explaining that they were left to care for the town and to guard the rear of the town's departing inhabitants. They then formulated a plan of action and apportioned the responsibilities among themselves. In humble prayer they petitioned the Father's blessings and protection over the people as they fled, and sought guidance and wisdom in carrying out their part of the plan.

Some two or three hours later a group of irate Mexican rebels galloped into Diaz demanding the rest of the guns which the *Mormones* had failed to deliver. They shouted that they had learned, on good authority, that there were many new guns still in the hands of the *Mormones*.

The men explained that the guns were no longer in town because the people had taken them along. As Brother Richardson who spoke Spanish fluently, talked with the rebels he succeeded, to some degree, in calming their irate feeling though they still threatened to follow the caravan and bring back those guns. Brother Richardson talked fast, explaining that if they went they would never return alive because the people were prepared and determined to fight. Finally, the Mexicans rode back to La Ascencion. What a relief it was to those Diaz men that they were not forced to follow and kill the Mexicans before they overtook the caravan.

Since it was almost certain that the order for guns would be repeated, the men stacked a few old guns at the home of James Donaldson and left his son, Carl, age fourteen, to deliver them upon demand. As young Fay Adams threw an old "Blunderbus" into the collection he disdainfully shouted, "Let them use that if they can!" As Carl surveyed the collection he began to have misgivings about how

the Red Flaggers would treat him when he offered them such a useless assortment of guns. He could almost feel them kicking him about.

The rest of the day the group was busy caring for livestock and locking them out of granaries, crops, and houses. They did not lack for food as the entire town was full of supplies. They ate watermelons from Frederickson's place, grapes from Van Rhoeder's. Garden stuff was found everywhere. From a pan of light bread dough, left unbaked at one of the homes, they made fritters, that is, they rolled out the dough, cut it in strips, and fried it in deep fat, then sprinkled it with sugar. At night the men divided into groups, sleeping in different parts of the town or in their own homes. The church bell would sound any need for assembling.

During the night, James Harvey, son of Sarah, and his brother Charlie, son of Nancy Harvey, returned home from a trip to the Boca Grande. The fifteen and sixteen-year-old boys had broken a wheel on the return trip and had to come home with a log chained to the axle to supplant the wheel. Because of this delay, they arrived home in the night after the exodus to find the town in darkness and their own homes empty. Frantically, they rushed to the neighbors to learn what had happened to their people, only to find their houses likewise empty. It was as if a huge sponge had absorbed all the people. They spent an anxious night together, more so because the Mexicans had killed their father only a short time before. Next morning, some of the men found the boys and sent them across the border with Oriel Richins who was making a trip overland from Casas Grandes to join his family.

On July 30th, a group of Diaz men from Dog Springs returned to town for supplies. They were commissioned to bring out some treasure for practically every family in the colony. Charlie Whiting was instructed by his wife, Caddy, to be sure to bring the trunk of clothes for their expected baby. This they had been forced to leave for want of space. He was also to get a coat for their young son, Bryant. Brother Whiting forgot the trunk and it was stolen by the Mexicans before his next trip.

It was a busy time for the group of caretakers as they attempted to manage the entire town. By the time they reached the Hans Larsen place they found an entire flock of chickens dead because Brother Larsen had neglected to turn them out of the coop. Later, upon inspecting the Jesse Rowley premises, Lynn and Gilbert Richardson

discovered a dead pig in the parlor where it had been trapped by a wind closed door. Lester Gruwell and Wallace Galbraith spent much of their time milking the Gruwell dairy herd and making cheese.

On August 2nd, five days after the general exodus, Bishop Romney sent Elmer W. Johnson, Jr. with a message and an outfit full of supplies to the Diaz refugees across the boundary line. Elmer found them at the Hatchet Ranch en route to Hachita. He was to return with detailed information about camp progress and welfare, but shortly after he left Diaz drastic changes occurred. A band of some one hundred and fifty or two hundred loot-crazed rebels from Salazar's army under the command of General Rodriguez charged into town like a sea of undulating horseflesh, jerked their mounts to a halt on Main Street, and surged into the store occupied just then by Bishop Ernest Van Romney and Charles Edmund Richardson. In twenty minutes the milling and shouting reached alarming proportions.

Alarmed and concerned for the safety of the two men, young Orson James Richins hurried across the street from Elmer Johnson's home, one-half block northeast, and elbowed inside the store. Here he found havoc rampant. Oaths cracked like whips over the two Mormon men held prisoner in opposite corners, while the soldiers waded through the store in unbridled destruction. With their swords they slashed pair after pair of shoes, stabbed hats and flung them at the hapless prisoners, ripped any shirt too small for them, and scattered groceries knee-deep upon the floor. Outside, they tied the ends of bolts of cloth to their saddle horns and galloped through the streets yelling and shouting as the bolts bounded and dragged through the dust and mud, unwinding in the process.

The rebels demanded horses, saddles, and guns on penalty of burning the town and a \$500 ransom for each of the men held prisoner. The Diaz horses were hidden away, but Brother James R. Donaldson brought a few old guns and after an explanation that they would need more time to raise the \$1,000 ransom, the prisoners were turned loose with the admonition to have the money ready next day or else!

The *Deseret News* carried the following account of this raid:

General Rodriguez' division of the defeated rebel army arrived at Ascencion near Colonia Diaz on August 2nd. They reported defeat by the Federal forces near Ojitas the day before. They reported also that thirty Yaqui Indians in the employ of the Federals had been captured during the retreat.

On the evening of August 2, 1912, a rebel Captain with a small armed force went to Colonia Diaz to loot the store. They took \$3,000 in merchandise and all the cash in the till, demanding more. They ordered the Colonists to have horses and saddles ready for their use on the way to the frontier post at Palomas. It is not known what their object was in deciding to go in force to Palomas but they declared that about one thousand of them would be in Palomas on the evening of the 6th.

In view of the overwhelming numbers as well as the threat against all Americans because the Americans had caused the rebel defeat by withholding munitions, the Colonists evacuated Diaz on the evening of the second after dark, leaving the town completely unprotected, not a white person of either sex was left in the colony. The Colonists succeeded in crossing the line before morning . . . all arrived safely in Hachita at 10 o'clock August 5, 1912.

As soon as Charles Edmund Richardson was freed he asked Orson Richins to go to his Dustydale Ranch, three miles north of town, and bring his son, Lynn, and nephew, Irel Richardson, who had been there looking after the stock.

Shortly after five o'clock that afternoon two messengers, Willie Young and a companion, from the church authorities in upper colonies, raced into town minutes ahead of Mexican pursuers. Almost before the message to flee the country was given the rebels grabbed the horses and saddles leaving the boys afoot. The boys also told of drastic things which were happening in the upper colonies of Dublan and Juarez. They said Juan Molino, who had lived near Dublan for years before moving to Casas Grandes, reported to Brother Thurber of Dublan that a plan was on foot among the Red Flaggers to torment the Mormons until a killing took place then things would open up and they would kill all the Colonists.

Quietly, and under cover, the Diaz men, including the two messengers, prepared to conform with the instructions sent from the stake presidency by the two messengers. Stealthily they collected at the Harvey home to get the guns hidden there and to organize their departure at ten o'clock that evening. Orson Richins and Lorin Johnson were put in charge of driving the munitions wagon and leading the Johnson burro. The other men were divided into three groups, some to drive horses, some outfits and the rest to guard the flight.

When the moon came up it shone upon the western sand hills in such a manner as to make them appear to be flanked with a cloud

of dust and the party feared that they were being circled by Salazar's army. Bishop Romney went into a huddle with James Donaldson and Edmund Richardson to formulate precautionary measures in case of an attack. Scouts were sent out and the boys in the ammunition wagon were instructed to stop the team, if need be, and prepare the guns and ammunition while the other members collected and prepared to fight their way through. Lorin Johnson was commissioned to keep the donkey from braying. When the moon was higher all were happy to find that there was no dust of pursuers and again they had escaped the necessity of shooting their fellow men.<sup>16</sup> Without rest they pushed on to the tent city and their loved ones at Hatchita, New Mexico.

However, this did not drop the curtain on the last inhabitants to leave Colonia Diaz. Before the town was evacuated, Lorin Adams had made a trip to Columbus, New Mexico to bring home his little brother, Lloyd, who had accompanied his sister, Edyth, when she returned home after the funeral of their parents, Will and Domer Adams. Monroe Andersen, Elsie Harper, and Rachel Adams, who had been working at Columbus, decided to return with Lorin and Lloyd. They found Colonia Diaz deserted and signs of pillage everywhere. The street and yards of the town were littered with furniture, trunks, clothing, feather beds, bedding, etc., and the streets were literally festooned with yards and yards of new cloth much of which had been slashed with swords and knives. Perhaps the crowning item of desolation was poor old "Benerito" sitting under a tree at Bishop Johnson's gate weeping in uncontrollable grief. The kindly old Mexican, who had worked as chore boy and gardener for Bishop Johnson for so many years that he seemed practically a member of the family, was also loved by many of the other Diazistes. He had been unable to accompany the family across the border but had decided to guard the home as long as possible; though his own future was precarious. Monroe Andersen's parting "Vaya con Dios" offered small consolation to the grief-stricken Mexican.<sup>17</sup>

Perhaps the last families to escape through Colonia Diaz were those of James Maybin and Erastus Thygerson, who were fleeing a second time after returning to work at Person. Bridges burning on both ends of the journey served to increase their apprehension as they traveled at night and hid in the brush by day on the flight to Colonia Diaz. At Diaz, a family of friendly Mexicans whisked them off Main Street to hide in Aunt Phoebe Lemmon's home on the eastern edge

<sup>16</sup>Orion James Richins interview.

<sup>17</sup>Lorin Adams

of town. Here they spent two days gathering supplies, killing hogs, and catching live chickens to carry out to Hatchita. Brother Thygerson reports that his house had been stripped of doors and windows, the pictures on the walls riddled with bullets, the floor covered with molasses from two five-gallon cans riddled with bullets, bottled fruit thrown against the walls to spew glass and fruit all over the house. Feather mattresses were emptied into the yard, presumably to use the ticking for tents or saddle blankets. Trunks and dresser drawers were ransacked and groceries destroyed with no thought of using them for food. Hogs, turned loose upon the town, were also doing a fine job of destruction as they broke into granaries and houses in search of food.

When Annie Maybin called at the vacant home of her sister, Loie Johnson Richins, she found that all of Loie's wedding dishes had been thrown against a tree and broken. Such wanton destruction of supplies and furniture much needed by the destitute refugees in the tent city near Hatchita, New Mexico!

The exodus did not spell "finis" to this wonderful Colonia Diaz culture and that of the other Mexican Mormon colonies, but became, rather, the means of transplanting it or grafting it into other communities to bless the entire church. It might be termed the meridian of that culture and be likened to February, the month between winter and spring which, though short, affords time to show love and appreciation; count blessings; and recall the harvests of all the yesteryears; a time to face the future with faith in spring and another harvest.

Like February, the exodus was a pause between the past and the future. It was a time to be grateful for multiple families, to cement love and appreciation between neighbors and friends, to aim at eternal progression and to face the future with faith and works.

## Chapter XII

# HACHITA

While the refugees were still at Dog Springs, they sent Rulon Peterson and Peter K. Lemmon to Hachita to send a telegram to A. W. Ivins at El Paso notifying him of their safe arrival in the United States and to call upon the mayor of Hachita and obtain camping privileges near his town.<sup>1</sup>

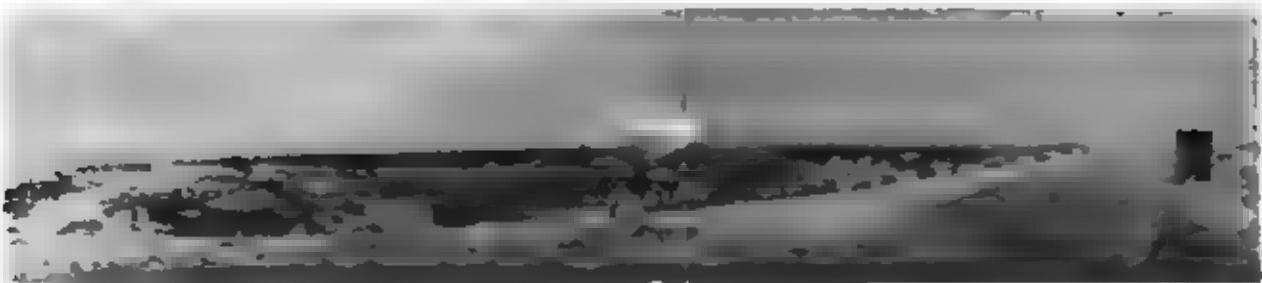
Hachita is a railroad town of southern New Mexico located in a large valley whose three sides: north, south, and east run in solitude to the horizon broken only by the smoke of a locomotive or a shimmering windmill. The valley was rich in "offbeat" beauty and was seemingly uninhabited, though the refugees found their campgrounds to be a paradise for scorpions, lizards, ants, and other curious desert life.

The inhabitants of Hachita received the refugees with mixed emotions of sympathy, prejudice, curiosity, and understanding. On Saturday, August 3, as Jim Robinson, the U.S. line rider piloted that caravan of eight hundred people through the town, the streets were dotted with groups of spectators, some of whom followed out onto the treeless, chaparral-covered flat east of town to watch the refugees make camp. Some of them remarked, "Those wagons belched people like rabbits." Many other remarks were made about the large families and some speculated upon the number of wives each man had. One little girl said, "Are you a mor-r-min? My mama say her don't like mor-r-mins." But on the whole the Hachita folks were very kind and the Diaz people were not subjected to as much public curiosity as were the refugees who came out by train to El Paso.

Soon after the arrival in Hachita, the men began clearing off the chaparral, short brush, and grass from the camp grounds. The wagons and uncovered outfits did not offer much protection from the punishing sun, constant winds, sand and dirt, much less from the persistent rains.

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<sup>1</sup>Interview with Moneta Fillerup.



HACHITA

Railroad town of Hachita, New Mexico — fronting the railroad track on extreme north the water tank from where the refugees hauled all water. Our tent city located on the south of town at end of street running east and west. White building with all the doors and windows is the town boarding house.



Part of the Tent City showing the government's two large commissary tents. The tall center poles help enclose a supply tent. Note the sparse amount of vegetation in the foreground. It could not even supply firewood.

On Sunday, August 4, the religious services were rained out, but it became a Sunday for rejoicing because the men and boys who had remained in Colonia Diaz reached camp about ten o'clock that evening, safe and well.

The camp presented a paradoxical situation for these people who had all owned comfortable, well furnished homes and over a million dollars worth of property in Mexico, and were now without shelter and could scarcely raise one hundred dollars cash among the entire group.<sup>2</sup> But, even the very aged displayed fortitude and a sense of humor. Beloved Brother and Sister Hans Larsen, perhaps the oldest refugees from Colonia Diaz, were cripples. Each had one short leg. He humorously remarked that they had more "ups and downs" than anyone else in camp. His ability to accept situations as they were is also apparent in the following quotation from a newspaper which published an interview with Brother Larsen. It also indicates a little of the individual losses sustained in the exodus:

#### AGED COLONIST GIVES VIVID ACCOUNT OF EXODUS FROM COLONIA DIAZ

Hans Larsen, an aged colonist of Colonia Diaz, and a pioneer from Denmark to Utah, is now on his way back to his former home in Utah. Larsen came to Utah in 1861, crossing the plains with an ox team. He lived in Woodland, Summit County, before going to Diaz, where he settled twenty years ago. Of the exodus he says:

'Before we had left and while still loading . . . we could hear gunfire in the distance, and it seemed to approach, so we simply had to get on the road. We turned our livestock out to run wild or be slaughtered.

Our granaries were filled wth wheat, oats, and barley sufficient to do us easily for another season. Two crops of hay had been gathered and baled and our potatoes were ready to dig. Our cellars were filled with bottled fruit and provisions for another year and all had been comfortable in our homes.

As an example of what we left, the case of my son-in-law, Nephi Thayne, may be cited. He was superintendent of a ranch owned by Lord Bersford, a piece of property comprising several thousand acres. Nephi had been a successful corn planter, and this year he had 500 acres of corn, eight acres of cane, seven acres of beans, four acres of potatoes, and three acres of garden stuff. Besides this, he had fourteen head of horses, seventy-five

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<sup>2</sup>Violet Johnson (news item).

head of cattle, forty hogs, twelve turkeys, and 200 chickens. In addition to this, he had a home and property in Colonia Dublan worth \$8,000 and more.

Our grain was in the bins because the millers had been ordered not to grind for the Mormons.'

Another newspaper clipping expresses the views of an El Pasoan who had visited the Colonies many times. He said:

'The Colonists have come from homes that would compare favorably with the best homes in El Paso. The older Colonies have many homes as costly and comfortable as the homes on Arizona or Rio Grande streets or other choice residences of this city. Many homes were supplied with private sewage, water pressure, acetylene gas or electricity, modern plumbing, and all conveniences. They were built of brick and stone and were not only comfortable but lavishly furnished. Mormons are exceedingly ambitious for their young folks and schools are always maintained at high standards.'<sup>2</sup>

Even before the refugees arrived at Hachita, the Church was busy trying to alleviate their sufferings along with those of some two thousand other refugees who arrived in the United States by train. A relief committee, of which Anthony W. Ivins, Orin P. Miller of the general authorities, and several of the Colonists, were members, was established at El Paso to seek financial aid from the Government and to dispense comfort and aid wherever necessary.

The appointment of Elder Ivins to the committee was especially advantageous and comforting to the Mexico Saints, as he had served them many years as Stake President, spoke the Spanish language fluently, understood the workings of the Mexican government, and was personally acquainted with President Diaz and some members of his cabinet. On the other hand, his membership in the General Church authority at this time, promised to facilitate communications with the United States government officials at Washington, D.C., if and when it became necessary.

As the committee began to function, Orin P. Miller, first counselor to the Presiding Bishopric of the Church, contributed greatly to its success through his profound judgement and his efficiency in the distributing of supplies.

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<sup>2</sup>(The clipping failed to note the name of the newspaper.)

As early as July 28th, President Joseph F. Smith sent a telegram from Los Angeles to President Anthon H. Lund at Salt Lake City, suggesting that this committee make all possible provisions for the refugees and that as far as possible, they be cared for in the ecclesiastical stakes near the Mexican Border. He said that the Presidents John Lesueur of the Maricopa Stake and Andrew Kimball of the St. Joseph Stake, had been requested to help look after the women and children fleeing from Mexico. The next day, July 29th, A. W. Ivins, of the committee, telegraphed Church headquarters that an effort was being made to secure tents from the United States War Department. They learned that the Congress of the United States had appropriated one hundred thousand dollars to procure food and shelter for all the refugees from Mexico. Of this amount the Mormon refugees received their share.

The government soon placed 500 tents at the disposal of the colonists and by order of Lieutenant Johnson of the 3rd United States Cavalry, 110 tents were dispatched to Hachita, New Mexico, on Monday, August 5, for use among the Diaz-Hachita refugees.

James Robinson and an officer from Fort Bliss supervised setting the camp up in military fashion with a commissary and several rows of tents making a veritable tent city.

The tents were poor accommodations compared with the comfortable homes standing empty back in Colonia Diaz, but every heart was grateful to the Heavenly Father and to the United States Government for these gifts. Even a tent could be made a home if the family was gathered there.

Pressure for the necessities of life forced the refugees to do many things. The very day of the Saints' arrival at Hachita, Sheriff Richards of Hachita, found it necessary to kill a Mexican who reached for his gun instead of throwing up his hands as ordered. Rulon Peterson, of the refugee camp, who accepted the Sheriff's offer of ten dollars to bury the Mexican, rolled the body up in a canvas and buried it without a coffin.<sup>1</sup> At another time the Sheriff killed a Mexican reputed to be the man who shot and killed Will Adams of Diaz. Will Andersen accepted the Sheriff's call for volunteers to bury the body for what could be found on it, and he got \$15.00, a good hat, and a pair of boots.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Interview with Willis Jacobson.

<sup>2</sup>Interview with Gilbert Richardson.

Immediately, people from the camp sought less distasteful employment in and about Hachita, some of whose people were very kind and helpful. Among those were the Dixons, Will and Jim Parker, Mr. Nichols, station agent for awhile, Rufus Fulkner, the Cummings and others.

The Diamond A Cattle Company, with headquarters for one of its three divisions at Hachita and another at the Culberson ranch near the border, offered considerable employment for the refugees. They contracted with Nolan Kartchner, a Colonia Diaz bricklayer and carpenter, to build a lovely home in Hachita for their overseer, Walt Birchfield, and several people found work at the Culberson ranch. United States soldiers were also stationed at this ranch and the Government contracted with John Maybin and Tom Merrill to haul wild hay for their horses. John hired young Willis Jacobson to do the hay raking and Ezra Merrill raked for his father. Some of the refugees delivered wood by the cord to this ranch. Peter Mortensen and his son, Arvin, freighted ore and loaded it onto railroad cars at Hachita. Robert Mortensen, assisted by his sister, Lucinda, spent his fifteenth birthday wheel-barrowing ore into the freight cars. In December Peter moved his family into a two-roomed house in town and to add more room he put up two tents. At first, some of the neighbors objected to the family evening concerts put on by the Mortensens, who were all good singers, but later joined in and asked for more.

Former Bishop William D. Johnson, Jr., absent on a business trip to New York at the time of the exodus, now gladdened the people by returning to them at Hachita. He set up a large tent as a gathering place for his family and also proffered its use for camp meetings and solemn assemblies of the officials. This was appreciated because church meetings were constantly being "rained out." However, the moisture was a great blessing in providing good grass as feed for the cattle which arrived with later refugees.

Not all of the Mormon colonists had yet reached the safety of the United States. After learning that a large company of men who had remained with the upper colonies were now making a forced march to El Paso through Hachita, the Saints were much concerned about their safety. When their arrival at Hachita was delayed, concern heightened and a party with supplies was sent from Hachita to meet them at Dog Springs, near the border, or if necessary, to go into Mexico with assistance. However, at 6:30 p.m. on Friday, August 9th,

the men crossed the line safely under the direction of twenty U.S. soldiers, who had gathered at the line, fearing they were rebel Mexican marauders. At Hachita, the Diazistes received the 235 wet, muddy, tired, and hungry men with joy and made them comfortable while the Diaz-Hachita men found pasture for the 500 head of horses and storage for the wagons and equipment. Then all turned their attention to a reception party where they heard the particulars of the flight and rejoiced that all were safe, and that Willie Smith's gunshot wound, received as they left Dublan, was now healing with no ill effects.

The details of the flight made an exciting story. The day after the exodus of the women and children from the colonies, the Federal soldiers defeated a detachment of rebel soldiers at Ojitos. The rebels then became more hostile in their attitude toward the Americans. On August first, a rebel leader, Captain Cavaro stormed into Colonia Juarez<sup>a</sup> threatening to kill Ponce and all others who had been implicated in the execution of a rebel who robbed the refugees on the way to entrain at Pearson for the United States. They implicated President Romney and bemeaned all the Colonists whom they termed *Mormones Cabrones*, the latter name denoting the height of Mexican insults. It was also plainly apparent that the rebels were dissatisfied with the amount of guns and ammunition they had received from the colonists and planned to do something about it.

Discouraging word also came from the men left at Dublan. Loot-ing was rampant and at one of the homes, looters had poked Alexander Jameson and Ammon M. Tenney in the ribs with guns and threatened their lives. Salazar in control at Casas Grandes, held Americans responsible for his defeat by the Federals and was in an ugly mood. Consequently, President Romney planned a rendezvous at the "Stairs," a strategic spot about seven miles northwest of Colonia Juarez, to gather all the men from the colonies and prepare for flight to the United States. William Shirl Black and David F. and Emerald Stout from Guadalupe, were with the Dublanites making the flight to the "Stairs," under the direction of Bishop Thurber of Dublan. Though it was a dark night when they fled, rebel watchmen soon discovered the men's absence and a detachment of soldiers was sent in pursuit. After the men returned fire, the soldiers, who thought the Colonists were unarmed, desisted pursuit, but not before Willie Smith was struck in the leg by a bullet.

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<sup>a</sup>Thomas C. Romney, *The Mormon Colonies in Mexico*. (Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, 1938), p. 191.

Before beginning the overland march to El Paso by way of Hachita, New Mexico, the 235 men effected an organization with President Romney as general supervisor and A. D. Thurber as commander of the expedition.<sup>7</sup> Anson B. Call had charge of six groups of Home Guards and Miles A. Romney directed nine groups of Scouts. Gasket Romney served as Quartermaster with Ed McClellan as assistant. George Romney served as Chaplain.<sup>8</sup>

The trek began at 9:00 a.m., August 8, 1912. The main column was escorted by an advanced guard carrying a white flag, four scouting parties, the ammunition pack, and the six companies of Home Guards. The main column consisted of wagons in which rode the older men, such as David F. Stout, Alexander Jameson, Robert L. Scott, and Ammon Tenney. The supply train consisted of a six-passenger coach, one four-horse team and wagon, and several pack animals. The ammunition wagon followed, carrying 221 rifles, nineteen shotguns, seventy-eight pistols, and about 2,600 rounds of ammunition. This, with 500 horses, would have been a priceless haul for the rebels.

Upon reaching Hachita, President Romney immediately telegraphed A. W. Ivins at El Paso of their safe arrival, and notified him that now only the men from Colonia Chuichupa remained in Mexico. Next day, all of the men except the few remaining to look after the livestock, entrained for El Paso to join their families.

Life in the Hachita camp soon settled down to routine work, to sorrow and sickness, worship and joy. Each morning the camp became a hive of activity as all set about their appointed tasks. Men hurried out to relieve the watchmen who had ridden "all night herd" over the horses and cattle. Several outfits filed out to cut wood and to haul it for fuel and many men and some women went off to work they had found in town. There were trips for Bishop Romney to make to and from El Paso and also for the men whose families were divided, part in El Paso and part in Hachita.

The camp plumbing consisted of two trenches, his and hers, one on each end of the camp, screened in by burlap walls which were later replaced by unbleached muslin. (When this had to be replaced, little girls washed the muslin and sewed it into dolls and doll clothes.)

<sup>7</sup>Stout p. 205.

<sup>8</sup>Interview with Omni Porter.

The captains of the Scout units were: Nephi W. Thayne; Loren Taylor; N. C. Tenney; Sam Hawkins; Ira Pratt; Ed Lunt; Omni Porter; John Beecroft; John A. Whetten.

The only source of water at the Hachita camp was from the large water tank at the depot which the kind railroad officials immediately placed at the disposal of the refugees. Transporting the water was quite a problem and water wagons splashed back and forth most of the day. As the men went off to work at various odd jobs they had found, these transportation difficulties increased until, finally, the little Richardson girls, Madge, Floss, and Lola with their cousins, Susie Jacobson and Iris Whiting, decided to set up a delivery business. Lack of horses was no problem to the little girls since they furnished their own locomotion by pushing and pulling Will Adams' four-wheeled buggy along the streets as they delivered the water. Sometimes the little girls imagined the train engine was tooting, "Trail-our-buggy! Trail-our-buggy!") but it didn't lessen the load. When asked if ten cents a barrel was enough to pay them for all the time and energy they expended, the little girls replied, "Oh, yes! We would probably have to haul it anyway."

While the men and the children were thus busy, the women pursued their new task of feeding families on Government-issued rations cooked over the campfire. Because canned salmon dominated the government supplies, they knew they would serve salmon and their families knew they would eat salmon, but since the ladies exchanged



Note the five tents of the Rebecca Richardson camp. She and her daughter, Lenora, by the washer, are ready to do the laundry now that the children have brought the water from the water tank. The water haulers around the cart furnish their own locomotion. Right to left, Madge, Lola, their cousin Susie Jacobson and two brothers beside the barrel and sister Verna seated in back of cart. Flossie Richardson beside Susie. At far left baby Lamar sits under watchful eye of his sister Edna who is also baby sitting for camp members.



Aunt Lizzy Maybin and her two children Martha and "Wee" Samuel. From here she built a nice home in Hachita.

(by kindness of Lucy Mortensen)

recipes, no one was quite sure how it would be dished up. There was the standard salmon gravy often varied with the addition of hot biscuits, salmon patties, salmon loaf, and the delicious salmon roll offered by Ruthie J. Frederickson. There were salmon salads, salmon and macaroni casserole a la bake oven, also salmon sandwiches varied with a touch of vinegar or lemon. Even the young people came up with good-natured suggestions, such as "Mom, why don't you make salmon short-cake or salmon ice cream?" But the people did appreciate the supplies sent by the Government. They arrived each week on the train and were transferred to the commissary. Some of the commodities were sugar, flour, potatoes, onions, canned milk, canned salmon, sardines, rice, beans, pearl tapioca and dried fruits such as prunes, apples, peaches, and raisins. Each family went to the commissary with containers and the supplies were measured out according to the number in the family.

Baking bread for some six or eight hundred people was no small problem and required the use of some of the limited supply of potatoes from the government for making yeast. Bake ovens were kept busy, most of them wearing perpetual caps of hot coals.

Finally Edmund Richardson bought his wife, Becky, a camp stove with an oven and she kept busy all day and far into the night baking bread for her neighbors. When her children remonstrated with her she replied, "I am the only one who can manage that stove. So let me bake. I enjoy it and it may be the last thing I can do for my friends." Consequently, the stove never cooled off and before all had left camp, the grate melted and fell out.

In a way the commissary also furnished amusement for the children. They melted lead from the milk cans to make play money, made long trains of sardine cans to be drawn by teakettle engines (the latter picked up at the city dump). When dried apples came in cartons, they cut out the beautiful red apples on the sides, strung them into garlands, and festooned their tents with them. Some of the children made a hobby of collecting soap coupons, caught on the bushes around the city dumps, though there is no record of any of them being redeemed.

Someone in camp had a little hand sewing machine which she rented out for twenty-five cents per day. One day Caddy and Julia Whiting finished up twenty-one articles of children's clothing on the little machine. Caddy also made several dresses for Sister Richardson, taking dress material as pay for her work. Rachel Mortensen was busy making wedding dresses for Lurline Tenney and Tessie Johnson, but for this a lady in Hachita kindly offered the use of her sewing machine. However, the wedding dress for Bertha Johnson, who married Douglas Harvey, was made on the little hand machine.

Misfortune and sickness also played their roles in the lives of the refugees. The entire camp was thrown into consternation one day when little, mute Lloyd Adams suffered an accident while inspecting the railroad yards for the first time. Not being able to hear, he stepped behind a switch engine in front of a switched caboose approaching from behind. The incident might have proved fatal except for the quick action of Hans Andersen, who jerked the child back in time to save him from all injury except a mangled foot. After an operation at the El Paso hospital, Lloyd recovered with the loss of only two toes. But he was so self-conscious about his foot that he would not go out among the people until his uncle bought him a pair of boots. Then, he went about the camp showing his new boots to everyone.

Twelve-year-old Ezra Merrill suffered a broken jaw when kicked by a horse, the break being so bad that the jaw sagged onto his neck. His mother, Mamie James Merrill, says she set the jaw, then had

her daughter hold it in place while she smeared egg whites over the face, which when dried, held the jaw in place with the aid of a cloth tied over the head as for mumps. Ezra's recovery was rapid and complete and he has never experienced any trouble whatever.\*

Of some other accidents, Rachel Mortensen says: "Alfred Mortensen's little three-year-old daughter, Trena, fell into a tub of hot water and was badly burned. And my sister-in-law, Lois Richina Mortensen, wife of Hyrum Mortensen, fell over a tent rope at the Hachita-Diaz camp and the injury she received contributed to her death later on at Deming, New Mexico.

Many babies suffered from the intense heat of the summer under camp conditions. Eight-months-old Lamar Richardson became very ill and remained so for many weeks. Each day kindly Dr. Thornberry of Hachita, who attended him, voiced surprise to find the baby still alive and recovery was long and slow. Sorrow and work, however, never constitute the entire life of a community and the Diazistes enjoyed their share of pleasure and joy.

Each evening the people gathered to sing, dance, and rejoice together. Often, people from Hachita joined the camp and they expressed astonishment that homeless people could be so happy and rejoice in that fashion. One woman said, "How can you do it? To me it would be the bottom of everything." Brother Charles Edmund Richardson answered, "Well, we start to build from the bottom up." Yes, to these people every tomorrow was a vision of hope, and they faced many tomorrows.

At the dances, the young people were certainly in a quandary. In Mexico they had been forbidden to waltz, but out here in the United States where other church members were permitted it, they felt perhaps they could indulge a little. But, when a young man gingerly slipped his arm around his partner's waist, she permitted it for only a turn or two, then slipped out of the arm and blushed, wondering what her parents would say about it. Finally, two of the boys, thereafter, complied when the girls insisted they ask and obtain the parents' consent to waltz; subsequently, they danced with clear conscience. These parties helped to satisfy the young people and keep them away from unsavory places.

In spite of the unfavorable conditions of their life, some of the couples who had been "keeping company" planned marriages, and camp weddings were arranged for Rue Lemmon and Tessie Johnson.

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\*Interview with Mamie James Merrill, the mother.

Earl Lemmon and Ivie Johnson, Edmund Galbraith and Wilma Laws, and Douglas Harvey and Bertha Johnson. At the wedding ceremony of Bertha and Douglas, Bertha was too timid to come out of the tent and face the crowd. So her father called out, "Marry her inside the tent then!"

After each ceremony, husband and wife walked out of the large tent amid showers of rice and old shoes into a very uncertain future, but they, as well as the other couples worked out a very successful and happy life pattern in spite of this.

Lurline Tenney and Fred Whiting, an engaged couple, were urged by some to marry at camp, but decided to carry out their original plans for a temple marriage. On the train trip to Salt Lake City, they were accompanied by Lurline's mother, Aunt Annie Tenney, Miss Hattie Galbraith, her mother, and Brother Frank Galbraith. The Galbraiths went to Kaysville, Utah, and after the wedding, August 21st, Lurline's mother left for Hurricane, Utah. May Whiting, of Colonia Diaz and June Cardon of Colonia Dublan, went to St. Johns, Arizona, to solemnize their wedding vows.

The exodus not only canceled the elaborate wedding reception planned for Beatrice Richins of Colonia Diaz and Henry L. Smith of Colonia Dublan, but also separated Beatrice from her family. She had been visiting in Dublan at the time of the exodus and fled Mexico on that crowded train for El Paso. However, her married sisters, Eunice and Lois, remembered to bring out the white satin material previously purchased in El Paso for the wedding dress.

The Richins family at Hachita were worried when the young couple set their wedding date ahead as no one had a machine with which to make the wedding dress and chaos defied any elaborate reception. However, after some planning and much reassurance from the people, the Richins entrained for El Paso to attend the wedding ceremony.

But Beatrice did some planning of her own. She took those yards of white satin for her wedding dress back to the store where it had been purchased, and asked to exchange it for a suit for her younger brother, John. Obligingly, the store made the exchange, and with the \$3.95 left over, she purchased a little ready-made dress to be married in.

The ceremony was performed by Bishop A. D. Thurber, of Dublan, in the basement of the Coca-Cola Bottling Works, where the refugees were housed. Three young brothers of the couple fur-

nished the only refreshments served at the wedding — one watermelon, purchased with pennies saved from selling papers. The bridal suite was prepared by hanging blankets over a wire stretched across the corner of the great room.

The following families were grateful to Dr. Thornberry for delivering babies for them at the camp: Winnie and Frank Whiting, Eva and Charles Fillerup, Lillie and Martin Sanders, Nora and Sam Donaldson, and Eliza and Charles Whiting. Sister Eliza Whiting said that her tent was brightened by a baby "just big enough to love."

As might be expected, the Colonists considered ways of retrieving some of the possessions that had been left behind in Mexico. As much as possible, trips into Colonia Diaz were scheduled for the time when rebels were absent from the district. Some of the first trips were made by Orson James Richins and Lester Gruwell, who foraged at night for furniture, clothing, etc. from the different homes. Often, when they struck matches, they were startled by hens flying into their faces, or pigs darting between their legs or tripping them over. The boys took their load over the line about sunup. They then slept while the people went through the load sorting out their belongings. On the third trip, it was rumored that the boys had been caught and hanged by the rebels. Although the boys returned unharmed, they were not allowed to go in again for some time.

Later, when Lester Gruwell, Wallace Galbraith, and Lynn Richardson went in for cattle, they spent the first night at the Gruwell residence and about twelve o'clock Brother Jesse Richins rode in after horses from the Richins ranch. He took Lynn and Wallace and drove his horses across the line that night. Lester hired Francisco Gonzales, a boy who had worked for Gruwells before, to help round up milk cows and cattle from the town. They left at daybreak to drive eighty-two head to Hachita. Thirty-five head belonged to Gruwells; some others were owned by Andrew Andersen, Jim Donaldson, Charles Whiting, and others. Lester says that since the men had no money, he was paid in thanks.

Another time, Lester Gruwell and his brother, Aaron, went into La Ascencion to hire Pancho Fernandez to look after their property. Unexpectedly, a band of Red Flaggers surrounded the quartell at Fernandez's home, captured the boys and marched them to their general, who questioned them about the whereabouts of the Federal soldiers. The boys anticipated trouble, at least confiscation of their

outfits and being set afoot. But to their amazement, they were set free with their entire outfits and allowed to return unharmed.<sup>10</sup>

Meanwhile, other Colonists were making return visits to Mexico. On about September 2nd, James Jacobson and his two sons, Kenneth [redacted] Willis, left the Corner Ranch for Diaz to round up cattle. Their only provisions, dried fruit and jerky, were carried in their saddle bags. After a night's ride, they made an early dawn arrival at Diaz and immediately began rounding up all the cattle they could find and driving them north to the Alamos Altos, where they were corralled in a large enclosure.

Next morning before the cattle were turned out, Rulon Peterson and Alma Adams, of Colonia Diaz, rode up. Neither party had been aware that the other was in the vicinity. They all joined in the drive, circling on the way to the Corner Ranch, still gathering cattle. That night, camp was made at the Monument Ranch, belonging to the Palomas Land and Cattle [redacted]. The men all slept in their saddle blankets. They crossed the line next morning at the Corner with some 500 head of cattle and drove them on to Hachita, where they were sorted as to rightful owners and then sold. Some of the colonists from Hachita had met them at the line to help drive the herd to Hachita. Among the group were Robert Mortensen, Otho Johnson, Bernard Whiting, George Richins, and Carl Donaldson.

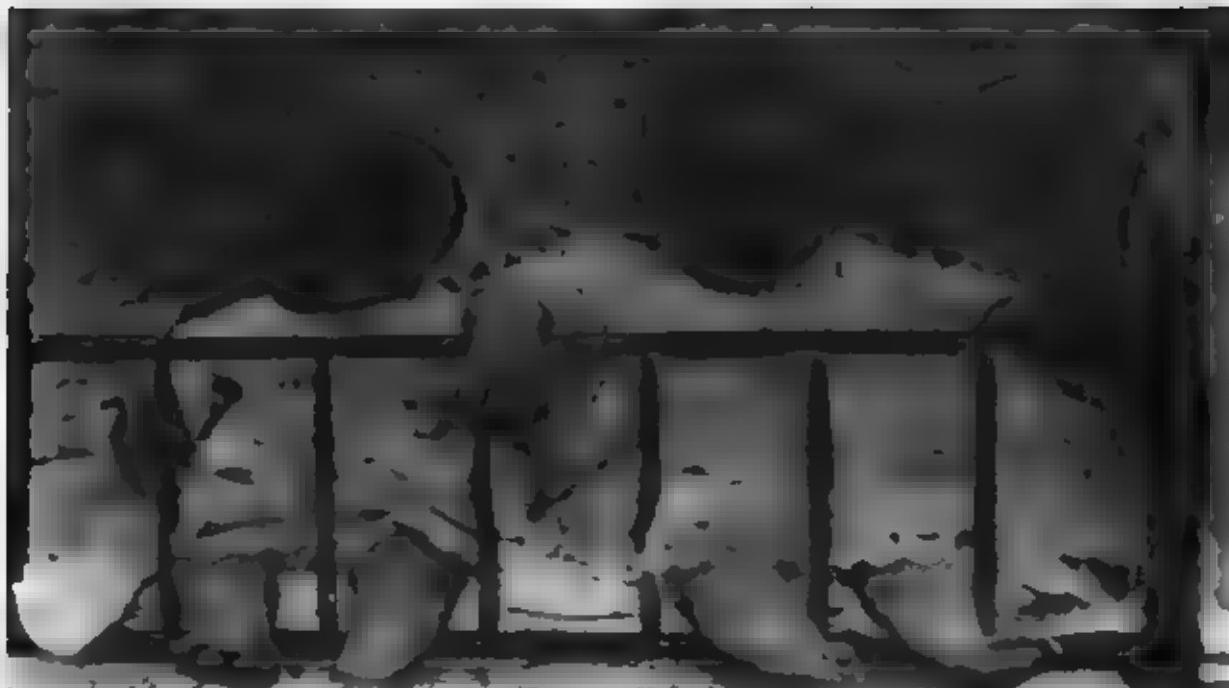
The refugees had been able to sell a few horses to the local cattle ranches and then, according to a newspaper article published in the September 9, 1912 *Deseret News*, the Mexican Federal Government appeared as a buyer. The article reads:

Bishop O. P. Brown and an attache of the consular office of El Paso spent the morning at Hachita selecting 125 horses from the Mormon band to be sold to the Mexican Federal Government. More horses could have been selected, but the horses brought out by the colonists were mostly work stock and not suitable for cavalry service.

Many of the remaining horses belonging to the colonists were shipped or driven to the new homes selected by the refugees to help in their re-establishment. But during the drought which occurred the following year, a great many horses, pastured along the border, became poisoned from eating the loco-weed and died.

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<sup>10</sup>Interview with Lester Gruwell.



Left to right: Enola Johnson (daughter of author) and cousin Crawford Maybin.

Before the winter set in, Elmer Johnson and James Maybin moved their families into twin apartments on the outskirts of Hachita, and Will Sanders' family moved from the tents into town. On February 8, 1913, Dr. Jane Keeler gladdened the Johnsons when she delivered a baby girl, Enola, to them. Soon after February, she delivered a fine boy, Crawford, to the Maybins. When C. Edmund Richardson and his wife, Rebecca, came from the Corner Ranch to welcome their new grandchild, they left their daughter, Edna, to assist the Maybins, and Madge to stay with the Johnsons.

By spring the only Diazistes left in Hachita were those who had taken root, but they served as a connecting link between the scattered refugees and the "deserted village" in Mexico.

Among the refugees, the hope of a speedy return to their homes ebbed and flowed as varied reports come in and were circulated. Upon three occasions, President Junius Romney and the Relief Committee formed at El Paso, were promised by the Mexican Government that sufficient garrisons of federal soldiers would be stationed in northern Chihuahua to insure the safe return of refugees to their homes. The Mexican Consul at El Paso gave the first guarantee and volunteered also to influence the governor of Chihuahua to return horses and firearms confiscated from the Hachita-Diaz refugees.<sup>11</sup> On August 24th,

<sup>11</sup>Romney, p. 201-202.

General Tellez at Ciudad Juarez gave equal assurance of garrisoned protection and on September 6th, General Huerta spoke out. He promised garrisons of Cavalry troops at La Ascencion, Janos, and Palomas sufficient to ensure a safe return to the Colonies of Diaz, Juarez, and Dublan by September 11th.<sup>12</sup> However, Brothers Farnsworth, Taylor, and Harris, sent in to investigate conditions, found wanton destruction in the upper colonies and reported that General Sanjinez advised against an immediate return, as the country was infested with rebels and the Federal troops might at any moment be withdrawn.

Next day Charles Edmund Richardson, returning from a trip into Colonia Diaz, reported to the safety committee in El Paso and to the Diaz-Hachita camp that every house in Colonia Diaz, except one, had been looted of practically everything of value. Chairs had been pulled to pieces to salvage the rounds for use as bars at the windows of Mexican homes; pitcher pumps had been pulled up and carried away; crops destroyed and cattle wantonly shot down. To make matters worse, rebels still infested the country.

But jaded hopes were revived again about the middle of September by a signed resolution from the Stake Presidency suggesting that conditions in the Casas Grandes district favored the return of a few men to care for cattle and crops. The presence of Federal soldiers garrisoned at Casas Grandes, Pearson, La Ascencion, and Guzman, with a detachment of 155 soldiers en route from Guzman to Palomas had discouraged rebel occupation and activities.<sup>13</sup>

However, a few days later, Bishop A. D. Thurber, of Dublan, reported Rebel activities in the district and that they had kidnapped Demar Bowman and were holding him for a \$1,000 ransom.<sup>14</sup> Soon Josiah Spencer brought word that Pancho Miranda acknowledged his inability to control the men under him and that rumors were current that the Liberals were intent upon killing the Mormons or keeping them out. Such reports disconcerted the people, but the visit of A. W. Ivins, their beloved ex-stake President, brought an upsurge of hope to the Diaz-Hachita Saints. Had he, as a Prophet of the Lord, advised a return to their homes and mission, their faith would have demanded compliance in spite of uncertain conditions. But, his advice was different.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid., p. 209.

As they stood together, the Apostle and the people, under the open skies of Hatchita, his heart yearned toward them as he advised them to seek work and shelter and make themselves comfortable in this land, at least for the winter. He asked the blessings of the Lord upon them and then prophesied great blessings upon Mexico and her people.

In view of the above instructions, many people began making preparations to accept the offer of the United States Government to furnish tickets for transportation to any point within the United States where the refugees desired to seek homes. Although all were grateful to the government, it was hard for those thrifty people to accept a ticket marked "charity."

On August 21st, the camp staged a big farewell party, at which dinner was served on long tables and was followed by a nice program and a dance. However, these festivities had a deep undercurrent of dread, because of the pending separation. Many of the people still felt duty bound to the Mexican mission and the ecclesiastical positions they held therein.

Anticipating this latter feeling, the Church presidency, Joseph F. Smith, Anthony H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose, issued a proclamation dissolving the Juarez Stake and thereby releasing all officers. The proclamation was published in the *Deseret News* of October 12, 1912. One pertinent paragraph read: "The Juarez Stake and Ward officers and members, one and all, may consider themselves honorably released from any further sense of duty to remain in Mexico."

After this release, all could leave with a clear conscience, but in the course of time farewells became a sad experience, separating families and friends of long standing. Some forty-five or fifty people left to go to relatives in Idaho, Utah and California. Fourteen-year-old Lu Mortensen testifies that she became positively ill everytime she heard a train whistle, because it meant that more of her friends would be leaving. Rachel Mortensen's diary tells a little of how most families felt at the separation:

Bidding our friends good-by. Mother and I boarded the train with Blanch and Monroe Andersen and their three babies, for El Paso, Texas. Mother and I to continue on to Globe, Arizona, where my brother Andrew was working. We left behind us at Hatchita, my brother, Joseph Mortensen, his wife, Cora, and their family of four children, ranging in age from sixteen years to a few months; and my brother Alfred, with his wife.

Lucy, and eight children ranging from fifteen years to five months. My unmarried brother, Hans, also remained in Hachita to care for the horses, wagons, and other things we had brought from home, until we could find a place to settle.

About this time Janey Johnson and her daughter, Nita, left for Idaho Falls, leaving her husband, E. W. Johnson, Sr., and her two sons, Elmer and Lorin, at Hachita. His second wife, Aunt Julia and her daughters, Elma and Fern, left to go to Oregon to her brother, Joel Hills Orton.

At one time, in Diaz, when Bishop Johnson was thinking of the problem of intermarriages between families in small, isolated communities, he made the remark that it would be a good thing if the population of Colonia Diaz was scattered over the entire United States and this is what literally happened.

Violet Johnson, wife of Abia Johnson, spent the winter in Tooele, Utah with her brother, James Bevan, the druggist. Here her two sons found work in the smelter, where one of them, Abia, was killed in a machine accident. Amy Teressa Richardson and family found refuge with her sister at Ramah, Arizona. At Thanksgiving time her daughter, Mynoa, joined her husband, Hans Andersen, at El Paso, then entrained for Logan, Utah. St. John, Arizona claimed Verona Whiting and her younger children, while her husband, Charles, and wife, Eliza set up farming at Franklin, Arizona in cooperation with Verona's son, Charlie, and family. They remained near the border to care for livestock and to be ready in case a return to Colonia Diaz became possible. Here, misfortune struck again when Eliza's home was destroyed by fire.

Like Charles Whiting, many of the other refugees chose to settle near the border to nurse their hopes and salvage what they could from Mexico.

At Columbus, Ernest Van Romney and Peter K. Lemmon, Jr., opened a mercantile business; Alma Frederickson began a public utility service; Abner and Jane Keeler proved up on a homestead while she doctored and practiced mid-wifery. James Jacobson built a home here from which he and his sons, Kenneth and Willis, made trips into Mexico to buy and run cattle. Several other families settled at Columbus, New Mexico, among whom were Charlesetta Johnson and sons, Otho and Roy, and Tessie and Rue Lemmon. Martin Sanders settled farther in the states in Duncan, Arizona, and Martin Jorgensen took his family and his sister, Lizzie, to Safford, Arizona. Aunt Sarah

Richardson and sons, Mark and Lynn, moved to Snowflake, where she had a home left to her from her father's estate.

Sister Jane Rowley, wife of Parley Johnson, took her family to Blanding, Utah. With her were her two daughters, who subsequently married Charlie and Douglas Harvey; her daughter, Eva, who married Charles Fillerup, principal of the Diaz school; her son, Delbert, and his wife, Bertha Andersen Johnson; and her daughter, Lucy, wife of Julian Laws. Accompanying them were Wilford Laws and his wife, Mary Peterson Laws, and Edmund Galbraith and his wife, Wilma Laws Galbraith. Jesse and Alice Jackson Richins proved up on a dry farm at Oakley, Idaho, which they later sold and moved to Twin Falls, where he was made Stake President. His mother, Agnes Richins, and his brother, John, went to Provo with her daughter, Eunice, and her husband, James Rowley.

Orville Gruwell and Elmer W. Johnson, Sr., chartered a railroad car and shipped their horses to Blackfoot, Idaho, near where the Gruwells settled. Brother Johnson rode and drove his teams overland to Idaho Falls, where he, Andrew Kenderick and wife, S. E. Birchmore Kenderick, and the Johnson sons-in-law, William Shirl Black, and Burrell Kenderick, took up dry farms. Since they all built homes in the adjoining corners of the homesteads, it made a cozy and profitable arrangement. Later, his son, Elmer, and wife, Annie Richardson Johnson,<sup>13</sup> proved up on a tract adjoining the others. This was afterward sold and the proceeds invested in a nice home near Ogden, Utah.

Among the few who were now left at Hachita to look after interests and seek work were James and Sam Donaldson and Mony Adams, each of whom bought ranches and successfully ran cattle. Mony is reputed to have died wealthy. Will and Nora Lemmon Sanders lived at Hachita, and worked for the Diamond Cattle Company. Elmer Johnson, Jr., worked in Hachita with his uncle, Abia Johnson, on several building contracts, while Jim Maybin was filling a contract to haul wild hay to the Culverson Ranch, and Peter Mortensen hauled freight to the train.

Aunt Lizzy Maybin put down roots by buying a lot near Hachita and pitching on it the large tent she bought of Bishop Johnson.<sup>14</sup> She supported herself and two children, Martha and "Wee" Samuel, by doing practical nursing and also conducting a laundry in her own home. For this "Wee" Samuel hauled the water in a little express

<sup>13</sup>The Author

<sup>14</sup>Interview with William Derby Johnson.

wagon. In later years, her son-in-law, Leo Mortensen, attempted to pipe the water into her house, but she refused to have it done, saying it would rob her work of its joy. It was always a joy to call on Aunt Lizzy, listen to her musical Scottish brogue, and partake of her cheerfulness. None left her disheartened.

The deep appreciation of the refugees of the Diaz flight and the Latter-day Saint Church to the United States Government for its assistance and concern was expressed in a Christmas greeting from the Church Presidency, published in the *Deseret News* of December 21, 1912.

In the Mexican uprising, the Mormon refugees have been accorded their full share of the generous appropriations made by Congress for the shelter and sustenance of Americans driven from their possessions and for their transportation to points where they could be secure and be with relatives and friends and find means of support. The wise policy of the administration in dealing with the questions arising, in maintaining proper relations with the Mexican Republic, under the revolutionary outbreak, endangering the lives and property of Americans residing there, is worthy of all praise and is duly appreciated by our friends, who have escaped from threatened Horrors and dangers. While deprived for a time of their homes and other fruits of their toil, they have yet cause for gratitude to God and their country in their salvation from greater possible evils. The ready response of their co-religionists calls for help and the facility with which the great majority of the colonists have temporary or permanent abiding places, speak forcibly in commendation of the good counsel and loving care of the leading men in time of danger, and the splendid system of our Church organization.

## Chapter XIII

# POST EXODUS

The exodus from Colonia Diaz in 1912 and the subsequent dispersion of the people from the camp at Hatchita, New Mexico, was the fountain of many strange experiences of the colonists — experiences which, otherwise, would have been highly improbable. They were suddenly no longer members of a united minority group in a foreign land with events shared equally by all. They found employment in businesses they had only read about before this disruption of their lives; they married companions they would never have met in Mexico.

Homesteading in New Mexico was inevitable for these men of the soil who soon found employment near the border, hoping for a possible return to Diaz, but who grew restless for land as the time drifted by. Consequently, when Charles E. Richardson learned from



Home of James (Jimmy) Jacobson built at Columbus, New Mexico during the winter of 1912 after the exodus July 28, 1912. It was later sold to Peter K. Lemmon, Jr.

good authority that the area near the New Mexican border was still open for homesteading, the following brethren filed papers and made the required improvements: Orson O. Richins, Miles and John Pierce, Aaron Gruwell, Andy Peterson, Bernard Whiting, Milton and Burton Jensen, Erastus Thygerson, Charles Conover, Jess Taylor and D. F. Stout. Those filing for land near the town of Hachita were: James, Sam, and Carl Donaldson and Monie Adams.

From Mr. Booker, a wealthy landowner, Charles E. Richardson bought a three mile square piece of land containing the Corner Ranch which consisted of a rock room with a nearby windmill and water tank. The ranch was located in the southwest corner of New Mexico where the boundary line breaks its east-west direction to run north some thirty miles to the southwest corner of Luna County, New Mexico. It might be described as the lowest point of the Gadsden Purchase.

Richardson added another rock room to the building and as soon as possible moved his family onto the ranch. Of her move Rebecca, his wife, writes:

When we left the Tent City at Hachita on February 1, 1913, we moved back to the Corner Ranch near Dog Springs. Edmund was away so I, with my six girls and two little boys, made the move alone with our two wagons. My baby, Lamar, was sick at the time, so it was a worry to travel with him. It took part of two days to make the trip.

The house we moved into had been a real bachelor hall filled with saddles, harness and dirty dishes. The two rooms were well filled even with my own family but since the place proved to be a house by the side of the road, we were never without company. People, going and coming from Old Mexico and waiting at the ranch to get located elsewhere, were our most frequent guests. To accommodate them, we built three more large rock rooms and pitched Government tents until the ranch looked like a young town. At one time besides my family, I had Edmund Wilford, son of my husband's first wife, Sadie; Mark and Lynn, sons of second wife Sarah; Martell, Fay, and Lloyd Adams, nephews of Sadie's as well as Sadie's mother, Mary Adams who was seventy-five years old; (nine-year-old Lloyd was a deaf-mute); Charles Conover and Jess Taylor, sons-in-law of Edmund's; and a Mexican convert from Mexico City, Señor Joel Morales. We did the washing for all these folks by hand.

Cooking was done wholesale. We baked from eight to sixteen loaves of bread daily and cooked great pots of beans,

hominy, Danish sweet-soup, and made stews filled with Danish dumplings.

Once when someone asked if the work wasn't too hard, my daughter answered, "Oh no. When you're doing it for someone you love, work becomes easier. And besides, everyone else is working too."

Before I arrived, Sadie had been at the ranch and later Edmund brought Daisie, a fourth wife, from El Paso to Hachita by train and took her overland to the ranch. We planned on being all together again here but some of the cowboys, who objected to Mormon nesters in the district, threatened to arrest Edmund for white slavery (because he brought his own wife across the state boundary line), so Sadie and Daisy went back to their homes in Colonia Juarez for a time to look after things and bottle fruit. By this time, many people had returned to the Upper Colonies of Juarez and Dublan. Diaz remained uninhabited.<sup>1</sup>

During this time, David F. Stout, father of Daisy and one time counselor to Bishop Johnson of Colonia Diaz, took up squatter's rights, September 25, 1913, on a piece of land adjoining Richardson on the west. He speaks of the difficulties encountered in this venture:

Disadvantages at the homestead were many. Water for all uses had to be hauled one-half mile from the Richardson windmill. Tents were the only protection from the wind, sand, and rain. Firewood had to be hauled from long distances. Hachita, forty miles away, was the nearest town with a post office and store. Hauling posts, fencing, clearing land, hauling rock, all needed to be done at the same time. It was pioneer life in its original colors.<sup>2</sup>

These Mormon ranchers maintained an atmosphere strange to their ranch neighbors, for they held religious services every Sunday where the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was taught. There was no smoking, drinking or profanity among the people, and family prayers were held each morning and evening. A grade school taught by Professor Elmer W. Johnson Jr.,<sup>3</sup> was begun October 31, 1913, and was held in a tent until a schoolroom was finished. The eight pupils were: Madge, Floss, Lola and Elva, daughters of Rebecca

<sup>1</sup>The Corner Ranch sold in 1964 for three million dollars. The Richardsons left the ranch in 1915.

<sup>2</sup>Wayne D. Stout, *Our Pioneer Ancestors*, (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1944).

<sup>3</sup>Husband to the author.

Richardson; David, son of Daisy Richardson who had returned from Juarez; Ether Richins, son of Rachel and O. O. Richins; and two Stout children. When these pupils later entered public school, they were advanced a grade ahead. On March 2, 1914, Elmer moved his wife, Annie Richardson Johnson<sup>1</sup> and baby, Enola, to Thatcher, Arizona, where he planned to attend the Gila College after completing a surveying contract with the government. Lenore, daughter of Rebecca taught the school another month or six weeks.

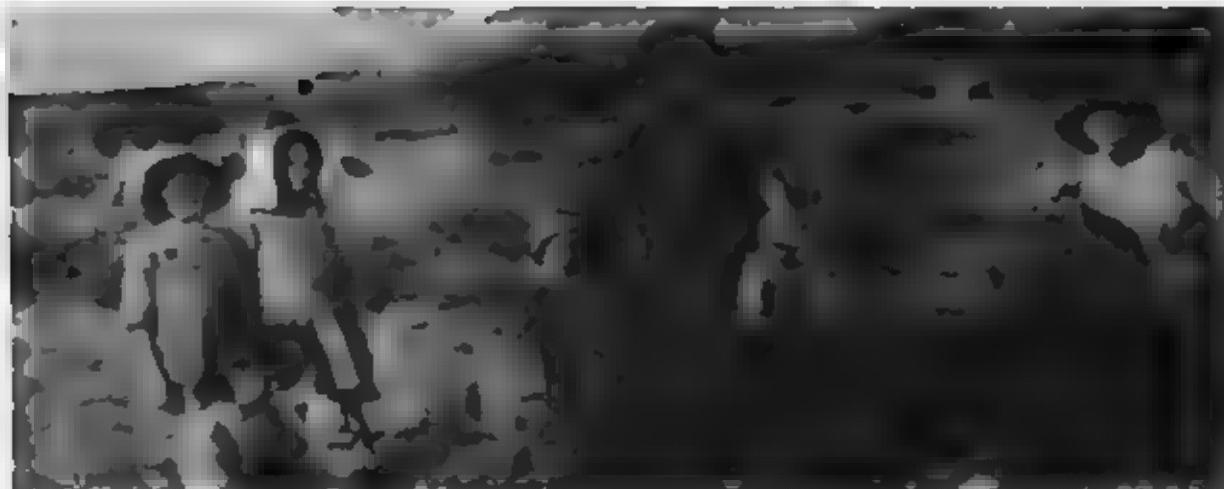
Activities at the ranch included fencing, gardening, planting trees, cutting and hauling wild hay, gathering livestock from Colonia Diaz and caring for them on the new range. Richardson hired D. F. Stout to haul supplies from Hatchita, New Mexico and to make several trips into Colonia Diaz for furniture, trees, shrubs, and grain. About the middle of October he took a load of wheat to the Jackson mill at Casas Grandes and returned with flour for the Richardsons.

Since Mormons believe in recreation they sponsored dancing parties and picnics in which the Mormon youth from Hatchita, forty miles away, and all the homesteaders participated. For dance music they paid Ed Richardson five dollars per night to play his one-man band — the accordian, harmonica (mouth organ), drum and triangle. Sometimes Ed danced as he played the accordian held behind the back of his partner.

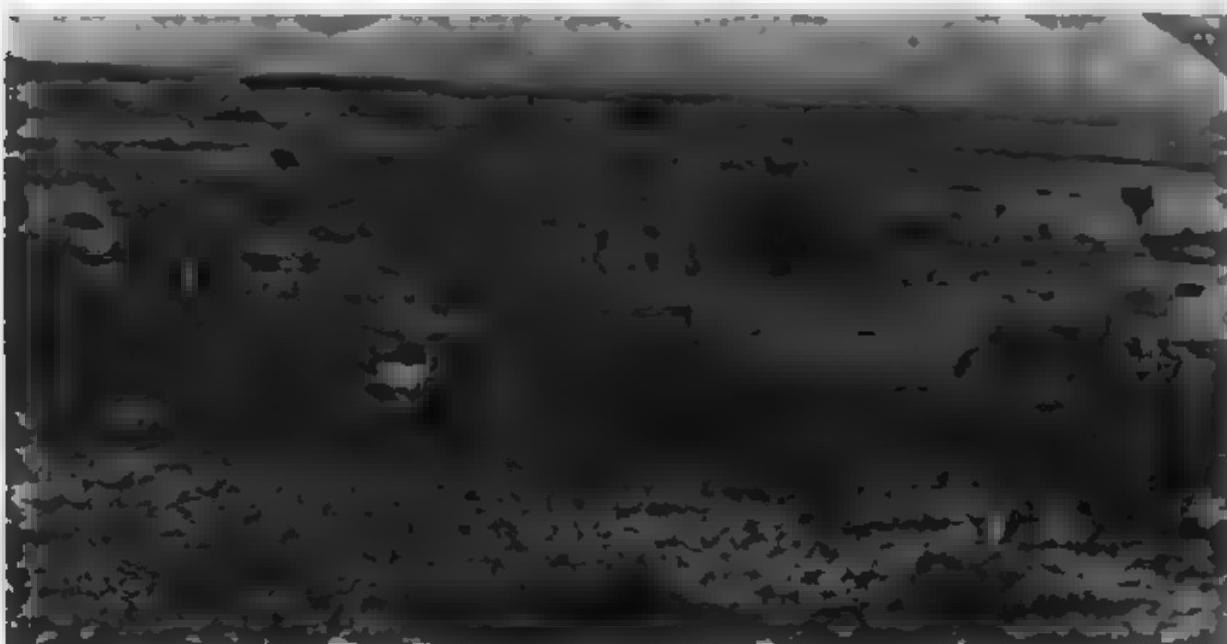
Even though at these dances no one was permitted to smoke, drink or use profanity, and the dance was opened and dismissed with prayer, still many of the cattlemen sought invitations to attend. One of the attractions they enjoyed most was the modest floor shows consisting of singing duets, trios, and mixed quartets. Occasionally the young people made merry with original jingles set to music. These festivities, however, were only brief interludes in the grim reality of existence. When rebel activities in Chihuahua increased again, Sadie and Daisy returned to the Corner Ranch where Daisy brought joy to the family in another way by the birth of a fine new boy, Glenn Allen, born December, 1913. Sarah Stout, Daisy's other mother, acted as midwife.

Of the time at the Corner Ranch when all the family was together, a daughter, Hazel R. Taylor, writes: "If to others the Corner was only a convenient and refreshing stopover, to us it was a place to try to make a home. Looking south, we dreamed of Old Mexico, and our cattle ranch, so near and yet so far away and unobtainable. We

<sup>1</sup>The author.



Mabel's lonely grave at Corner Ranch, New Mexico. Left to right: Ronald Richardson, Verona Richardson, Lulu Adams, Charles Conover, Mary R. Conover, Chester Conover, Sadie Richardson, Mabel's mother.



Homestead of Orson Oriel Richins Sr. between Corner Ranch and Hatchet, New Mexico. Home in center, barn center front behind stacks of straw and bean vines.

remembered our dear old homes, with the many fond memories made during the time we learned to work and play together. Yes, togetherness in a family is a blessing much to be sought after."

But togetherness can be interrupted for long periods of time and theirs was interrupted by the passing of their little sister, Mabel, at the Corner. She was buried in sight of the house in a lonely little grave on the prairie.

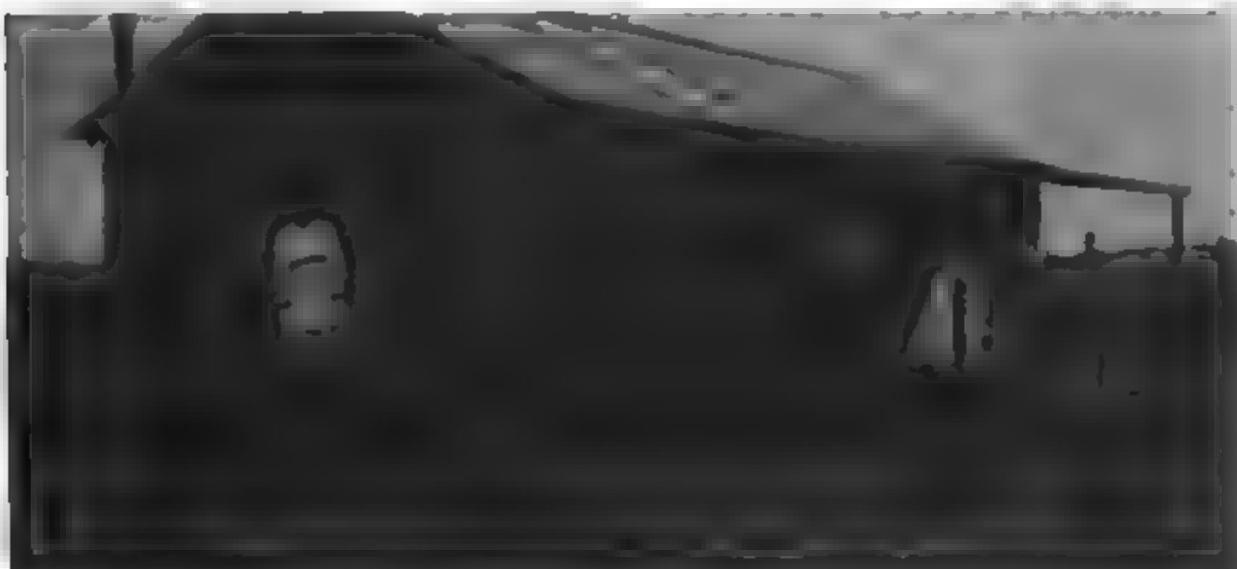
In studying the highlights of the other homesteaders located between the Corner Ranch and Hatchita, it is well to remember that most of the time life ran smoothly bringing joy and achievement to the people.

Orson Oriel Richins made the greatest success in farming, while some of the other men specialized in running cattle and horses. The Richins' ranch was located twenty miles south of Hatchita on Section 23, Township 30, Range 30 South and 14 West, N.M.P.M.

Richins cleared 160 acres of lake-bottom land which dry farmed very well because it held moisture. The ditch he ran through the center drained it after each rain. He raised wheat, milo-maize, beans, and potatoes. All of these products found a ready market at Hatchita.

At first Richins threshed his grain by tramping horses over the harvested heads and winnowing it in the wind, but the next year he bought a small machine which threshed both the grain and the beans. For culinary purposes and for watering cattle he put down two wells. One well was 108 feet deep and the other 114 feet deep for which he paid two dollars per foot. Water was raised with gasoline engines and stored in reservoirs.

His wife, Rachel, and her children, Orson, George, Ether, May and Ena lived on the farm except when the older children moved to Hatchita for school. In May when Orson James Oriel's son, married, he brought his bride, Edna Richardson Richins to the farm and built a two room house near his father's.



First home of Orson James and Edna R. Richins on the O. O. Richins ranch. Edna is in the doorway, her sister Madge on front porch with Orson's little sister Ena.

From 1914 to 1922, O. O. Richins was Presiding Elder in the church, following Miles Pierce as Branch President over the Hachita Branch. After this time, Richins sold his ranch to M. T. Everhart, owner of the Hatchet Co. Ranch. Richins moved to Redrock, New Mexico, and then to Virden, New Mexico, where he died.

It is noteworthy that Brother Richins began and ended his life in Colonia Diaz in this same district. On the way to Mexico in 1885, he stopped here to work for the Alamo Hueco Cattle Co. for whom he built rock corrals at both Dog Springs and the Corner Ranch. He also freighted to these ranches and into Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico. On his route he usually spent the night with an old gentleman at Emery Springs (canyon) where John Pierce later homesteaded. However, on one trip Richins did not make the place until next morning, when he found that the Indians had killed his friend and laid the body across a hot stove to fry. Richins felt that Providence had saved him from a similar fate.

Other settlers found the land productive, but the frontier experiences rugged and dangerous. From his place near the Lone Cabin in the Hachita Draw, Erastus Thygerson managed his homestead, his family, and a contract to haul ore to Hachita from the Apache mines. The first day of school vacation Erastus' young sons, Cecil, Alvin, and Luie, accompanied the Indian driver to bring out the last load of ore and met more excitement than they had bargained for. At the usually quiet watering place a band of twelve Mexican Redflaggers (bandits) galloped toward them yelling and brandishing knives and guns. Quickly the freighters disappeared in the brush and Cecil fired a gun frightening the pursuing bandits. Cecil then took the little brothers back two miles to the mines, and borrowed a horse to race to his grandfather, O. O. Richins' ranch for help. The Indian, thinking the boys had been killed, ran barefooted twelve miles to the soldier's camp arriving with bleeding feet before Brother Richins arrived in his car. The bandits took five horses and all the harness except the lines, but Erastus felt blessed that his sons were spared. (One blue mare came back home later.)

At Bernard Whiting's ranch everyone found that he and his wife, Julia Holden Whiting, kept the latch-string out, and Bernard's droll wit was an attraction few cared to miss. He defined "Homesteading" as "a wager in which you bet the government the price of the filing fees that you could live three years on the land without starving to death and the government bet you the land you couldn't." Bernard likely won his bet, for long after the others were gone he was there



gathering up loose ends. In August 1947, he poured cement markers for all the lonely graves in the district. At the Corner Ranch he built a steel fence around Mabel Richardson's grave and the marker he poured bore the inscription, "Mabel Richardson, our little girl."

He also marked the graves of Mr. McFarlin, who was wantonly killed by two colored soldiers who had deserted the border patrol, and of Frank Evans who was murdered with an ax in the hands of a cook who became suddenly demented. There were markers for the graves of the homesteaders, Hugh Acord, Andy Peterson, and Burton Jensen, killed by Mexicans and buried in a plot near Andy's home along the border, beside Hugh's brother, John Acord. This labor of love was typical of Bernard's concern for his fellowmen.

## VIVA VILLA

(saved by Pancho Villa)

Living against the International Boundary line and being near enough to Colonia Diaz to be tempted to return for their cattle, furniture, and supplies, the Mormon homesteaders became participants in many border incidents. Though they entered Mexico only when the district was reported to be free of revolutionists, each trip brought anxiety and unforeseen happenings, some of which, like the following, were tragic or nearly so. One evening when Elmer W. Johnson, Jr.\* drove a team and wagon into Colonia Diaz, followed by his brother-in-law, James Maybin, he found a detachment of revolutionists billeted in his father's own home, one of the few houses on Main Street to escape the town's earlier burning. Because of the darkness and the excitement of capturing Elmer and confiscating his outfit, James escaped detection and returned to the United States. Because the bandits found a few cartridges in Elmer's wagon, but no gun, (someone had already stolen that) they accused him of smuggling ammunition to the Federals. Next morning at a "Kangaroo court" Elmer was sentenced to hang. While slipping a noose around his neck, the bandits joked about a man hanging from his own tree and said that his already long neck would be even longer after they were through with him. Finally they threw the rope over a limb of the very tree from which Elmer, as a boy, had enjoyed many a swing.

Just as they were bringing a horse on which to mount their victim, intending to whip it out from under him to complete the hanging, their General, Pancho Villa, rode in from La Ascencion. Upon recognizing Elmer, as an old friend he had known in Durango, Pancho became enraged at the abuse he was receiving. His face darkened, his eyes narrowed, hard as steel, and his tight lips hissed blasphemous threats as he slashed the offending cords and ropes binding his friend, and quirked nearby soldiers right and left. "*Por Dios!*" he shouted,

\*Author's husband.



Elmer W. Johnson Jr. captured by Villa's men when he returned to Colonia Diaz after supplies.



Pancho Villa angry at Elmer's captors — (kindness of L.D.S. Church)

"had I been too late I would have shot you all like dogs." At a safe distance, his men stood aghast as their well built and impressive General gave Elmer a gallant *abrazo* (hug) and invited him to a chicken dinner. The chickens, which were taken from Elmer's own flock were served in his mother's front room to soldiers sprawled all over his mother's prized carpet.

As the chicken dinner progressed, Pancho recalled riding the range with Elmer in the state of Durango. He mentioned how their songs and laughter had eased the saddle aches and quieted hunger pains in the belly, until evening brought them to a chuck-wagon and a bowl of beef stew. The two friends laughed together about throwing the meat to the dogs after finding worms in it, but eating a second helping of the stew. After dinner Pancho became serious and voiced his deep concern that the Mormons had fled. In trying to justify the revolution which caused the flight, he told of Mexico's inhuman peonage system by which much of the poor class were forced into debt-slavery and the children made to inherit the father's debt. Even though the son should find more profitable work away from the plantation, he explained, he was usually arrested and returned to the landlord who often used the public whipping post as a means of punishment. As proof that he had suffered this indignity, Pancho jerked off his shirt to expose a back criss-crossed with savage scars. Several shirt-tails which he jerked up as he passed among his men, exposed other backs equally marked. In a voice tense with emotion he said, "Not many of my men can read a book, but *Caramba!* these backs they read well." The answer to his throaty question, "Men, what do your backs say?" was answered by a ringing shout, "Land and Liberty!" . . .

Next morning, while the soldiers loaded Elmer's wagon with furniture and supplies, Pancho talked of his plans for Mexico and invited the Mormons to return and share his country's good fortune. *Vaya con Dios,* (God be with you) smiled Pancho, handing Elmer the lines when all was ready. *Buena Suerte* (good luck). He then turned to the men detailed to escort Elmer to the border and said, "See that he arrives safety or take the consequences."

After witnessing Elmer's family reunion at the Corner Ranch on the border, the escorts waited long enough to answer Mrs. Johnson's *Viva Villa*, then they turned and rode back into the Mexican dust to continue their struggle for freedom. They did not know that the family bowed in gratitude before the Lord for the preservation of Elmer's life and his safe return.

Another *gringo* (white man) captain developed from a seemingly safe trip sanctioned by revolutionary high officials. It was with pride and satisfaction that Attorney Charles Edmund Richardson, on October 1, 1912, sat on the driver's seat in his buckboard and watched the maneuvers of his fifteen year old son, Ray Lot, and a Mexican cowboy drover, driving forty head of cows down the north slope of the Corralitos Ridge into La Ascencion valley. They were on their way to cross the United States border line at the Corner Ranch in New Mexico. Unconsciously Edmund spoke to his team, "Get up, Toby," as consciously he remembered his son's dual feelings about his name. Although the name "Lot" was distasteful to Ray from others, he insisted that his father continue to call him "Lot." Consequently the name for them now bounded a little kingdom of love and understanding all its own. This special avenue of communication was soon to be tested under terrifying circumstances.

Although Richardson saw no signs of revolutionary armies, he remembered gratefully his passport and permit to export forty head of cattle, signed by General Pascual Orozco wherein all revolutionists were ordered to comply and assist. However, as the travelers were passing through the valley some four miles south of La Ascencion the mesquites suddenly ejected some forty or fifty mounted revolutionists bristling with as many guns presented at the shoulder. Quickly they scattered the cattle as they detained the drovers and covered the Captain's approach to Richardson. Though he recognized the captain, Octavia Ponce\* as one of his defeated opponents in a law suit, Richardson confidently produced his papers, certain of being allowed to proceed. But as the disgruntled and power-happy captain read, his hate for the *Gringo* lawyer exploded and, half crumpling the paper, he determined upon an execution regardless of his superior's orders. Instantly he dominated the entire situation and the Lawyer was quickly enclosed in a horse-shoe circle of mounted, irate men, while others unhitched the Richardson team and looted the buckboard of everything of value, the valise, typewriter, bedding, and groceries. In shocked consternation Ray saw a firing squad march in front of his father, guns jerked into position, lacking only the click of a trigger to accomplish their purpose.

Ray was made the captive of old *Tio*, (uncle) and his wranglers, now under orders to drive the *remuda* (loose horses) out of hearing range of gunshot lest they stampede during the execution. In leaving,

\*Three months later Octavia Ponce was killed in a skirmish near Guzman Lake.

the wranglers moved in such a way that over the sombreros of the *fusiladores* (executioners), Ray saw his father standing straight and poised as he faced two worlds, though his face was etched with concern for his son. As Ray's love and solicitude brushed eyelash soft across his father's face, it was answered by a half-whispered "Lot." Instantly father and son were lifted above the sordid atmosphere of hate into a wonderful comraderie of soul where thoughts were exchanged like sunshine through glass, and Ray caught his father's farewell message, "Tell my family to live the gospel and keep the commandments of the Lord," as his heart anguished for all concerned. While Edmund watched Lot's red head disappear in the brush, he prayed, "Father give my son the help and comfort his eyes are pleading for, but which I am prevented from giving."

Almost immediately another revolutionary party rode onto the scene. Their captain, Julio Cano, a friend of Richardson's called out, *Qué estás haciendo aquí Don Edmundo?*" (What are you doing here Honorable Edmund?) Edmund's answer, "*En estos momentos estoy haciendo lo que me manden.*" (Right now I'm taking care to do just as I'm being told.") caused a laugh which broke the tension and made conversation possible between the two officers.

Finally the irate captain was persuaded to hold the son for a \$600.00 ransom to be delivered at the Joe James' mill some ten miles southwest of Colonia Diaz<sup>2</sup> and to release Richardson to obtain the money.

Disappointed at obtaining only \$400.00 of the ransom money at La Ascencion, Richardson sped to the United States for the other two hundred dollars, and rejoiced upon his return to the mill, where the untrampled ground indicated that he was on time. However, anxious morning hours dragged into afternoon with still no signs of the revolutionists or of his son. The worn path in the mill-yard bore stark evidence of Edmund's pacing feet, and his oft repeated "I swau"<sup>3</sup> indicated the intense anxiety of his heart. His agony was unabated when he learned from Federal forces who arrived at the mill that the Revolutionists had fled the country upon their arrival.

"Which way did they go?" demanded Edmund as he leaped into the driver's seat in the buckboard. "I must find them!"

"; Espérate!" (stop) commanded the Federal captain. "Rather than permit you to follow, Don Edmundo, I would detain you at the

<sup>2</sup>Diary of S. C. Richardson on quoting Ray's mother, Sadie Richardson.

<sup>3</sup>C. E. Richardson never used foul language but "I Swau" was an exclamation he often used to express deep feeling or disturbance.

barracks at La Ascencion. This is for your own safety as well as for our advantage."

With transportation and communication almost nil in Chihuahua, it was some time before the distraught father and the family in the United States learned of Ray's escape which happened as follows:

Ray found that for camping purposes the Revolutionary army was divided into groups of six or eight men with duties apportioned to each — one acting as cook. As they left for, Ray knew not where, he was allowed to ride his own fine horse and was given a blanket stolen from his father's outfit. The blanket served as both a coat and a bed. Old Tio was Ray's constant guard, usually assisted by another soldier. Their menu was coffee, *atole*, (a thin gravy), beef and a bread made by frying dough in deep fat from the beef. A beef was killed at each camp. (The soldiers rejoiced that Ray drank no coffee.)

At first, though Ray spoke Spanish well, he was ostracized in conversation and discriminated against in the division of privileges. When each soldier was issued several "piloncillos" (Ray's favorite sweet), they threw him only one. However, when one of the packs on a mule ahead broke and spilled cube sugar all along the way, he was glad he was not one of them detailed to walk and pick them up.

Ray says that the greeting, "Hello Kid," given him by a young Mexican on the second day out, was the most welcome thing he had heard since leaving his father, whom he supposed had been executed. Besides unkindnesses there were frequent incidents which shocked Ray's finer feelings. While the soldiers were stealing rope from a well drill, the captain shot a little dog which then began running round in circles, each narrowing until the animal died in the circle's center. About the middle of the afternoon a soldier talking to Old Tio ordered Ray to go after a straying pack animal. When Ray did not go the soldier shouted, "Son-of-a-butchie!" and struck Ray's horse across the rump with his quirt. Ray, who loves horses would have preferred the blow himself.

One day after a detachment of soldiers had returned from Sabinal Railroad station with supplies, the afternoon was spent rustling wild horses. After selecting the choice animals from a band, the others were turned loose and any colts of those selected were either shot or turned back with the band. A pack mule who started off with the

"Piloncillo is a sweet made from unrefined brown sugar molded into cone shapes about the size of a glass tumbler and bound together with cane Pummy. (The word "Piloncillo" means little old bald head.)

band was shot in order to save the pack. Ray says he spent most of this day in prayer asking for help in making an escape.

Revolutionists were ever on the alert for signs of Federal soldiers and when a scout called out from a hill above Ray's camp, *Allá viene gente* (there comes someone) the captain hastily broke camp and fled on a run before he learned that it was his own soldiers returning. (Perhaps those who had been sent to collect Ray's ransom).

Finally the revolutionists made camp at Red Mountain, a rugged and secluded place west on the Corralitos line where they remained for some time. When anxiety prompted Ray to inquire if his father was still alive, Old Tio shrugged his shoulders and answered, "Only the captain knows." Finally Ray decided to attempt his escape.

About sundown Ray was ordered to bring in enough cedar wood to last the night, a job at which he worked until they called him to supper, then he hobbled his horse, took off only the bridle and hung it on the saddle and left the animal to graze. During the meal he snuggled most of the meat and fried bread into his pockets after which he announced that he would bring in the rest of the wood. The captain said, "We have enough wood but go and unsaddle your horse." Wrapping himself in his blanket, Ray went to comply but instead mounted. Cautiously he walked his horse for some distance, then gave it the reins and raced toward the freedom he sought. Anxiety dogged him at every bound for the country was teeming with armed men. A surprised coyote startled both horse and rider and Ray feared that cattle, rising at his approach were Revolutionists intent upon a capture. On his race toward the Casas Grandes river, seeking direction for the rest of the flight, Ray encountered a barbed-wire fence which his wire-shy horse refused to cross, even though the wires were loosened and held down as much as possible. With no wire cutter, the dilemma was serious. However, after he had offered a prayer for help, the horse stepped over with alacrity and they were again on their way. At the river Ray found he had miscalculated the river bend so he rested his horse while he waited for the moon to rise and give him direction.

When at daylight Ray passed through the south Corralitos gate and Colonia Dublan was only about a mile away he gave the horse the reins again. Even after the ten days of grueling service the noble animal "took out" as if he was running a race. At Dublan Ray found his cousin, Orson Merrill, who welcomed him with open arms and

cared for his jaded horse. Thus did the Lord answer the petitions of both father and son. As soon as possible Ray got word to his mother in El Paso that he was in the Mormon Colonies but he did not see his father for three months.

Other Diaz people had horrifying experiences. Although Clarence Moon, working at the Durango mine in the state of Durango, knew nothing of the flight of his family and townsmen from Colonia Diaz, he found that the revolution also struck him like a tornado. When it forced the closing of the Durango Mine, the company had left nineteen-year-old Clarence in charge of affairs with only a Chinese cook for company. Eventually a group of revolutionists swarmed into the mine property shouting, "Death to the gringo-capitalists! Viva Mexico!"

Robbed of the chance to capture the mine owners who had fled, the captain vented his disappointment upon the "gringo" kid by threatening him with such diabolical treatment as cutting off his ears and making him dance until the blood pumped out of his body or of making him dig a pit in which to bury him up to the neck. Finally, the captain, irate at the boy's nonchalance, ordered him to kneel and be shot. The boy's answer, "I kneel to no one but my Mormon God, not even to you. You'll have to shoot me standing up." This answer so surprised the captain that he lowered his gun. Just then the incident was interrupted by screams and the commotion of dragging the Chinaman from the kitchen where he had been hiding. "Kid," shouted the captain, "Watch what we do to this Chinaman, and if you don't deny your Mormon God and kneel to me, we'll treat you in the same manner!"

Soon the Chinaman lay on his back tied with two ropes, one around his neck and one around his feet. While two mounted soldiers tied the opposite end of each rope to the horn of his saddle, the captain called Clarence to make sure that he saw the two horses spurred into a run in opposite directions.

Though Clarence was stunned with the horror of what he saw, he stoutly avowed his Mormon belief whereupon the captain beat the boy into unconsciousness with the flat of his sword — left him lying in the street for dead. An old Mexican lady, a few houses away, who had seen the tragedy, dragged Clarence into her home and nursed him back to health. To the end of his life Clarence wore the scars of that sword beating.

During these events, the Moon family moved from Hatchet, New Mexico to Heyburn, Idaho, where they endured the suspense and agony of the long silence surrounding the whereabouts of their son. Finally, a telegram — "I'm on my way out of Mexico" — relieved the tension but did not indicate the efficacy of their teachings in giving their son a testimony of the gospel strong enough to endure even under the threat of torture and death.<sup>14</sup>

It was the J. C. Bentley company on their way back to Juarez who made the last trip through Colonia Diaz before it was burned. In February 1913, Brother Bentley, still Bishop of the Juarez ward and secretary of the Stake, received the blessings and permission of the Church Authorities to return to Juarez if he so desired. Gladly the Juarez members who had already returned, scoured the town to find teams and wagons to meet the Bentley party at Columbus for the overland trip, necessary because the rebels had burned the railroad bridges. Alma Spilsbury sent a conveyance for his daughter, Kate, and her husband Alonzo Taylor and family; Dan Skousen sent one for his brothers, Pete and Jim; Alvin Coons sent one for the Walkers; and others did the same for the remainder of the nearly one hundred members who were returning.

When the party reached Colonia Diaz, February 2, 1913, they held church services at Sister Verona Whiting's place, carrying the organ out under the trees. This organ furnished music for the only post exodus sacrament meeting held in Colonia Diaz. While testimonies were being borne the worshippers could hear the ribald curses of Sylvester Rojas' soldiers carousing in the church house.

While visiting the wonderful library belonging to Bishop Johnson, Brother Bently was tempted to take some of the fine books, but he decided to honor the ownership as the Mexicans had done. Had he been able to look into the crystal ball of the near future he would have felt justified in taking the entire library for in a matter of days after his departure, Rojas burned the Johnson home along with some forty others along Main Street.

There is more than one version about this burning. One says that while billeted in the spacious church house, Rojas chafed under the difference in beauty and development of the young Colonia Diaz as compared to the ancient La Ascencion and maligned the "Cabron Gringos" (the two most insulting names of the Spanish language) for filching Mexico's wealth. The story went round that the Mormons had

<sup>14</sup>"Interview with Harold Moon, brother of Clarence.

a secret gold mine which they worked only at night. Where else could they have found the wealth invested in the city?"

Another story of the burning is that during a cold February night, Rojas determined to build a fire big enough to get warm by and then set the church afire. Soon, forty soldiers each ignited a home and Main Street became an inferno of flame and passion. A third story was that while under the influence of "tequila," a vicious Mexican liquor, Rojas began accusing the Mormons of being Federal sympathizers, and, as proof, said they fled with enough guns and ammunition to supply an army instead of delivering them to the revolutionists as demanded. As revenge he ordered the town put to the torch, and ignited the church house himself. Whatever the story, the fact remains that the dastardly deed turned to ashes both the town and the people's hopes of returning.

A traveler, Heaton Lunt, passing through Colonia Diaz in 1913, after the burning, found the plum orchards of the ghost town swarming with Pancho Villa's soldiers, mostly Yaqui Indians, too busy eating plums to molest anyone. However, when the hind wheel of Heaton's wagon, loaded with freight for Pearson, broke through a bridge, the Indians swarmed around the wagon to help. While one called instructions, *Listo, ahorase, alevarlo!* they literally lifted the load and carried it forward right onto the heels of the team. Then the Indians returned to the thicket.

At La Ascencion, campsite for Villa's main army, Heaton was ordered to stop at the plaza where he says he witnessed the bloodiest slaughter of his life. The victims were cattle being butchered for beef, more than a hundred. Near the edge of town a cowboy soldier roped an animal, dragged it through the streets to the plaza, cut its throat as it stood, blood gushing like water from a hose until its struggles ended in death.

Though the entire plaza soon became a sea of blood, and a jungle of hides, offals, and decapitated heads already flyblown, the beef was snatched as fast as it was cut-up and carried away for food. After some time Heaton was ordered into a side street where Villa met him and, after learning that he had supplies for the town of Pearson, asked for a sack of sugar and coffee, then let him drive on.

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<sup>11</sup>In 1962 on a return visit to his father's ranch, Esther Richins and a Mexican friend found a quarter which had been minted in 1864. Word quickly circulated that there was hidden treasure buried in Colonia Diaz and soon Mexicans were zealously digging around in the mounds of the decaying Colonia Diaz homes.

By butchering the Terasas cattle, Villa had plenty of beef but other supplies were scarce.

As various outrages and tragedies were occurring to the Colonists in Mexican territory, those who had escaped to the United States were grateful for their safety. The tide of revolution, however, was not to confine itself to Mexican soil but flowed over the border and engulfed those who supposed they had escaped.

Although Columbus was in the United States it, like Colonia Diaz, suffered indignities at the hands of Mexican revolutionists who felt that their rights had been violated. When United States placed an embargo on guns and ammunition to Mexico, thereby closing Villa's much needed supply, and then transported Obregon's army across United States soil to Agua Prieta in time to entrench and defeat Villa's army. Villa determined upon a reprisal drastic enough to threaten the lives of all *gringos* in Northern Chihuahua and to destroy the town of Columbus, New Mexico.

The first victims of Villa's northern reprisal were three American cowboys working for the Palomas Land and Cattle Company — William Carbott, James O'Neil, and Arthur McKinney (the latter was married to Mamie Pierce of Colonia Diaz). Upon capturing the boys on March 17, 1916, Villa ordered them to remove their boots for the benefit of his barefoot men. While Arthur was being hanged to a tree near the river he grabbed the rope above his head and lifted himself a little to relieve the pressure on his neck, whereupon Villa ordered a man to hold onto each of Arthur's arms and the three were raised and lowered enough times to wear a groove in the tree limb. When the rope was cut, Arthur's lifeless body fell into the dry river bottom and was partially covered by the caving river bank.<sup>12</sup> When O'Neil also resisted hanging, he was stretched upon the ground to be trampled to death by horsemen, but, with a powerful lunge, he mounted behind the first rider and was choking him when a bullet ended the struggle.<sup>13</sup> The other boy was bound to a rock and left in the sun's burning heat until the fat fried from his body and saturated the surrounding ground.<sup>14</sup>

As prisoners at Villa's Boca Grande camp, Juan Favala, formerly of Colonia Diaz, and Thomas Montelongo, merchant of La Ascencion

<sup>12</sup>Interview with Heaton Lunt who helped to bury the bodies.

<sup>13</sup>Tom Mahoney, *When Villa Raided Columbus*, (American Legion Magazine, September 1964) p. 40.

<sup>14</sup>Heaton Lunt.

and Palomas, were forced to witness this brutality. They no longer doubted the deadly intent of Villa's threats.

With the Mexican uncanny way of divining obscure facts as if by osmosis, the prisoners knew that the Columbus raid was already in the offing. Isolated groups of revolutionists camped near the border in secluded spots, and gaps were cut in the line fence through which to push burros loaded with ammunition and machine guns. The prisoners worried enough to effect an escape, and Juan raced horseback through the night to warn Columbus while Tomas went to Palomas. The fact that many of Juan's personal friends and co-residents of Colonia Diaz were now living in Columbus may have been a factor in urging him to speed, but his great heart would have prompted him to help any people in danger. At 2:30 a.m. on March 19, 1916, as Juan rapped on the door to awaken his friend, Alma Frederickson, he shouted, "Por Dios, amigo (friend) get me immediate audience with Colonel Slocum. He must be warned that Villa is minutes behind me for an attack upon this town." But Colonel Slocum, commander of the 13th Cavalry, poohed the idea of an attack, said he should jail the messengers for spreading false propaganda, and set out to his home across the Southern Pacific railroad tracks, northeast from the Cavalry camp. Dismayed, Juan and Alma streaked across the line to Palomas to bring Tomas Montelongo as second witness to Juan's report.<sup>14</sup>

Meanwhile under cover of the darkness, Villa brought his men<sup>15</sup> to within one-half mile of Columbus and here he divided them into two groups. One group stealthily entered the Thirteenth Cavalry camp, seized many cavalry horses and saddles and rode them off across the line into Mexico. The camp was so completely taken by surprise that guns and ammunition were still safely locked away and many of the officers, like Colonel Slocum, still rested peacefully at home.<sup>16</sup>

Actually, First Lt. James P. Castleman, officer of the day, and Lt. Horace Stringfellow were the only officers at the army camp until 11:45 p.m. when Lt. John P. Lucas arrived on the evening train from El Paso where he had been playing polo; but he retired to his home

<sup>14</sup>Interview with Alma Frederickson.

<sup>15</sup>Tom Mahoney, "When Villa Raided New Mexico," *American Legion Magazine*, September 1964, p. 40.

<sup>16</sup>Villa had several hundred men still in Chihuahua. Antonio, the man who reported the killing of the three American Cowboys to Colonel Slocum, was sent back into Mexico by the Colonel to learn Villa's whereabouts. The evening of the raid he returned to report that Villa had headed southeast away from the border. Convinced that the danger was past, Slocum paid Antonio \$20.00 and then relaxed. This perhaps, accounts for his doubting Juan's message.

some fifty yards away from the barracks, and, thus, the town slept on the eve of chaos.

Perhaps it was fortunate the home was so near the barracks, for at 4:15 a.m. when the Villista cavalrymen were en route to the barracks, Lucas was aroused in time to see the bobbing sombreros passing his window. Instantly and painfully aware that the machine guns in the barracks were locked to prevent any temptation to sell them to the Mexicans for \$600 each, he rushed outside, only to be confronted by the muzzle of an enemy gun. His life was saved by the quick action of Sentry Michael Griffin who grasped the situation and fired a shot which felled the enemy. This same shot cost the life of the sentry but roused Captain Castleman who then rushed to the barracks of his own command, Troop F, where he assisted Sergeant Michael Fody in the difficult task of arousing soldiers who had been drinking too heavily. While Lieutenant Lucas wrestled with a temperamental old *Benet-Mercier* machine gun which had jammed, Mexicans killed two stable boys and got away with more horses and saddles.

In the meantime Villa's second group headed for the business section of town intent upon plunder and revenge against the gringos. Their route led them past the home of Charisetta Johnson, formerly of Colonia Diaz, Mexico. The familiar shout of *Viva Villa, Viva Mexico!* awakened the Johnsons and their house-guests, Rue Lemmon and family, to three hours of the hell they had fled Mexico to escape. By the time clothes were jerked on, the house was surrounded by shouting villistas and hordes of Mexican cavalry galloped unhampered through the town shouting *Mata Los Gringos!* (Kill the Gringos).

At the Johnson home Rue had his wife, Tessie, and her children laid flat on the floor where Otho Johnson had also placed his mother and all were covered with mattresses as protection against bullets. The men, Otho, Roy, and Rue then crouched beneath the windows with cocked rifles. Even as they watched, four of their horses were stolen from the corral and led past the window and out through the front gate. It was with difficulty that Otho prevented the other two men from firing.<sup>18</sup>

Now events crowded in with lightning speed. Screaming and shooting, the invaders robbed the bank to obtain money to pay their long overdue wages; then looted stores, and swarmed through the Commercial (Ritchie) Hotel. Shooting through doors to rout the guests, they then drove them upstairs determined to rob them of all

<sup>18</sup>Interview with Otho Johnson.

they had. Uncle Steven Birchfield, an old resident, escaped by tossing them some money and then scrambling down the fire escape as they quarreled over the loot. However, four of the other hotel men, Mr. Ritchie, Hart, Walker and Miller were not so fortunate. They were taken into the street and shot. Mrs. Ritchie was saved, however, because Juan Favela, disguised as a Villista, led her and her three daughters down the back stairs to safety.<sup>19</sup>

The lurid light from the buildings they had set afire, especially the Lemmon and Romney Store and The Commercial Hotel, revealed happenings in the streets where history was in the making. Terrified residents were seen dodging around to escape bullets and mounted pursuers, or falling wounded in the streets; riderless horses panicked about in the din and confusion, half-clad families began fleeing on foot. Ruthie Frederickson said that as her husband, Alma, fled north with his family seeking safety in a dugout shelter, a bullet passed so near her head that she heard its whine and its air passage blew her hair. When a Villista attacked one family fleeing into the mesquites the father wounded him with a bullet but feared to attract attention by firing again so he finished him off with the butt of his pistol. Violence and pillage was rampant. Storekeeper J. J. Moore was killed and his wife shot in the leg. A druggist, a grocery man, Mrs. James and two other men were also killed and many more were wounded.

By this time the army was ready with its defense. Castleman's men struck from the east of town and the Lucas machine gun division from the south. Since the firelight made easy targets of the Mexicans they withdrew two blocks southwest and dug in behind the old John W. Young railroad grade. But when, about daylight, Colonel Thompsons' men ascended a little hill overlooking them, a Mexican bugler sounded a retreat, but not before Villa had almost accomplished his purpose, for Columbus was so devastated that she never completely recovered. It was reported that nine civilians and nine army men were killed and many wounded. Many deeds of bravery were noted.

During the next ten days some three hundred and sixty Mexican corpses were burned by making a pyre of railroad ties alternated with bodies then oiled and burned.<sup>20</sup> Though the stench of sizzling flesh was hard to take, Columbus citizens were thankful they were alive to endure it. They were also grateful to learn of the many deeds

<sup>19</sup>Tom Mahoney, "When Villa Raided Columbus," *American Legion Magazine*, September 1964 p. 42.

<sup>20</sup>Ibid.

of bravery and consideration of others which came to light when time permitted the exchange of experiences. Colonel Thompson considered Lt. Lucas as the hero of the raid but perhaps this honor should have been shared with Mrs. Suzie Parks, the night telephone operator. She, though wounded by flying window glass shattered by the butt of a Mexican gun, extinguished her kerosene light and sat at her post through those long hectic hours. After notifying the Deming, New Mexico operator of the attack she told them they must wait until she found an opportune time to give them the particulars. But anxiety and impatience prompted the Deming operator to make a call regardless, thereby alerting the passing Villistas who then fired three more shots into the room. Mrs. Parks' next message, "For God's sake don't call me again!" may have been more effective. Her furtive information was the only connection with the outside world Columbus had until daylight when her postmaster, L. L. Burkhead, made connection with El Paso through a freight train telephone. Later two Associated Pressmen broke into the railroad telegraph office and wired a several thousand word report to Chicago.

Some of the repercussions of the Columbus raid accrued because of the Pershing punitive expedition which gave men experience in commanding and handling ticklish situations on foreign soil. Partly because Pershing proved himself master of all situations, he became commander of the American Expeditionary Forces in France. Many of his officers became important men in both world wars. The three men who carried the heat of the Columbus raid; Lucas, Castleman, and Tompkins all received the Distinguished Service Medal. Castleman retired as a major, Tompkins was made a Colonel and Lucas served in both world wars, a major general in the second war and he was the commanding general of the Fourth Army.

The Revolutionists of Northern Chihuahua developed a feeling of bravado because of the Columbus raid. They had invaded the United States, found the gringo asleep at his post, and practically destroyed the border town.

Eathel Peterson knew nothing of this bravado as from her home-stead cabin door on February 12, 1917, she<sup>21</sup> smiled approval of

<sup>21</sup>Most of the participants named in the story were of the second generation of the pioneers — Andy, son of Andrew and Sene Peterson; Eathel and Hugh Acord, children of Abraham and Maud Acord; Burton Jensen, son of Andrew Jensen; Rachel Jensen daughter of Martin F. and Trena Mortensen.

her husband, Andy, and the baby who straddled the saddle in front of him. Andy was circling the premises checking water tanks, gates, and corrals before leaving for a few days of rounding up cattle. Soon he returned the baby to its mother and between good-by kisses said, "Ride careful herd on this little Dogie until I get back."<sup>22</sup> Eathel's love followed Andy as he rode through the early morning to overtake her young brother, Hugh Acord, and their neighbor, Burton Jensen, with whom he was to rendezvous with other cowhands at the Dog Springs ranch.

But these three men never reached Dog Springs and, when short forages into the immediate country disclosed no clues of their whereabouts, searching parties were organized. No one wanted the responsibility of notifying the wives that their husbands were missing and Charlie Whiting, delegated to inform Burton's wife, Rachel, of the terrifying news, asked Edna Holden Jensen, sister-in-law of Rachel, to accompany him on the delicate mission. In order to better comfort and protect the wives and children of the missing men, Bishop Eugene Romney took them to Hatchita, keeping the Petersons in his own home. Rachel went to stay with her mother-in-law, Ann Jensen, and her sisters-in-law Mary Alice, Mildren, and Mynerva.<sup>23</sup>

After a three day's fruitless search in the United States in which the homesteaders and many cowhands from three big ranches had participated, interest shifted to Old Mexico. Lem Spillsbury, whose wife, Allie Acord, was a sister to Eathel Acord Peterson, volunteered to direct a search there. Immediately Milton Jensen, brother to Burton, and other Diaz boys, among whom were Orson James Richins, Carl Pierce, and Monie Adams, volunteered their services. From Erastus Thygerson, Orson borrowed cartridges for his gun and asked him to notify the Richins parents that he was among those searching for the missing men.

Careful search along the boundary line for two and one half miles west of the Corner Ranch disclosed signs of a crossing made at Monument Mountain, near Dog Springs. Here, on the Mexican side, the party spread out examining every foot of ground as the tracks led them deeper into Mexico. Their search seemed futile until they discovered a clearing surrounded by thickets of mesquite brush which

<sup>22</sup>Ram Thygerson interview.

<sup>23</sup>Interview with Rachel Jensen, the wife of Burton.

disclosed a scene so brutal as to blanch their faces and congeal the blood in their veins. The searchers stood transfixed and an oath froze in Lem's throat. Nearby was Jensen's nude and mutilated body and some distance farther lay Hugh Acord who had been beaten and shot. Andy Peterson, last to be found had been grazed with a bullet in the neck then shot through the heart. Nothing else remained, for the horses and saddles, all boots, spurs, hats and clothing had been carried off to be used by the bandits.

When the men who remained to guard the bodies until transportation could be found and Fred Bearfoot on his way to notify the United States soldiers at Dog Springs, were shot at. Orson Richins and Carl Pierce were stationed on top of a little hill as watchmen. Finally the bodies of the slain men were placed in a wagon, put together from parts salvaged at the Corner Ranch, and taken to Camel Wells where they were held while being prepared for burial. Sisters Mary Ann (Auntie) Jackson and Phoebe Lemmon, formerly of Colonia Diaz came from Columbus, New Mexico to make the burial and temple clothes. After graveside services, over which Bishop Eugene Romney presided, the bodies were buried beside Eathel's other brother, John, who had been killed when his horse fell on him. During the sermon, preached by Brother Hugh Hurst, a Mormon refugee from El Paso, Eathel's heart cried out to the baby in her arms, "Oh, little Dogie! He couldn't possibly have known the endless herd-time he asked me to ride until his return." Though the little Hachita Ward did everything possible to relieve the bereaved families, they knew that only God could salve the wounds in their hearts.

In trying to construct the events leading to this tragedy, the homesteaders advanced several theories, the most logical of which was that at the Corner Ranch, on their way to Dog Springs the cowboys encountered a group of Mexican acquaintances supposed to be friends. But upon dismounting to exchange greetings they were captured, disarmed and spirited across the border. Lem Spillsbury thought it was the work of Sylvestre Quevado, a man raised around the Mormon colonies and educated at the Juarez Stake Academy. In fact, once at a school dance he had bought Rachel Mortensen's basket of lunch and had eaten dinner with her. (Rachel later became Mrs. Burton Jensen). After joining the revolution, Quevado became vindictive and cruel. Lem's idea seemed substantiated a short time later

when he received word from his parents in Colonia Juarez that while Sylvester Quevado's horses were feeding in Colonia Juarez pastures, Mormon men had seen three American raised horses bearing the Peterson and Jensen brands.<sup>21</sup>

The widows, like most of the other Colonia Diaz refugees, established businesses and comfortable homes in the United States communities where their children had both educational and church facilities. Meanwhile, Diaz, the deserted village, succumbed to the ravages of time and man.

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<sup>21</sup>Nellie Spillsbury Hatch, *Mother Jane's Story*. (Shafer Publishing Co., Inc., Waco, California, 1964)

## Chapter XIV

# TALES FROM WHISPERING WALLS

Although Colonia Diaz refugees established businesses and comfortable homes in the United States and geared their lives to modern progress, their experiences and accomplishments in Colonia Diaz had enough magnetic attraction to bring many back on visits, shopping for treasured memories. Though physical conditions varied with each trip, the story of one or two returns will illustrate them all.

Sullivan Coral Richardson, second generation of Colonia Diaz pioneers, made such a trip some fourteen years after the exodus and burning of the town by bandits. Accompanying him were his mother and several members of his family. He published his story in the *Improvement Era* (Church magazine) in May, 1939. The following photographs, which he took at that time, record the decay of the homes on Main Street immediately north of the store.

At the age of 62 while teaching school in New Mexico, I, Annie R. Johnson,<sup>1</sup> received a call from my church to fill a mission to Old Mexico. This necessitated getting a "visa" to cross the International boundary line, for which I needed a birth certificate. Though I am an American citizen, I was not registered in the United States because I was born in Mexico. Since I was not registered there either, I was instructed to get the signatures of two people who knew of my birth to so testify and have it signed before a Mexican Notary Public. This necessitated a trip into the Mexican Mormon Colonies of Chihuahua. My brothers and sisters, anxious to visit Colonia Diaz, were eager to go with me and were ready as soon as my school was out in May, 1951.

We briefly visited Colonia Juarez and its academy. Colonia Dublan and Nueva Casa Grandes where I obtained my birth certificate.

What a jubilant family we were as, in two trucks, we traveled north over the Pershing highway en route to Colonia Diaz. Present were my three sisters and their husbands; Edna and Orson, Floss and

<sup>1</sup>The author.



Standing on Main Street (running north and south) is Hana Andersen and wife Mynoa and her mother Tressa Richardson. If Hana is pointing (as appears) to the Janie and E. W. Johnson residence then the next building north is the candy shop and the other people are standing on Bishop Johnson's vacant lot across the street west.

Carl, Elva and Glen; my brother, Ivan, and wife, Lola; my two sisters Madge and Lola, and a niece, Maxine Richins Jones.

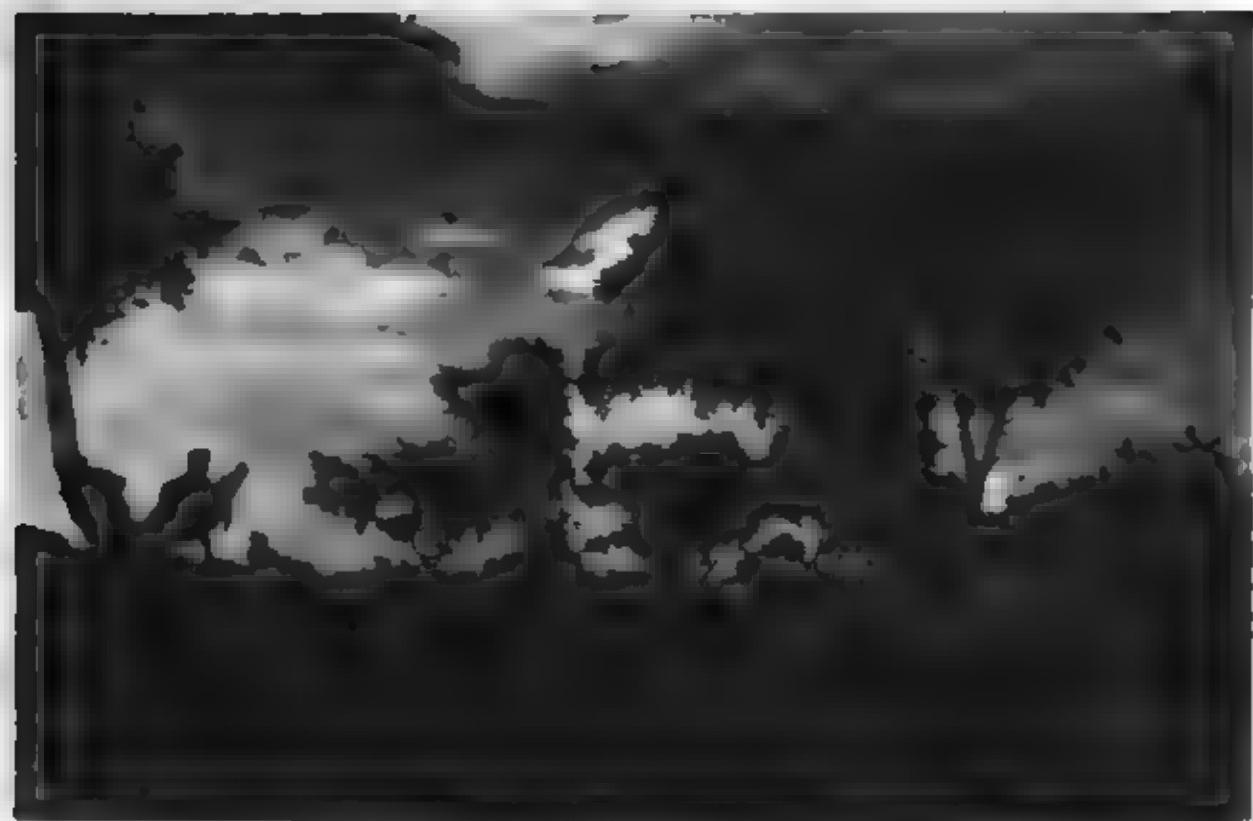
At La Ascencion, neighboring town of Colonia Diaz, time seemed to have stood still for even the children and the dogs on the streets seemed to be the same ones we had seen there forty years earlier. The plaza with its rose-bordered walks leading to the bandstand seemed as permanent as the Eagle mural carved over the door of the courthouse.

While Orson and Carl were conversing with some of their old Mexican friends and asking about the road across the river to Diaz, we girls became suspicious of a Mexican man who examined ■■■ cars before moving over to listen in on the boys' conversation. He offered to ride with us as far as the forks of the road, to show us the way. Suspicion turned to uneasiness as he asked minute-questions about our camping plans and continued to ride on and on, three times changing his story as to why he did so. We women were glad when he left.

How eagerly the older members of the party had awaited the sight of the Northern Boca Grande Mountain and the eastern horizon where they had watched the light of many happy days spill over the mountain and roll down to illuminate the great valley. When we entered Main Street, the real fun began. As Ivan, born after the Exodus, put it, "The curtain then arose and the great show started!" The spectators, those who had never been there before, just watched in understanding amusement. The actors were so carried away with their role that they spoke and acted in complete abandon. Maxine was heard to say, "I never knew my aunts before." In ecstasy they "oh'd" and "ah'd" as they scurried first to this place and then to that, laughing through tears as they identified one landmark and then another. Their enthusiasm lasted throughout the entire tour.

A few houses were found standing (those were occupied by natives. Others were identifiable only by location of mounds or clumps of tamarack, plum thickets, scraggly cottonwood trees or cedar posts. The birthplace of each family member was noted and photographed. "Here is where Kim Lemmon lived, there Will Adams, Miles Pierce, Lauritz Mortensen."

There was Aunt Eliza Whiting's home, the old store, the post office, and a mound that was Aunt Irene's home with the coyote rock under the window. Aunt Tressie's house was partly standing and inhabited by natives. Between these two houses stood the old mulberry



Extreme right: home of Trexa Richardson; next, probably Besie Hardy's (through the block), between center trees red brick home of Vernon Whiting also showing small corner of Eiza Whiting home across Main Street. Next, probably the store and last home of Irene and S. C. Richardson.

tree — the rendezvous of all the children of the neighborhood. After taking a picture we raced to the first little home of our father, C. E. Richardson, had built in Mexico the scene of our mother's honeymoon and my birthplace. Across the street we went to the ruins of our Grandpa Jacobson's home and took another picture.

Now, as the sun was low, we hurried down Main Street past the homes of Bishop Johnson's family, the opera house, and on to the dear old church-school house. Here we lingered over the mere traces of these loved rooms and re-enacted some of the memories they involved. Lola rang the teacher's brass hand-bell; Madge played "Ante-I-Over," Steal Sticks, and Hop Scotch; and Flossie marched with an imaginary Sunday School class along the shady walks of the school park to the tune of "Soldier Boy Where Are You Going?" Edna recalled her two-year-old brother, Vernon, walking into her Sunday School class wearing only Elva's little red umbrella and a triumphant smile. I thrilled again to the memory of a visit from my fiance, Elmer Johnson, who slipped into my school room for a moment's respite after a busy day of teaching. Carl challenged Orson, "Meet me at recess down behind Peterson's corral! We'll have it out there," as so many school boys had done in the long ago. The sheer joy of the moment was dulled only by the ache of realization that such experiences were irretrievable.

Our Aunt Hattie Jacobson's home was next, then the old Donaldson place, the scene of Carl's childhood. How surprised Carl was to see how time had shrunk distances! The old mulberry tree which he remembered to have been "way off down there," must have been magically moved for it now stood within a few rods of the house. Those long garden rows he used to weed had shrunk to half their former length. Carl ran boyishly about gathering samples of soil, bits of broken pottery, and other souvenirs until urged that they must be on their way in order to make camp before dark. Tears welled in all eyes as, with a clasping of hands, Carl's eyes swept the place and he begged, "Oh just let me look a minute more!"

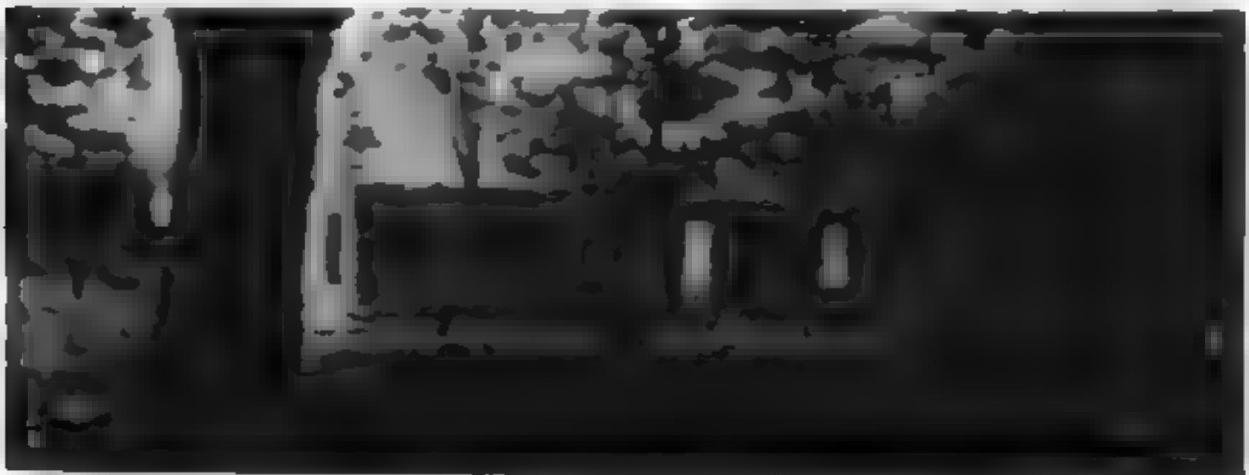
Back in the pickup truck, Orson remarked, "Well, I guess I'm just an old stick, I'm not that sentimental." However, within the hour his behavior proved him wrong. When we reached Richins Ranch, his childhood home, a new-found exuberance overcame his conservatism and he was as sentimental as Carl. He was exclaiming over this and that: "The pasture was down there!" he explained. "The lightning struck that very tree! Here is a piece from our old



Three houses whose walls were still standing in 1951.  
House built by Sam Donaldson and sold to young John Earl. Photographed in  
1951 (39 years after exodus).



The Lauritz Mortensen place owned by Will Adams at time of Exodus. Front  
to back: Annie R. Johnson, Lola R. Hansen, Flusie R. Donaldson.



Home of Andrew Andersen on Main Street near school, 1951.

set of dishes! This is where we raised a bumper crop of potatoes!" Hurrying to the truck, he brought out a shovel to dig in the soil. As he winnowed it before the breeze he exclaimed "Nowhere have I found soil to equal this," but dig as he might, he was unable to locate the place he had buried his sister's play-dishes before the exodus.

On the way to the Richins and Dustydale Ranches, we paused at the cemetery. It was in sad disrepair. The Mexicans had moved tombstones to their own recent graves beside the Diaz plot, so that it was impossible to definitely locate individual graves. However, two stones too large to move — the M. L. Gruwell family and Rats Thygerson twin marker — guarded the barren spot now innocent of a single mound. Here again, distance shrank. The cemetery was not far from either the ranch or town. But what's this! The size of the mesquites had diminished — and the ooses (yuccas) were gone. We were to learn that this phenomenon was the result of a prairie fire which swept the country a number of years after the exodus.

We entered our Dustydale Ranch through the same high posted gate of our childhood and stopped at the ruins of our precious old home. Only the two east half-basement rooms remained and they had been repaired to house a native family. The windmill nearest the house was still in use. However, because the pipe which carried the water into the tank had rusted the bottom out, the pipe had been turned upside down and was not now a pipe but a trough. This we photographed, along with the gate and the ruins of the house. How good the water tasted! Then after we poked into the rubble that was Aunt Sarah's neat dwelling we began making plans for the night.

Desiring privacy we decided to camp at the Richins' Ranch rather than at Dustydale which was occupied by Mexican families. At the Richins' ranch we built a fire around the dry stump of a tree near the mound that was once Orson's home. Around this fire we grouped after supper, and here we had the finest experience of the trip.

The first hours of the "homecoming" just passed among those dearest of spots and the emotions they had stirred, the hallowed cemetery where rested so many of our number, and the ranch home, symbolic of the integrity and industry of our parents, all combined to build up a most solemn sacred atmosphere.

Following our evening meal, this spirit was intensified and hymns rose into the still night — "Oh My Father," "Count Your Many Blessings," "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet," and Glenn's



This Thygesen twin marker had fallen over but we raised it up to photograph.



solo, "The Lord's Prayer" all served to make testimony bearing imperative. By turns each arose voicing gratitude for the Gospel, our heritage, love, encouragement, and for the several mothers our way of life had blessed us with. There were prayers for the success of my approaching mission and for steadfastness of each in fulfilling life's mission. The spirit of our parents seemed to pervade our group. Almost did we know of their presence as if in fulfillment of a forty year tryst. A canopy of protection seemed to descend about us. Especially did we sense and appreciate this as the fear of the day recurred — that accompanying the episode of our would-be Mexican guide — for again and again as the evening progressed we heard approaching hoof-beats. They seemed to gallop to the edge of our little clearing, pause, then retreat. When Madge whispered, "Do you suppose they plan to do us harm?" Orson replied, "Madge, no one could harm us now." After prayer we all retired to our "Brigham-bed" feeling assured that all would be well.

The next morning, we hurried back to the Dustydale ranch for a final savoring of the scenes of our youth, finding treasures, and the taking of more pictures. At the site of our old lumber house, Lola found a rusty toy horse. From a nearby fence post she took a knot of barbed wire, tied as only Father was known to tie wire. I gathered several bricks from the rubble of our house with which to make book ends. We located the cement slab which had once footed the pump house, the depression of the surface water tanks, and a few stumps of the dead orchard. We exclaimed over the fragrance of half forgotten flowers and gathered souvenirs of greasewood and sage.

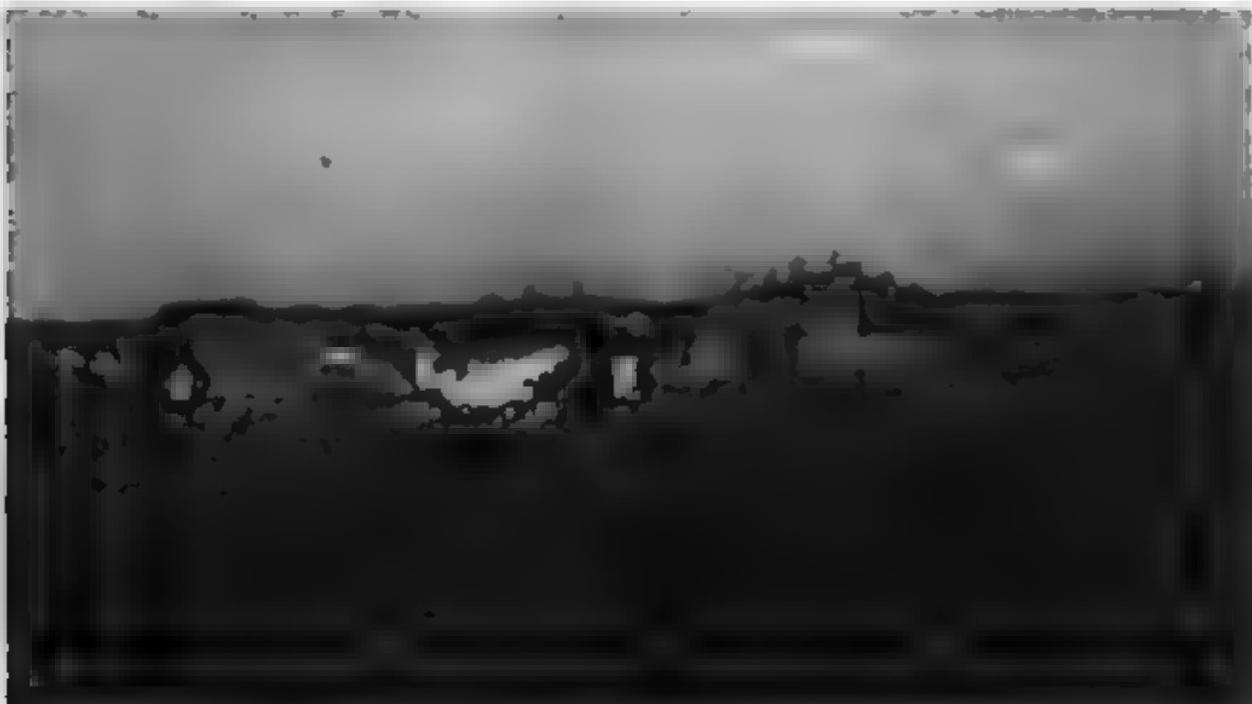
The unwelcome call, "Time to go" from the menfolks brought us all back to rude reality. One lingering all-inclusive glance and bonnets went on as we reluctantly climbed into the pickups. Then all too soon the scene faded away again into a mere memory.

Neither the march of time nor of progress, however, can obliterate the dear memory of our excursion. Always it will be treasured, drawing us close, helping us to live worthy of eternal association beyond.

Fifty years after the Red Flagger Bandits of the Mexican revolution had burned Colonia Diaz, I again visited the deserted village. Though my eyes saw only mounds and crumbling walls where lovely homes had been, the walls began whispering of tales and episodes which the families within their sheltering care had, long ago, shared with me. Soon, like Francis Bacon, I seemed to have my conversation more among the ancients than with the living. Some of the stories



Windmill at Richardson's Dustydale Ranch still in use in 1951. Left to right: Glenn Shumway (wife Elva R. taking picture) Ivan R. Madge, Annie, Lola (his sisters), Orson Richins whose wife Edna is on the windmill, Floss Richardson and husband Carl Donaldson.



Ruins of the Dustydale ranch house.

evoke a smile, some tears, and some soared into the sublime. The following are some of the whispered tales which I heard and have recorded:

The decaying walls of the Johnson home related many faith promoting incidents and tales of hardships concerning the Johnson family whose older members originally lived in New York and who walked with their Prophet Joseph Smith through early church history. Previous to their conversion to the church the family was forced to witness the suffering of their school teacher sister and daughter, Nancy, who was crippled permanently through a fall from a horse. The community loved Nancy, was solicitous of her welfare, and accepted the family on full terms of fellowship. However, when the Johnsons joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormons) all this friendship seemed turned to hate. They found themselves the center of a furor of hostility, with their friends and ministers shouting derisions and demanding signs. "Heal Nancy," they shouted, "Heal Nancy, then we will believe!"

The Johnsons moved from New York to Kirtland, Ohio, in time to help build the temple there. In that city the summer of 1834 was one of great spiritual manifestations among the Saints. They enjoyed the gift of tongues, interpretations, prophecy, and healings. When Elder Jared Carter, a man of great faith, visited the Johnsons and saw Nancy using crutches, he commanded her, in the name of Jesus to lay them aside and walk. This she did without even a limp although for years before she had been unable to bear the least weight upon her broken hip. Says Benjamin F. Johnson, "We all felt to sing Hosanna, for we knew that God alone had restored our sister."

There is the story of the great hail storm related by Sextus E. Johnson, one of the seven people who witnessed the miracle.<sup>2</sup>

On the 29th of July, 1886, a large black cloud arose over the horizon and began moving rapidly toward Hillsdale and her surrounding farms located on the Sevier River some six miles from Panguitch, Utah. It looked as if Uncle George Deliverance Wilson's farm would be right in the middle of the storm's fury, for fury it had. There was thunder, lightening, and the roar of hail.

Women folks hurried to the door of their houses, some crying and wringing their hands, for destruction of their crops and gardens seemed certain and this would mean very limited

<sup>2</sup>From the *Johnson Informer* (family newspaper).

rations for an entire year. Uncle George D. stepped out of the mill shed where he had been working just as the hail began to spatter on the roof. Without a word he stood there gazing at the beautiful garden and green fields. Suddenly he began walking east toward the road leading from Panguitch to Kanab. The scattered hail stones, heralds of the on-coming storm were bounding off anything they hit including my cloth-covered head and bare feet. Instinct told me to seek shelter, but something seemed to be urging me to follow Uncle George D. which I did. I followed so close that I could hear his voice above the roar of the storm as it broke around us.

"Father in Heaven," he was saying, "Don't let this storm destroy our crops. Father, thou didst not lead us from our homes in Illinois to starve in this western desert!" Suddenly he stood still, facing the storm. Lifting his arms he almost seemed to be defying it. "Storm," he cried, "I command you through the power of the Priesthood which I hold, and in the name of Jesus Christ not to destroy my crops."

The storm was upon us but he seemed to have tossed all worry into its face. He turned solemnly and majestically back to the mill shed. I followed not so solemnly or majestically.

Inside the shed was his son, David, about my age. The storm lasted about half an hour and left the valley white with hail. David and I started out from the shed but turned back because hail, two to six inches deep, was too much for bare feet. Suddenly we became aware that there was no hail on his garden or on his wheat fields, but plenty was piled along his half-mile fence. It was as if the fence formed an impassable barrier beyond which no hail could go. I was surprised then and puzzled, but many times since I have stood on that ground almost in awe as I fully realized that there a miracle had happened and I had [redacted] a witness.

The faith of the members of the Johnson family and their ability to endure under extreme hardships and despair is evident in this excerpt from the journal of Bishop William Derby Johnson, Jr.:

In answer to a message from Erastus Snow that I leave immediately for Mexico to escape being arrested for polygamy, I, with my wife, Lucy, and baby, Fay, arrived at Mesquite Springs just across the International boundary line into Mexico. Here, on April 20, 1885, I saw my first Yaqui Indian and had my introduction to the Customs House problems. Next day I

was most thankful to arrive at the camp on the river, but Brother Joe James said I need not be so thankful as the State of Chihuahua had ordered us out of the country. Ten days later my span of horses, Cousin David's mules and Uncle Will Brown's mare were stolen — another introduction I had to a strange country. But news of my greatest and almost unbearable loss came on May 18, when we learned of the passing of my wife, Lulu, of a heart attack on April 25, after the Marshals had invaded the home to subpoena my wife Yetta, and my children, Willie, and Domer, to testify against me in court at Beaver, Utah. Thus, Oh Lord, hast thou tried me — Lulu dead; my dear ones scattered a thousand miles apart; team stolen; only Lucy, little Fay, and I here in a strange land and not knowing whether we will be allowed to stay or not; out of money; only a wagon-box to live in; and no way to make a living.

My burden does seem heavy to bear. . . . After Lulu's passing my wife, Yetta, writes, "I am almost crazy, do send for me. Poor Willie is nearly heartbroken over the loss of his mother as are also Domer, Zeno and the rest of the children."

On December 13, I started to meet my family. I found them out about fifteen miles. What a glad meeting. My pen cannot describe it — my wife, Yetta, and the children, Domer, Moneta, Lulu, Willie and Zeno brought here by my brother Elmer. Now I hope to soon have my wife, Mary, and family. When that happens, all things else will be bearable — even the problems of the Customs House, which are forever with us.

Since the Prophet Joseph Smith taught that faith was the first principle of the restored Gospel, the stalwarts of Colonia Diaz taught faith both by precept and by example. Because the people were isolated and had no doctors, they relied upon faith and the powers of the Lord in times of sickness and crisis. Faith promoting incidents of the Church and family, and of relatives were recalled and discussed in the almost nightly home evenings held by the townspeople, and they became part of the very foundations of their homes.

One of the stories often recounted was told by the walls which housed the family of Joseph Allen Moffitt:

We reached Old Mexico on March 21, 1885. Soon after our arrival at the Diaz camp, little Nellie, Olive's baby, who had been sick with Scarlet Fever in St. Johns (Arizona) and had been very sick along the way with swollen glands of the throat and neck, seemed to be choking to death. Olive sat in the

wagon by the side of her baby all night and all day, hoping they would not have to lose her. . . . Maria kept her post at the little campfire at the side of the wagon preparing hot packs to keep the baby breathing. In the evening Bishop Hunt and others came to administer to the baby. Through the power of the Priesthood they promised that she would get well. Next morning she was better and a boy brought a young duck which he had killed to her. The baby was able to drink some of the broth, which gave her strength.<sup>2</sup>

A miracle of healing happened at Wilford, Arizona, just before the Whiting family made the move into Colonia Diaz. Because of a serious illness Brother Charles Whiting became pale, emaciated and too weak to stand, and he asked the conference visitors from Salt Lake City to come and administer to him. By the power of the Priesthood, which they had, the brethren blessed him and sealed him up to health and strength. Then, leaving him and his wife, Amy, alone, the brethren went to hold a two o'clock meeting which they found well attended. The spirit of the Lord seemed to attend each speaker, among whom were H. N. Tanner, J. J. Adams, John Bushman and J. H. Richards. The people felt that they had enjoyed a fine meeting, but the best was yet to come. As the choir finished the last song, ready for the benediction, the door opened and in walked Brother Whiting supported by his wife, Amy. With faces almost aglow with light they walked to the stand where Brother Whiting said he wished to testify to the blessing he had just received. He said he was healed by the power of the Priesthood and that he knew the Gospel was true, and though he was still very weak, he greatly rejoiced. Sister Whiting also testified to her husband's having been healed and said that after the Elders had gone, Brother Whiting had asked her to pray and that then he had prayed with great power. Then they sang "God Moves In A Mysterious Way" and "We Thank Thee Oh God For A Prophet." While singing they heard heavenly voices which soon so filled the room that they could not hear their own. A most glorious light filled the room, their faces shone and they dared not look up. They both testified that they had experienced the most glorious feeling, and rejoiced and praised God. Brother Whiting then dressed himself and they both came to meeting. They felt it their duty and joy to testify in meeting to the blessing they had received.

Brother Whiting said he did not want the people to think it was on account of his virtues, for he felt he was one of the weakest.

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<sup>2</sup>By Kindness of Joseph Allen Moffit (taken from his personal papers).

The spirit of testimony immediately invaded the meeting and Sister J. J. Adams testified to the glory of God. Hans Neilson spoke and then Charles Edmund Richardson, John Bushman and J. H. Richards. After singing again the meeting was dismissed by Hans Nielson, who said in his prayer, "This has been a day of rejoicing to witness the power of God in the restoration of health to a very worthy brother."

Brother Whiting was a beneficiary in another tale of miraculous blessing. While passing through Fort Apache on a return trip from Arizona to Colonia Diaz, the Charles Whiting and Joseph Cardon company, consisting of their wives and young children, Treasa Richardson, two older ladies and three boys, learned that there was trouble among the Indians. Without much alarm, that evening, the company prepared to make camp near the crossing at Black River, but when Brother Cardon felt impressed to move on, they camped instead on the top of the mountain. After turning the stock and horses out to graze, they prepared supper. While they were kneeling in prayer before supper, a strange dog wandered into camp and sniffed around before slipping back into the timber. Brother Whiting's remark, "Well, it looks as though we might have company tonight," did not calm anyone's apprehensions. The men followed the dog, cautiously keeping in the shadows and the underbrush. Near our camp they saw Geronimo, the Apache outlaw, and his band of braves, huddled together in council before mounting to ride away.

Quickly the men rounded up the cattle and horses, brought them into camp, and stood guard all night. Only the children slept. Next morning the men found no signs of the Indians, but learned that, at a ranch just ahead of them, two men had been killed, and back at the proposed camp at Black River Crossing a woodman and his son had been killed and their wagon burned. Word went back to the Mormon settlements that the Whiting and Cardon party had all been killed and a posse of men from Snowflake and Joseph City were soon on their way to investigate. By the time they reached Fort Apache, word had come that all members of the party were still alive because Geronimo had found them kneeling and talking to the Great Spirit and dared not molest them. Thus, they were saved by prayer.

Another resident of Diaz often repeated a story that had occurred in his early married life as he was leaving the East to come West. To the dismay of his wife, Brother Shoemaker consented to let fourteen-year-old John Baker cross the plains to Utah with his family. "Why

did you do it?" chided his wife. "We have only enough food for ourselves and an extra person will crowd us."

Brother Shoemaker replied, "He wanted to come so bad that I just couldn't refuse him."

The next day a farmer with a load of wheat to sell came into the Mormon camp, perhaps at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Brother Shoemaker bargained to buy the wheat if the farmer would sell the wagon and the oxen with it. Brother Shoemaker had sold his property and had money which, of course, would be of little use out in the west. When the deal was made he considered it an act of Providence, for he now had a boy to drive the oxen and bring the load of wheat which he considered had been placed in his hands for a purpose.

Some of the wheat was used for food that first winter but much of it was planted for a next year's harvest at Bountiful, Utah, where a bumper crop was cut and harvested. But to the surprise of all, the wheat grew fast and headed again and was cut and harvested, and again the wheat headed out, three or four heads to one straw of stubble. The last crop was too short to be cut so the women and children gleaned the fields. It was estimated that the gleaners got as much as two other crops. Brother Shoemaker kept some of the seeds from the miraculous crop of wheat and planted it many times, but there never was such a crop again.

Though memory had stirred the house walls to wakefulness, they respectfully fell silent as those of the church house began; first, to whisper, and then to speak audibly. Many of the faith-promoting incidents and stories of the town were recounted in church during testimony meetings held on Fast Sunday. One of these testimonies was borne by Brother Hilton, at one time the only missionary, besides the President, in the Samoan Mission. It had seemed impossible for him to learn the language, and after six months of study he got the President to write an opening and closing prayer so he could read it in meetings, and that was as far as he had ever been able to progress.

On their way to hold a conference, one Sunday, at which the natives were already gathering, a note was given to the President telling him to be in Honolulu that evening to take the steamer to go and open another branch.

"But what about our conference?" asked Brother Hilton.

"You must go and hold it," replied the President.

"You know I can't do that. I have never been able to speak, or do a thing of that kind yet."

"Well, you may know." was the answer, and with his grip in hand the President started over the ridge and along the shore.

Brother Hilton looked at the folks coming to meeting and said, "I can't do this." He picked up his own grip, determined that he would follow the President on the next steamer. In dismay the Saints saw him leave, but thought that the President had left something which should be taken to him.

Brother Hilton walked about five miles then sat down to bathe his feet in the surf, feeling the while as miserable as one possibly could. He said aloud, "I don't know why they wanted to send me out here anyway. I can't learn this language." He was startled to hear a voice reply, "You don't know. You have never tried."

When Brother Hilton jumped up, looked around and found no one there, he began to think. "That is right, I never have tried to hold a meeting." He then knelt down and told the Father he was going back and try. If there was a message which could be given through him, the Lord would get the credit.

As Brother Hilton faced the audience which had remained, his heart sank, but he determined to do his part and called upon someone to lead a hymn and another to pray. After singing again, he rose to his feet and he prayed for help. Help was given him, and for — and a quarter hours the audience was held almost spell-bound. He had never in his life talked with such ease and fluency, nor had an audience ever been so deeply moved by his speaking. When all was over one old man came up, threw his arms around Brother Hilton and told of what a wonderful time they had enjoyed.

"But," said Brother Hilton, "Their joy was nothing in comparison to mine. There I learned that if I do all I can, the Lord will not leave me alone when I am called to do something."

There was the Ammon M. Tenney testimony in which he said:

There are some situations in life in which you work close with the Lord or you don't survive. I learned this in 1865, out eighteen miles west of Pipe Springs and six miles southwest of Canaan, Utah. Here my father, Nathan C. Tenney, Enoch Dodge, and I were attacked and surrounded by eighteen Navajo Indians whom we fought off for an hour or more with our backs to the wall. Finally, we abandoned our thirteen horses and ran for better shelter. By the time we reached a rocky escarpment,

Dodge was shot in the knee and my father was stunned by a fall in which he broke his shoulder blade.

Realizing that I could not carry on that fight alone, I talked mightily with the Lord as I climbed that twelve-foot escarpment. Reaching down with my gun I managed to pull the two men up after me and we hid in a little cave where we rested as we listened to the Indians searching for us on the plateau above. When darkness settled down we made our way fifteen miles to Duncan's Retreat on the Virgin River and safety, but we never would have made it without God's help."

When I became President of the Indian Mission, I learned to work with those people more effectively than working against them. I with my missionaries; C. E. Richardson, C. J. Christoferson and G. D. Greer had many wonderful experiences, but the day we baptised our first Indian sister, Martina, wife of Captain Julian, was a glorious experience worth mentioning. When I confirmed her I was constrained to bless her to be a preacher and teacher to her Lamanite sisters. Immediately a glorious light shone around her head making her very beautiful as she arose and urged her sisters to come and be baptised saying: "My heart swells within me and my spirit is light since I was baptised. Come my sisters and be baptised. Four other ladies then came forward and partook of the ordinances.

Indeed these Indians had such great faith that an entire village who wanted baptism but had no water for it, dug an excavation and carried water from wells to fill it then assembled and were baptised.

In my later missions among the natives of Mexico, I have many times witnessed demonstrations of this great faith and its attendant blessings. When sixteen-year-old Manrique Gonzales was confirmed a member of the Church and given the gift of the Holy Ghost, the entire audience experienced an outpouring of the Spirit, and when Brother J. R. Holt rose to bear his testimony, all were electrified to find him speaking in tongues — an experience new to everyone. Much of his message was to Manrique, himself who was surprised that an interpretation was necessary for, said he, "I understood every word he said." Brothers and Sisters, there is no limit to the privileges and blessings we can receive if we prepare ourselves for them.

Diazistes were impressed by a sermon given by Karl G. Maeser, the Educator, in Diaz on November 13, 1892.

I would say to all present tonight to gather the honey of truth as the bees of Deseret. Some excell in some things and some in another. But we should never let the world excel us in virtue, honesty, and truth. I was in Paris and visited a school of 6,000 school children who attended every day. They did not touch the flowers that ornamented the school grounds, nor hurt one another in their play. One little boy, while rolling his hoop as I was passing, accidentally bumped into me. Being surprised at the sudden collision, he took off his hat and bowing said, "Excuse me, Sir!" The Elders of Israel hold greater power than the kings of the earth, or the Senators or Roze. Girls, do not marry Gentiles! Young men, honor old age and the sisters, especially those who have babies in their arms!

Five hundred young men, all Spartans, at the Olympian Games in Athens in ancient times, arose simultaneously and offered an old man, a slave, who came tottering in, their seat. Such was the honor and respect shown to old age in those days. . . . If men of the world work for the honor thereof, why do not we as zealously work for the honor of the Kingdom of God. The Lord wanted Abraham's obedience but not his son, Isaac. The Lord will bless us as he did Abraham for our obedience.

Two tales whispered by the crumbling walls of the Church were concerned with the miraculous provision of water. Charles Edmund Richardson, called by the Church to act as Attorney-at-law for the Saints in the Mormon Colonies in Chihuahua and Sonora was on his way to attend a court session at Chihuahua City where his absence might be disastrous to the colonization project. While driving the jaded team and its lone buckboard, he pondered the importance of his mission to Chihuahua City. He was traveling in a cloud of choking dust across the northern Chihuahua desert between Colonia Diaz and El Paso del Norte (Cuidad Juarez) the nearest railroad connection to Chihuahua City. The little mare in the team sagged dangerously under the intense heat and her need of water.

"Come on, Nellie old girl, don't give up." Edmund cajoled the little mare. "Another mile will bring us to the half-way watering hole. I marvel that your keen nostrils have not already caught the scent of life-giving water. I promise you water, feed, and rest before pushing into the last half of the trip to catch the train."

However, half hour later, to his great surprise and dismay, Edmund found the water-hole as dry as the desert over which they

had just passed. While the horses nibbled over the corn in their nose-sacks, too thirsty to eat, Brother Richardson dug for water in the tank floor, only to find it as dry as the surface. He was in serious straits. The distance either way was too far to drive a thirsty team. There was only one source from which he could receive help and he knelt beside the buggy wheel seeking it. He told the Lord his condition and that he had to have water for the horses. He explained the trouble it would mean for the Saints if he missed the court session and the appointment with the Mexican Attorney in Chihuahua City. He acknowledged his dependence upon the Lord and in behalf of the Colonists asked for help.

Upon rising to his feet he noticed a small cloud just above the western horizon. This increased in size as it traveled across the sky until it was directly over his head and then rain fell like a cloud-burst until the watering hole was full and running over into the creek.

After watering his team and filling his water barrel, he thanked the Lord and was soon on his way. About a hundred yards from the water-hole he found the ground as dry as it was before the rain and the sky as innocent of clouds. He caught the train and won the case in court.

The other story about water was equally impressive. While preaching in Colonia Diaz, Brother Jacob Hamblin said:

Many times while I was on my mission as peacemaker to the Indians, around 1866, we suffered for water, but the Lord always helped us. Upon one occasion between St. George, Utah, and the Ferry when both men and animals were suffering for water, I saw a mule begin pawing the ground and determined that he must be smelling water. When I dug a three-foot hole there it opened up a spring of water which continued to flow. It became known as Hite Springs, and became a regular water supply and camp site.

The walls of the Church fell silent, and the house walls again seemed to clamor for attention. Irene Richardson, wife of Sullivan Calvin Richardson, had often related the incident of a dangerous and near tragic runaway in which several people were involved:

Uncle Charles Whiting's old mare, Pacer, was deemed absolutely safe to drive. When my Lurline was about six-weeks old, my husband wanted me to go and ask Brother Peterson to bring some sand for plastering. We had a cart fixed with a box and

spring seat and a tongue for two animals. When the children wanted to ride, I took my little son, Ralph, in the seat with me, Tressa's daughter, Mynoa in front at my feet, and my sister-in-law's son, Sullie in the back. The horse, Pacer, was slow and lazy but the tugs were short and caused the singletree to hit her legs and she got up life enough to go faster and faster with each bump of the singletree. I had my baby Lurline on my lap, and as we went over a little ditch across the road, Ralph was bounced over the seat into the back, and then he and Sullie were thrown out.

A crowd of men at the store tried to stop the team, but were not quick enough and they ran through town, then turned east toward a big adobe hole. I got them turned enough to miss that, but only one of two tugs were still fastened and the tongue was dragging on the ground. The animals ran into a big mesquite bush and the tongue ran into the dirt, which was drifted around the bush and then struck solid ground. I thought we would be thrown sky-high but I never felt the jar. Holding the lines, talking to the prancing horses, with Lurline under one arm, I hardly know how I did it, but I caught Mynoa, and tossed her out and told her to get clear away. She did and said, "I told Aunt Irene to let me out before, but she wouldn't."

One of the most gripping stories concerning the Diaz people happened on the desert between Colonia Diaz and Oaxaca.

Goodbys had been said and Sister Lucy Norton walked with her daughter, Rosetta Scott, out to the wagon-covered freight outfit waiting to begin the return home trip back to Oaxaca, Mexico. Before taking her place in the spring seat, Rosetta turned to ask, "Mother, could you let Lilly go home with me? I feel that I cannot go without her." Eighteen-year-old Lilly's heart skipped a beat because she hesitated to leave her aging mother, but at the insistence of her mother, she obediently packed a suitcase and was soon on the way with her sister who had four children and was expecting another.

Lilly related the events that followed:

I loved my sister, but I was very concerned about my mother, whom I watched as far as I could see. I shall never forget that day. Through tear-dimmed eyes I watched my home with its tall chimney and adobe walls fade into the distance. How fresh and clean the inside had looked with its walls freshly white-washed from lime my father had made just before he died. There were tall cottonwood trees around the two-acre lot, a

nice garden of vegetables, and many cows and chickens, all this I loved; but most of all I love my mother and it grieved me to leave her alone with all this work. As my friend, Chloe Ray, was going with us, we stopped at her grandmother's home to pick her up. After she came I felt much better.

It was in July 1906, hot and dry. Frank had two freight wagons, one drawn by six big mules, trailed the other, also there was Gray, a yearling colt belonging to eight-year-old Joseph, their oldest child. How proud he felt riding his pony along-side the wagon, or just leading him behind!

My brother, John Norton, was managing the Joe James grist mill ten miles southwest of Colonia Diaz and here Frank Scott, Rosetta's husband and our driver, stopped to load the trailer wagon up with flour. After filling the big barrels on either side of the outfits with enough fresh water to supply us and the mules, we were on our way again. "Take a trip into town to see mother," I suggested as I told my brother good-by.

As we traveled about 35 miles per day, Chloe and I spent the time reading, singing, and planning our future. In the late afternoon, when the western sky was as rosy as our dreams, Frank suggested that we camp for the night in order to get supper prepared and the beds made before dark.

Long slanting rays from the setting sun transformed the landscape into a golden valley carpeted with grass, greasewood, and yucca. After the sun set the gold persisted only in the light of our campfire and here the family comradery also glowed as potatoes roasted, rabbit fried and baking powder biscuits browned in, a dutch-oven with red coals heaped over the lid.

We made our beds that night on the ground under the canopy of heaven, where the stars and moon, unhampered by clouds or wind, smiled such a peace as to fill my heart with contentment. Soon every fiber of my being responded to the greatness of the universe and I could feel the nearness of a Supreme Creator. How foolish I was to fear a trip so grand as this I thought as I snuggled down in my bed and enjoyed a peaceful night's rest. The advent of the morning was even more glorious than the night. Only those who sleep in the great out-doors have the joy of witnessing the early light fingering its feeble way across the eastern sky to break in glory over the horizon and spill across the valley to awaken the world even as it put the moon and stars to sleep.

When I suddenly realized that this was the twenty-fourth of July I remembered how the pioneers entering the Salt Lake Valley had seen many such mornings and I sprang from my

bed shouting, "Hail the twenty-fourth of July!" Soon we were very busy packing and getting ready to travel on. When breakfast was ready and devotions had been said, Frank suggested we sing "We Want To See The Temple," and we all felt that the entire universe was indeed a temple to the Lord.

We spent the second night near Ojitos, a Mexican town of perhaps a dozen families, located upon a little knoll, but they had a telegraph office and a small store. Here we met a family by the name of Thayne and also Lady Flo, a colored lady who managed the business affairs for the Lord Bereaford's vast estate, of which Ojitos was a part. After replenishing our water supply and purchasing a few groceries, we were again on our way. Not a living soul existed there for fifty miles around, except the villagers, and weeks might pass before anyone traveled over that road again.

As the day advanced, a scorching sun produced that sultry, oppressive, airless heat so characteristic of the July rainy season in Northern Chihuahua and Sonora which often generated capricious cloudbursts or electric storms. Frank watched the lightning lace through the ominous cloud-bank mushrooming along the ridge of the lofty mountains we were approaching, grateful that distance muted its thunder. However, as evening approached and the dark mass devoured the sun and boiled over half of the sky, his concern increased, especially when his team became restless, and had to be calmed by the quiet tone of his voice. Sensing that his wife and family were also apprehensive, he dismounted from the saddle on the wheel-mule team from where he had been managing the six mule team and took his place in the spring seat. With her husband beside her, Rosetta's misgivings subsided and she leaned against his arm, his muscles still taut on the lines managing the uneasy team. The children also relaxed and each sought his attention. "When will we be home, Daddy?" "May I sit in the spring seat with you, Daddy?" "If it rains will we sleep in the wagon, Daddy?" After assuring each of his love he appreciated them to their mother. "It is a fine family we have, my dear."

From our place in the back under the wagon-cover, Chloe and I heard their conversation above the rattle of the wagon and the squeak of the spring seat as we jogged along. "How wonderful it will be, Frank, when we get the front room finished and the new furniture all arranged in the new home. It will seem like heaven on earth to me. I can hardly wait." She said optimistically. "I wonder if it will ever be finished," he half whispered. She looked up quickly, caught her breath and her

countenance fell as she exclaimed, "Oh Frank! Why did you make such a remark?"

They had just purchased a new bedroom set and an organ which was a luxury in those days, and with the addition to the house, Rosetta had been very thrilled over it all.

"I am sorry, dear, perhaps I just felt a little depressed," he answered as he kissed her again. I whispered to Chloe, "I think Frank is worried." She answered, "So am I. I hope that storm doesn't come this way. We are so far from home," and then we both lapsed into silence.

When we camped at the mouth of the canyon, we two girls helped unharness the mules for they were hard to manage. Relieved of their harness, the mules lay down and rolled in the grass. While Frank watered and hobbled the teams, Chloe and I gathered greasewood to make a fire for cooking supper. Frank insisted that we gather plenty of it in case of a storm. As we prepared supper of homemade noodle soup, we planned our travel for the following day.

"Tomorrow while going down the mountain, we will celebrate Lilly's birthday," said Frank as he poked the fire.

"What a lovely place to celebrate my nineteenth birthday," I said, "I love the mountains and there, with the stream, deep canyon and trees it will be quite a contrast to this hot dry prairie." Frank grew sober and said, "And may you always be as steadfast as the great pines and as pure as the mountain stream."

As we ate, heavy black clouds boiled up to the zenith and inched along the horizon blotting out the sky. Then suddenly our meal was interrupted by a crackling bolt of purple lightning followed by a cannon-fire crack of thunder which cowered us down in terror. Chloe and I bumped heads but managed a wry smile as we finished our dish of noodles. Frank spread a quilt under the canvas for Rosetta saying, "You rest here until I get the bed made up in the wagon." Then he also provided for the frightened children. As I noted his sweet devotion to his wife I almost envied them their mutual love.

The thunder then began to reverberate through the mountain passes in the most terrific grandeur, sending ear-splitting explosions to roll through all the notes of the scale and back into silence or striking brassily into other claps thus addling perception of anything except force. Then came a vivid flash ripping the murky canopy of the storm; flash followed flash, above, around, beneath, ever as a sea of fire. I finished washing the dishes and stepped between the two wagons to set the utensils out of the way.

"Chloe, hold up the canvas of the trailer while I put these things in," I heard Frank call as he picked up the provision box to put it under cover. "Lilly is there room for this box and your bed in the wagon?" he asked me, tugging at his heavy burden. I opened my mouth to answer, but words were ripped off my tongue by a devastating crash of thunder accompanied by a demoniacal blaze of sulphurous lightning. It seemed to strike like cobblestones creating a confused noise as of many fireworks about my ears, accompanied by a choking spray. As I fell to the ground I curled up like a young fern-frond with my face pressed against my breast and in this attitude submitted as best I could to my electric bath.

For a moment all was quiet as I lay stunned by this sudden onslaught of nature. Then fingers of horror began pricking at my senses and I realized what had happened. Almost afraid to look, I turned my head and saw Frank lying motionless over the lunch box. Nerves shaken and benumbed, I hurried to his side. "Oh, Frank! Are you hurt?" I cried as I turned him over. The smoke was so dense I could hardly see, but the flicker of the campfire revealed the contents of the lunch box scattered over the ground. I snatched the canteen and dashed water in Frank's face. I worked fast and hard trying to revive him, but the pallor of his face sent my heart into a spasm of sorrow and fear for I knew he was dead.

Rosetta crawled over to his side and I could hear her weeping, "Frank, Frank! Do you hear me? You can't leave us now. You are my only help!" she wailed. Then Joseph threw his arms around his father's neck screaming, "Daddy! Daddy!" I had to release him by force. The other frightened children were also screaming. For a time I could not speak for shock and grief. "Oh, I know now why I felt such a dread of this trip." I thought, and I then remembered Chloe. I found her lying face down in the grass. I called to her, "Chloe! Chloe! Oh, surely not you too." I dragged her over to the fire in an unconscious condition and frantically applied water as first aid. Upon regaining consciousness she began praying with all her soul for God to spare her life. As I placed a pillow under her head Rosetta screamed, "Lilly, the wagon is on fire!" and I rushed to extinguish it. I snatched out a burning quilt and stamped out the flames, grateful that the wagon cover was not ignited.

Rosetta's eyes filled with both woe and pleading as she said, "Lilly, you must go for help." The fear and consternation I felt must have flared over my face for she said encouragingly and reverently, "God helps those who help themselves." I shivered

with fear as I stepped around the wagon into the dense darkness now settled around us, but there was no time for tears, I must act for the sake of those I loved. The prayer I offered was for them as well as for the strength I needed. Returning to Rosetta I said, "I will go if you will promise not to give way to grief." She smiled her answer as she placed her hand upon Joseph's shoulder and said, "You must go with her to get help. You are almost a man and I know I can depend on you." She covered Frank's lifeless body with a quilt and made everyone as comfortable as possible. I had Joseph fill a bottle with water. Our throats were so parched from the smoking spray of electricity that I knew we would suffer from thirst.

As we stepped out of the firelight into that murky blackness with Joseph astride the little pony, I was glad Rosetta could not see the shudder of dread which passed over me but her words, "God helps those who help themselves" sustained me and filled my being with prayer.

Nature was holding high festival, devastating to every fiber of our being, but we did not lose our presence of mind. An hour passed and the northern sky grew darker, threatening more cruel weather — a wild scene and not a safe one, blinding flashes of forked lightning blazed the sky then plunged into utter darkness more terrible because of the contrast. Forced to dismount the tired pony, Joseph walked close beside me as we groped through the night, fearful of concealed dangers. When coyotes set up a yelping howl so near that their eyes glowed red in the dark and we heard cattle stampeded by thunder, we crouched close to the trembling pony for an instant. During the long trek of the night I battled unsuccessfully with sorrow and apprehension, and though Joseph never complained I knew he suffered also. During all this time not a drop of rain fell and when the water-bottle was empty we suffered from parched lips. We were happy to arrive at the "Oasis," a spring in the desert. Though cattle were lying around it, we approached cautiously lest some animal prey upon us from the trees. How we enjoyed that cool water, especially so the pony who had traveled dry the entire distance.

Toward morning when the storm subsided and visibility minimized our fears, exhaustion threatened. Joseph almost slept as he walked until I suggested that we leave the languid pony behind, when he objected with such vim that I decided to lead the animal by the bridle while Joseph prodded him with a stick.

After the disappointment of passing a knoll that we had thought was the Ojitos mound, Joseph lagged again until the

joy of finding a pocket-knife in the road buoyed him up for a while. Our trek now became a series of pushing on to the next mound and the next with no sense of the distance between. When the thought of the knife and the pony could no longer propel Joseph through his sea of fatigue, I snapped one of the bridle reins through the buckle of his belt, tied the loose ends of the two reins together and propelled both the boy and the pony by the sheer weight of my body against the loop as I walked.

Only the telegraph wires overhead held significance for me in this perpetual motion of throbbing muscles and benumbed feet until we were aroused by the barking of dogs. Soon the solicitous Mexicans of Ojitos were offering water and rest, even as they sent for the English speaking Mrs. Thayne to determine our trouble. "Pobrecito," they exclaimed as they bathed Joseph's feet and gave him a drink.

Once in Mrs. Thayne's arms, sobs shook my entire body. By intervals she learned of the tragedy. "You poor dear!" she comforted, "I'll do all I can to help you. But first drink this hot soup." Joseph was already sleeping between clean sheets. She began making arrangements for our return to Rosetta while I went to the telegraph office and wired Frank's folks at Oaxaca and mine at Colonia Diaz. In view of the seriousness of the situation, the operator gave many details and information to assist the rescuers to make connection with us. My folks were to pick up the pony as they passed through Ojitos. Everyone including the colored lady, did all they could to help. In a one-horse buggy, Mrs. Thayne soon had us on the way back to our stricken family, but she had sent a message to her husband who was working on a reservoir in the country and he then met us a few miles from the village with a larger buggy and team. We made Joseph's bed in the back and he slept all the way.

Rosetta's vigil had been even more distressing than our trek. With an ax as her only weapon she guarded the corpse against predatory animals even as she ministered to Chloe who babbled all night in delirium. She had washed the blood from Frank's face and in feeble defiance against the rapid deterioration induced by the heat, kept it covered with a wet towel. Assuaging her children's sorrow and fears, and keeping the mules from straying, taxed her feeble strength commensurate to her concern for Joseph and me, but she expressed only gratitude to the Thaynes and all who had assisted us.

Within an hour after Frank's brothers arrived they had the corpse washed and dressed for burial. As protection against jolting to pieces over the rough roads they wrapped it in factory and then packed the coffin between sacks of bran.

When we reached the Oaxaca cemetery after a rough mountain journey, and found the family and friends waiting for us, I suddenly became conscious of my personal appearance. My hair was uncombed, my face streaked with dust and perspiration, my big handkerchief collar stained with blood and my stockings had crawled down into my high-topped shoes which I had never removed for three days. Even though weary to exhaustion, I felt out of place, but alert enough to rejoice when Chloe was in her mother's arms.

My family, the Nortons, did not arrive in time for the burial, but we all rejoiced later when our midwife mother, Lucy Norton, delivered Rosetta's new daughter sound and well. We named her Golda as she was more precious than gold. Out of this experience remains the thought "God helps those who help themselves."

The tales from the walls came faster, words and phrases trembling from all directions, frantic to be heard by a sympathetic ear. Although the following story happened before Diaz was colonized and while the principal character, Edmund Richardson, was a very young man, the incident had a profound effect upon his life and he told and retold the tale until, to his listeners, it became part of their Diaz experience.

After his father's death in Dragon Hollow, fifteen-year-old Charles Edmund Richardson went to work at the Shoebridge Mill in the mining district of Tintic in Utah. Among the hired hands was Uncle Billy Stevens, an elderly man with white hair, but still strong and vigorous. He was popular among the mill men. Many times Edmund told his family the following story which included Uncle Billy:

The waitresses at the long table in the dining room where the hands ate soon found that the coffee always left at my plate was never tasted and were in the habit of coming wherever I sat and removing the cup and saucer to some place where it would be used.

One morning when I went to breakfast after coming off the shift, it happened that only the seats against the wall were vacant, so our gang took our places with our backs against the wall. As usual the waitress reached over and removed my cup and saucer. A large, heavy-set man directly across the table from me, noticed the waitress's act and asked why she did so, asking if it was because I was one of those g--d--- Mormons who didn't drink coffee. When no one answered him, he be-

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\*By kind permission of Rosetta Scott and Frank's sister, Susan Scott Johnson.

came very angry and asked if I was one of Brigham Young's g--d--- slaves out here where only decent men ought to be. I did not reply so he ordered me to get out of there and never to show my face again, but I remained silent where I was.

He grabbed a large fork by the handle, and reaching over struck at me across the table, trying to stab me with the fork. As I drew back against the wall to avoid the blow, it fell short, so he partly arose from his seat to be able to reach farther. As he raised his hand and arm to strike a more effective blow and I almost felt myself stabbed, a commanding voice rang out, "Hold!" It was Uncle Billy who was sitting two or three seats farther along the table also against the wall. "You dare harm that inoffensive, gentlemanly boy, you brute, and I'll cut you to pieces so quick you won't know what hurt you, scoundrel that you are. You were never known to be decent a single day of your life and that boy has never said an ungentlemanly thing in all the time he has been here at the mill. You are not fit to wipe the dust off his shoes. So go off and hide your head or, let me out of here, (to those on either side of him) and I'll give him what he deserves before he goes!"

Uncle Billy was well known to be a fighter, and the fellow did not wait even to eat his breakfast, but slunk away at once. Uncle Billy was also too angry to eat and when he could get out he went up to his room overhead. As I went up to my bunk to sleep, ready for the night shift, I felt that I could not go without thanking Uncle Billy for having probably saved my life. As I approached his door I heard him sobbing violently. I paused, startled at hearing the strong, robust man crying, but his grief seemed so heartfelt and deepseated that, from sympathy, I knocked at his door. The sound of his grief ceased, and when I knocked again, he invited me in. I was almost overcome by the hopeless, desolate, despondent look on his face. "Uncle Billy," I said, "I felt I could not go to bed until I thanked you for what you saved me from at the table." "Boy," he said, "I wish with all my heart I was where you are right now, instead of the wreck that I am." When I remonstrated, he added, "Never mind me, boy, keep faithful to the Gospel and to the counsel of the authorities all your life, and you will be blessed."

"What are you saying Uncle Billy?" I asked, "What do you mean?" He slowly answered, "I know that the Gospel is true just as well as you do." "What Gospel?" I asked. Then his answer came, every word emphasized, "The Gospel as revealed to Joseph Smith, the Prophet of God." That answer was so astounding to me that I could only look my surprise.

"You are surprised to find another believer in this God-forsaken hole! Well, I don't blame you." Little by little his story was told. He had gone to San Bernardino during the gold rush, but when the call came to come back to Utah, he was making money so fast that he could not bear to leave it. He had done so well that his check was good for twenty-five thousand dollars (a fortune in those days) at any bank in California. Then came speculation and in a short time all was lost and he was left penniless. After these reverses he began to drink and for months he was a drunken sot, seldom sober. When he woke up one morning in the gutter and found himself in rags he decided to go home to Utah. He got back this far but the demon, drink, had such a hold on him that he feared to go back to his friends in Salt Lake City. Every once in a while the craving for drink overcame him and he must have it. He felt that this would not be tolerated among his friends and the church authorities and he was ashamed to go back to them. I tried to prevail upon him to go back now and try them, but he had no hope. A somewhat lengthy acquaintance with him afterwards caused me to have a great esteem for him in every way except when the craving for liquor overcame him.

While still working at this Shoebridge Stamp Mill in Tintic, Utah, Edmund had another experience of which he says, "I had allowed my wages to accumulate in the office, but one day as I was praying for wisdom and help in my labors, I felt impressed to go and draw out what was due me, which I did and left. I afterwards found out that I was the last person they ever paid, because the company failed soon after."

Several other stories were told of this same Edmund Richardson and his family after they were established in Diaz. One of them concerned a time when the colonists became embroiled in the affairs of their Mexican neighbors.

At a hotly contested election held in La Ascencion, Ancheta, a friend of the Colonia Diaz Mormons, was elected *Presidente* of the district, but the Church Party of Catholics organized to resist his authority. At the square in front of the church they staged a riot, and when Ancheta and his secretary, José Avala Salazar, went to quell it, the rebels fired upon them, killing the secretary instantly. They then knocked Ancheta down with clubbed rifles, and after shamefully abusing him, they carried him prisoner, to the Remijio Læz Mill above town where eighty-five rebels were fortified. The next day, January 6, 1892, Señor Sufuentes, Government Stamp Agent, and

brother-in-law of Ancheta and twenty-five men, went to the mill to rescue Ancheta. Sufuentes was shot from his horse and killed in front of the mill door. The rebels then tortured Ancheta and brutally killed him. He was reportedly found hanging by one arm and leg.

As there were only about twenty men left in La Ascencion to protect the Government property and the Customs House, the citizens of that city called upon Colonia Diaz for help. Some twenty Mormon men responded and Colonia Diaz also set guards around herself in an effort to prevent any surprise attack there.

With La Ascencion under seige, there was no way to call for Federal help so one of the Colonia Diaz men, Charles Edmund Richardson, volunteered to attempt to slip through to Diaz and send a runner to Palomas with a telegram to officials in El Paso Del Norte (Cuidad Juarez). After reading the telegram, Brother Richardson hid the paper in his shoe and slipped away into the night followed by the prayers of all present. Putting on a Mexican hat he found on the sidewalk, he feigned drunkeness and staggered along behind two drunkards until he reached a dark alley tunning north toward Colonia Diaz. When a rebel scout galloped in from the other end of the alley, Edmund Richardson hastily slumped into a doorway and pulled his hat over his face in the Mexican siesta fashion. With the horseman past, Richardson was grateful for two things — that he had escaped being trampled, and that the barking dogs had followed the horse. Clear of the town, Edmund appropriated the services of a burro he found hobbled on the almost brushless desert surrounding La Ascencion. As the burro ambled into the Mexican fields near the river, a sharp "*Quien Vive!*" from a sentinel patrolling the road, chilled Edmund's hope of escaping notice, but his answer in good Spanish, "Señor Beltran, going to take his irrigation-water' turn" satisfied the sentry and sent Edmund on his way unmolested. Following his impression to cross the river east of Main Street and then travel back west to the Sanders' store, Edmund found he had missed running into a group of rebels camped under some Button Willows on the Mexican river bank. But as he was hobbling the burro on the Diaz bank, planning to hide his Mexican hat and walk to the Sanders' store a short distance away, he felt a gun poke into his ribs, while a stern authoritative voice ordered him to get his hands up. Recognizing the voice of his father-in-law, Jerome Adams, and knowing the import of that calm command, Edmund knew it was time to comply. But as he did so, he said, "Edmund Richardson brings greetings to his father-in-law." The warm abrazo (hug) which followed was more comforting

than a gun barrel in the ribs. From Sanders' place a team and buggy carried Edmund to Bishop Johnson's home from where a messenger was sent on a fast horse to the telegraph office at Palomas.

After writing a Spanish note to conceal in his shoe, Edmund donned his Mexican hat, mounted the donkey and began the hazardous return trip to La Ascencion which must be completed before daylight. "*Quien Vive!*" shouted a sentry as Edmund arose from hobbling the donkey back in its own grazing ground near Ascencion, "What are you doing here?"

"I'm carrying an order to the Mormons in the quartel of this town," answered Edmund as he produced the note from his shoe and began reading it to the illiterate sentry — "If you Mormons aren't out of Ascencion by another day, you will be slaughtered like the Mexicans you are with." And then, after returning the note to his shoe, he suggested, "And since your officers don't want any trouble with the United States, I am commissioned to deliver this note tonight. It would please your superiors, I am sure, and make things safer for all if you would let me ride behind you right up to the quartel and then, besides, here is a dollar with which you can buy a drink for celebrating when you are off duty." Well pleased, the sentry delivered the Mexican-hatted Edmund to the quartel and no one on the street was the wiser. Olive Merrill says; "We all knew that Uncle Edmund, with his flawless command of the Spanish language, his wisdom, and bravery, was the only man in Colonia Diaz who could have carried out that mission. But he says it was accomplished only through the blessings of the Lord."

The Mormons stood guard until the Jefe Politico, Juez de Letras, and the new Government Stamp Agent with a contingent of soldiers arrived and arrested nearly all the rebels as they tried to escape.

The Colonia Diaz historian says: "This revolution was the means of bringing us to favorable notice because of our timely assistance. They gave us a partial Municipal Government of our own, appointing William Galbraith as *presidente* and Joseph H. James as assistant."<sup>5</sup>

At another time, while handling a law case at Casas Grandes, it became necessary for Edmund Richardson, in his capacity as a lawyer, to make a trip to Mexico City. On the way to the train at Colonia Dublan, a run-away team threw Edmund out of the buggy

<sup>5</sup>Diaries of William D. Johnson, Jr., S. C. Richardson, Levi M. Savage. Also from interviews with Emma Mortensen, Hattie Jacobson and Olive Merrill Gonzales.

and dislocated his shoulder. However, he was unaware of the gravity of the injury until he was on the train and began to suffer great pain. He then appealed to the Heavenly Father for help. Finally exhaustion and fatigue induced a deep sleep which lasted until he heard the conductor calling "All aboard" at the station where he was to change trains. Realizing he was about to miss the station, he leaped to his feet and grabbed his suitcase, knocking it against the door jam as he was leaving the coach. This slipped the dislocated shoulder back into place, thereby easing the pain and making the rest of the trip possible. Of this experience Edmund says, "Some people might have called this an accident, but to me, it was a direct answer to my plea for help." ↴

The next episode happened while Charles Edmund Richardson was preparing the Dustydale Ranch for occupancy by his family who were still living in Diaz. Upon returning to his Dustydale Ranch after an afternoon of building a fence, Edmund Richardson was dismayed to find his two five-year-old sons, Ray and Lynn, missing. He had left them alone at the house for a half day. Eddie, an older son who had helped with the fence building, was left at the ranch in case the little fellows returned and Edmund hurried to town for help. Searchers, who rode out in all directions, were to ride all night unless the church bell rang to announce that the children had been found.

"R-a-a-y, L-y-n-n!" called Edmund, as he rode through the dense mesquite brush, but his call was smothered in the star-lighted silence. "R-a-a-y, L-y-n-n!" he called over and over, but was answered only by the weird yelping-howl of a pack of coyotes. The father breathed a prayer for the solace and protection of his sons, even as he accused himself for having left them alone on the ranch. But since activity relieves anxiety, it was the mothers waiting at home who agonized most. To them minutes seemed hours and hours forever as time passed. But family and neighbors stood by to curtail wild imaginations and bolster hope. And then finally, about midnight the bell rang out the good news that the boys had been found. A Mexican friend of Edmund's found them about three miles in the ranch's mesquite brush. He was on the way to town with one boy in front of him and one behind the saddle trying to steady them both when they fell asleep.

While the loud clear tones of the bell called the searchers home, the mothers' joy found expression after the manner of mothers, and the Mexican benefactor was showered with hospitality. *Que Dios Le bendiga!* (God bless you) they voiced over and over. While the Mexican and the hungry children shared in the hot beef stew and pies

prepared for the searchers, the boys volunteered, "We heard coyotes yelping and saw their eyes shine in the dark, but we were brave and we just cried a little." "Then," added Ray, "Lynn prayed and the Mexican found us. But Mama, you cried. Why did you cry when you kissed us?" Only a Mother's heart could answer that.

The town rejoiced over the recovery of these two Richardson boys but later it sorrowed over the loss by drowning of two little Mortensen brothers, Joseph Clayne, age thirteen, and Arnold Edward, age nine. They were the sons of Joseph and Cora J. Mortensen.

On June 14, 1911, after working all morning in the field with their Uncle Alfred Mortensen, the boys went swimming in the nearby river whose recent flood waters were now receding. When Clayne was caught in a whirlpool, his younger brother swam in to help, but his efforts were like straw in the wind. Their friend, Josie Johnson, who could not swim, told of the agony of standing helpless on the bank during that swift second while the whirlpool churned both boys into its vortex and down out of sight. He said he would rather have lost his life in trying to save them than live with the thought that he had done nothing. A few years later in eastern Arizona he did that very thing while fording the San Carlos River at angry flood stage. He saved the lives of his passengers but lost his own in the process. However, in the case of the Mortensen boys, Josie rushed to town after help. Soon the father, Joseph, and a group of volunteer helpers were searching the river. They found both bodies entangled in roots left bare when the flood waters gouged out a great hole in the river bottom.

In the meantime friends were at the Mortensen home trying to console the mother, Cora, as she was too ill to go to the river. When Joseph's sister, Rachel, at home alone because her mother, Trina, and brother Hans, were visiting in Colonia Dublan, heard of the tragedy she hurried to her brother's home in time to see him carry in the limp body of one son. Forgetful of self, she embraced Cora, now mute with shock, then cuddled a terrified child to her heart. The assembled townspeople, baptized in grief, communicated only through handclasps and thoughtful acts of kindness. Words seemed too futile to pass the lips.

But, in the absence of mortuaries, time pressed friends into action. Two caskets must be made and two little bodies dressed in white burial clothes by another day. While sewing machines hummed in some homes, kitchens in others prepared savory dishes to tempt the

stricken families to eat, and the entire Diaz population stood by to help absorb both shock and grief. Mildred, sister to Burton Jensen, Rachel's fiance, made a special gesture when she quit her job to stay with Rachel so she would not be alone during her mother's absence. In Colonia Diaz one family's pain was shared by all.\*

The stories of life in Colonia Diaz were not all tragedy and not all drab, for the citizens cultivated a sense of humor and the ability to create wholesome amusement. Their religion is a cheerful one, designed to bring happiness. They used drama, music, dancing and programs for relaxing, and even choir practice ranked high in enjoyment. Young people were especially resourceful in making occasions for group enjoyment such as hayrack rides where they strummed the guitar and sang as they drove through the streets under a smiling moon. Hans Andersen says that at one time there were two groups of young people in the town, the less religious ones calling themselves "The Buttons" and dubbing the more zealous, refined, cultured ones "The Upper Tens." Hans writes:

"Since I was not in school that year, I was the odd sheep and got along with either crowd. Some evenings we danced the square dance on horseback. Some horses were real awkward at it but usually because the riders weren't in step with the music. I played the harmonica. Usually there were two or three who could play it and everyone could sing. We were usually home by ten or eleven o'clock. Once when the "Buttons" got brave enough to waltz at a house party, they had to ask public forgiveness before they could attend the ward dances.

Each holiday inspired its own type of diversion. One April Fool young Jim Holden sent a telegram to a young man at Colonia Dublan saying that his Diaz girl friend was very ill and calling for him, and then signed her brother's name. Since an unshared joke had no zest, Jim confided in two of his teen-age buddies. Together they had many a furtive laugh. They even dramatized the meeting of the lovers, sometimes portraying the shock of meeting the healthy lady at the door and at others, having her die in his arms.

April Fool's day found Jim and his two pals at the church grove on Main Street, uncertain about who would be the victim of the April Fool's joke.

"Jim, suppose he doesn't come." said one.

\*From an interview with Rachel and Amanda Mortensen Cluff.

"Yes, maybe he suspected it was an April Fool's joke."

"Well, that doesn't matter," answered Jim. "We have had enough fun to begin any April Fool's day." And then — a lone horseman passed by on the way to his girl friend's home. After a second of incredulity the boys exploded with laughter, literally rolling on the grass. And then in the three-some embrace they almost kissed each other as they dramatized the sweetness of the lover's embrace.

But there was no need to dramatize the indignation and anger of the brother after reading the fake telegram. He made loud and vehement threats about reprisal and went into high gear to find the culprit. After several innocent people had been accused, Jim's honor sent him to confess and offer to make amends. However, the brother insisted on his "pound of flesh" and swore out a warrant for Jim's arrest on the grounds of forgery.

The opinions of the town were soon divided, some thinking the incident should be treated as a joke and others justifying the brother's actions. Although James had not anticipated this serious turn of events his sense of humor and his zest for excitement prompted him to pit his ingenuity against immediate arrest. The false clues he planted as to his whereabouts baffled the officers, amused the townspeople and sent him into an exciting will-o-the-wisp existence.

Jim's father and mother were both dead and the second wife, Aunt Martha, had raised the orphaned children. One day while Aunt Martha was away, Jim saw the officers coming up the half-mile lane to his home, to make his arrest and he, determined to have more fun, quickly dressed in Aunt Martha's long Mother Hubbard dress, pulled a slant bonnet over his head and sat down to peel potatoes. When the officers came in, Aunt Martha gave way to silent weeping, often blowing her nose and wiping away a tear. In deference to Aunt Martha's sorrow the officers questioned only the two younger brothers who professed to know nothing of where Jim had gone when he left the house. After loitering around the barn and the corral for awhile, the officers rode back up the lane leaving the boys convulsed with laughter and Jim to bask in his cleverness. After several such escapades, Jim gave himself up to the officers. He said the fun he had was well worth the fine he paid.

Jim later put himself and his two sisters, Mittie and Susie through college. At the small Holden dairy, operated while these students were away to school, Aunt Martha and her younger children, Mary, Edna and John went through the college of experience. Aunt Martha's

most strenuous class began early one summer morning when John whistled to his dog and stampeded a reposing steer just as she was approaching with a large pail of milk in each hand. As the frenzied steer sprang forward onto his feet, his head passed between Aunt Martha's legs, shrouding his head in her long Mother Hubbard dress and lifting her astride his neck. Thus blindfolded, the steer galloped zig-zag around the corral, Aunt Martha riding backwards, still clutching the milk pails. Shrieking with laughter, John failed to see his mother dismount but found her sitting barefooted in a pool of milk, both arms lassoed by the torn hem of her dress, trying frantically to extricate her head from the inside of an upturned pail as she muttered, "Skitfool steer!"

Aunt Martha, however, was not the only person in town who could claim the distinction of being hoisted onto the head of a steer. A wild steer belonging to James Donaldson always managed to hide out and escape being caught in the big pasture round-ups. Finally when James decided to butcher the animal, he enlisted the help of Jimmy Jacobson to effect a capture. Finding the animal hidden out in a dense clump of mesquite brush, Donaldson backed his horse near enough to entice the steer to charge and Jimmy roped it as it attacked. Near the corral as the two men exchanged control of the rope, the steer charged and gored Jimmie's horse in the shoulder. When the animal was finally corraled, Jimmy dismounted, put up the bars and stepped into the corral. With a snort the infuriated animal charged, but Jimmy held that if a man stood still a steer would not strike him. However, the steer, not understanding the theory, made a thrust at Jimmy and caught his great long horn under some hobble ropes Jimmy had tied around his waist. Around the corral galloped the steer, Jimmy dangling in front! Thinking that jumping the corral fence was impossible because of the added weight, the steer made a try at the bars. Seeing this attempt, Jimmy untied the hobble ropes and rolled under the bars.

The steer was then taken the nine miles to town and turned into the gallows or slaughter corral on the extreme north of Main Street. Here Donaldson made several kids, who had come to see him shoot the animal, hide in the brush. Just as he was ready to pull the trigger, the kids yelled, startling Donaldson into lowering his gun and the steer into jumping the fence. Into town he galloped, where he made havoc all night before he was shot.

The voices of Colonia Diaz fell silent when I was called back to the car for our departure. Reluctantly I consigned communion with

the whispering walls to other responsive hearts who might some day be "visiting." I left Time to lay a protective blanket of shadows and grass over the secrets shared by the decaying walls of each home. Gladly I share these stories, hoping they will inspire many other harvests to be made by other remembering hearts.

Others may glean their inspiration from these stories but mine lies in the knowledge that when the Colonia Diaz people left Mexico they took with them that which really mattered — their families, a testimony of the Gospel, faith, courage and a desire to serve the Lord. So it was, that wherever Colonia Diaz went she set her eternal candle flaming on a hill. Colonia Diaz did not just happen; neither can she come to an end, for her destiny is eternal.

*Chapter* **XV**

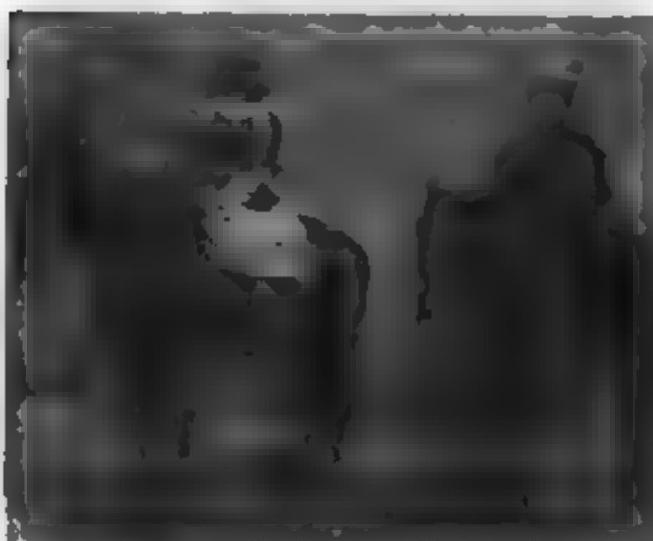
**LEAVES FROM THE DIAZ ALBUM**



Monte Justensen son of Mary J. and Joseph Justensen.



Valentine costume made by Aunt Phoebe Lemmon. Left to right: Wynona Pierce Grawell, Blanche Acord.



Posing on horses side saddle, left to right: Allie Acord and Mary Richardson.



Back row, left to right: Orange Jones, Jim Gale, Ross Thygeson. Front row, left to right: Ern Acord, Hyrum Acord, Will Sanders.



Abraham (Uncle Abe) Acord.



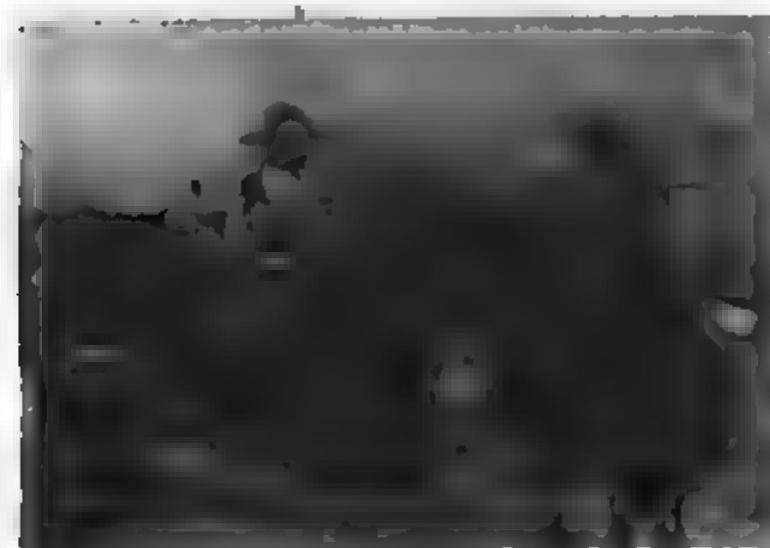
Jerome J. and Mary Frost Adams.



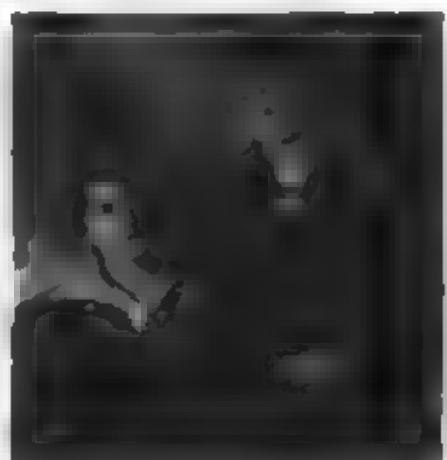
Hana Andersen



Daughters of Jerome Adams.  
Top: Sadie Adams Richardson.  
Left: Hetty A. Tenney, Fan  
Adams Merrill, (Mary Francis).



Will Rogers congratulating Roy Adams (Grandson of J. J. Adams) upon winning world champion steer roping contest at New York.



Granddaughters of John J.  
Adams, Rachel and Delta.



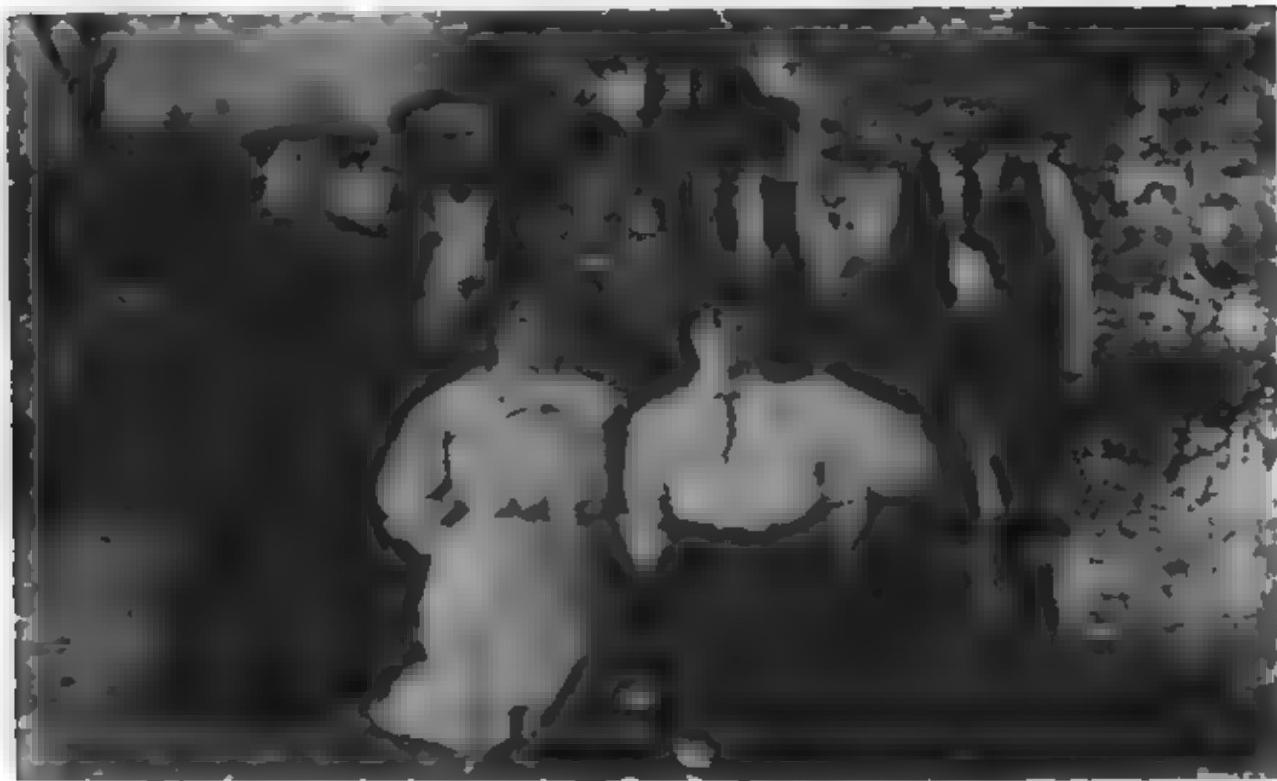
Family of Andrew and Janet Andersen with son-in-law Peter Mortensen and niece May Brown on right back row. Middle row: Monroe, Janet, Bertha and Andrew. Front row: Lorenzo, Loo, Eliza, Sylvia and Hans. Also Mamie upper left.



Will Andersen and wife Mary Ann Mortensen.



Laura and Ina Acord (daughters of Abraham Acord, granddaughters of J. J. Adams) — Courtesy Hazel R. Taylor.



Back row, left to right: Blanch and Monroe Andersen, Ruth and Tom Baker, Charley Parks. Front row, left to right: Mamie Pierce, Blanch Acord, Inn Acord.



Charles and Mary R. Conover  
(daughter of C. E. Richardson)



Mrs. Rebecca Richardson and son  
Ervil.



James and Fanny Donaldson family. Front row left to right: Clifford, James holding Christine, Marvin. Back row, left to right: Vearl, John, Oswald, Fanny.



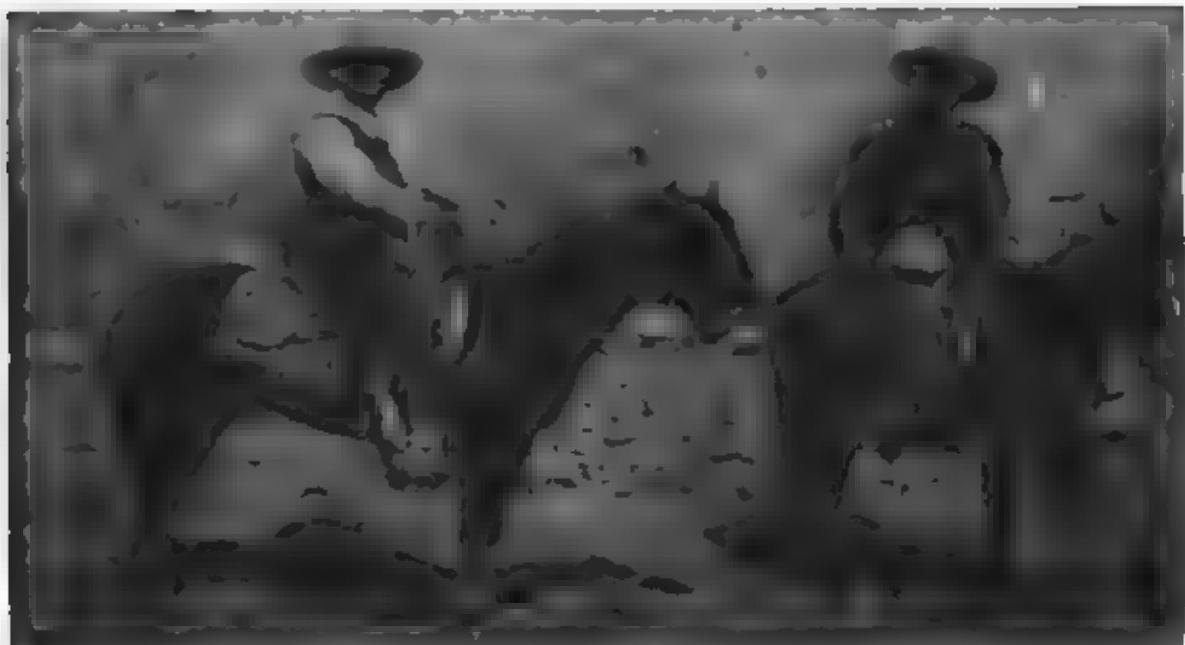
Louis Delfraze



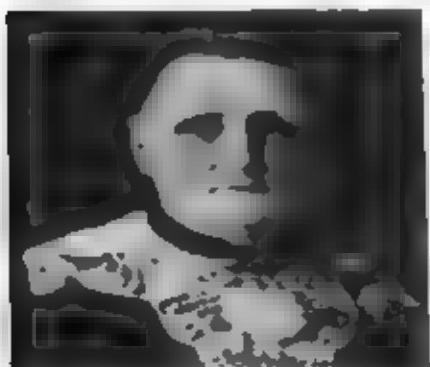
John Earl



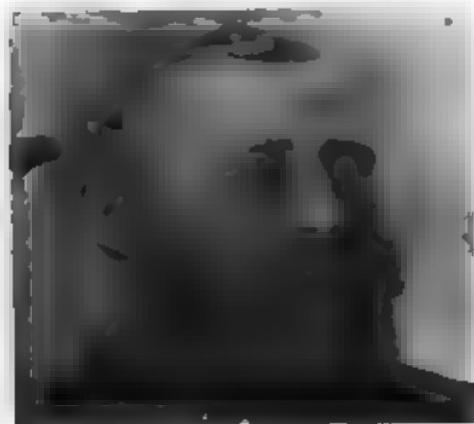
John William Donaldson and Amy Foutz Reynolds (wedding day)



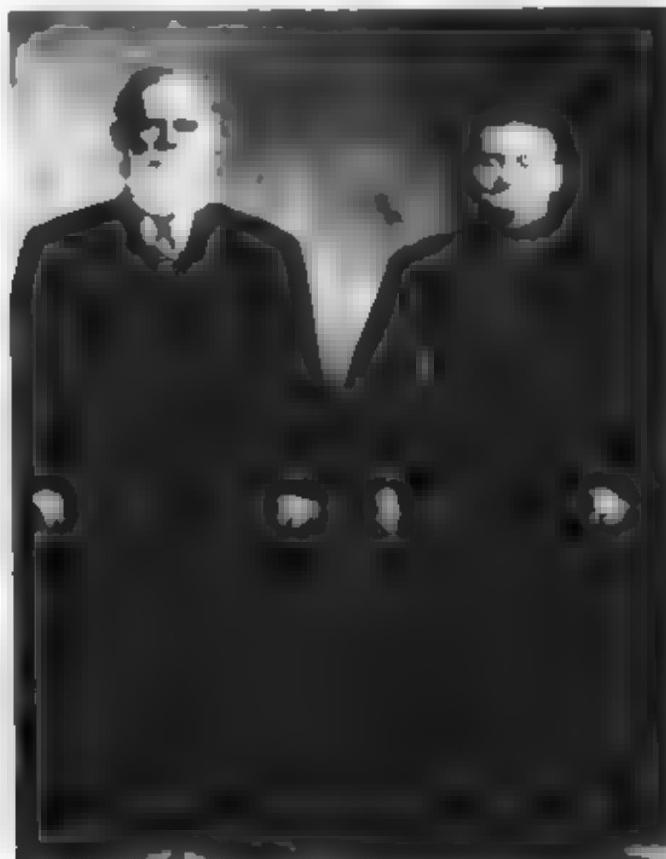
Left to right: Angus Gruwell and Ramon Favila (cowboys)



John Fenn's second wife,  
Matilda Sorensen Fenn  
(had 12 children)



Carl Anton Frederickson



John Fenn and wife Lucy (had 10 children)



C. A. Frederickson family. Front row, left to right: Nannie, Karen Marie (wife).  
Back row, left to right: Harriet, Elias.



William Wilkie Galbraith



Lilly Galbraith wife of William Galbraith.



Eva Johnson  
Galbraith (sister  
of Elmer W.  
Johnson, Jr.)



Jim Gale and his brother Jasper.



Children of William Wilkie and Lillian Eva Powel Galbraith. Left to right:  
Edmond Powell, Melvin Powell, Lillian Eva Powell, Douglas Powell,  
Wallace Powell Galbraith.



James Gale Senior and  
Elizabeth



Child Otto Gale in boys  
dress.



Melvin Laury Gruwel



Millie Holden



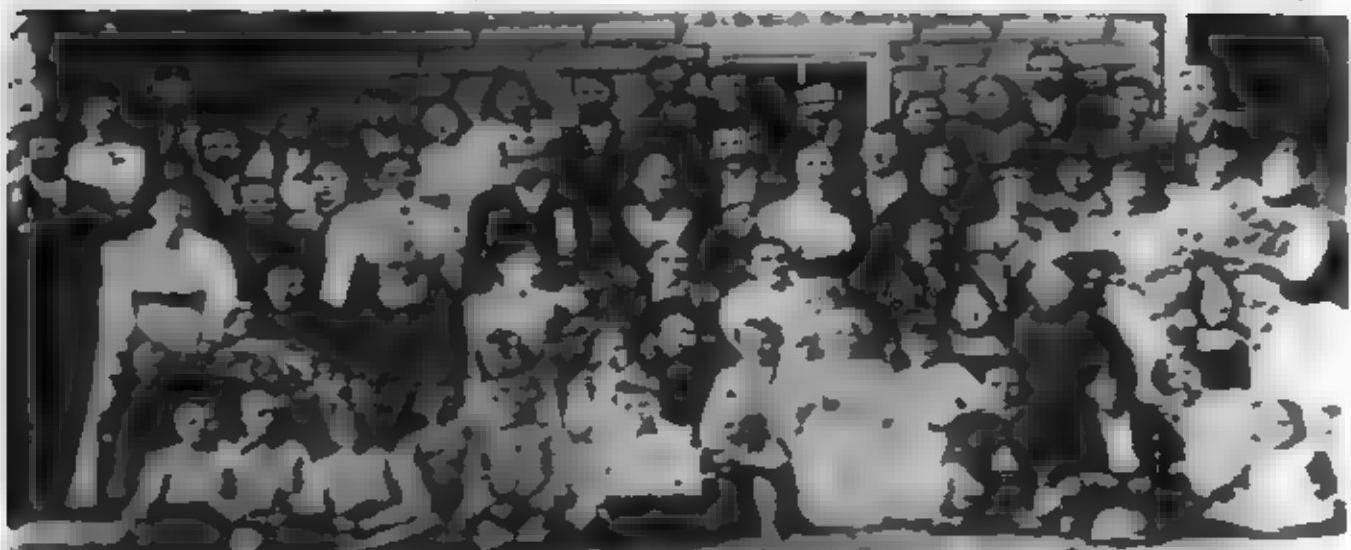
Jasper Harris brother of Fanny Harris Donaldson (Father is John Harris of Diaz) and wife.



Alice Harper (daughter of Sadie Harper Richins)



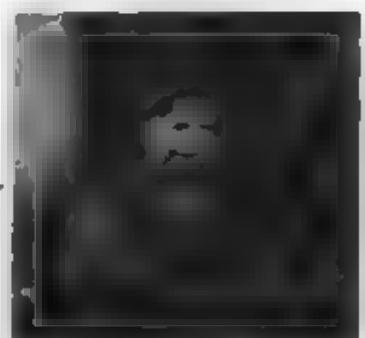
Left to right: Mary Holden and mother Martha Norton (Martha Edna (married Milton Jenson) standing.



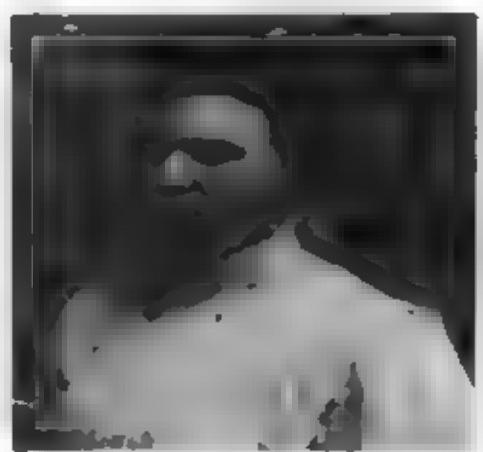
Johnson family at celebration of William D. Johnson's 50th birthday.



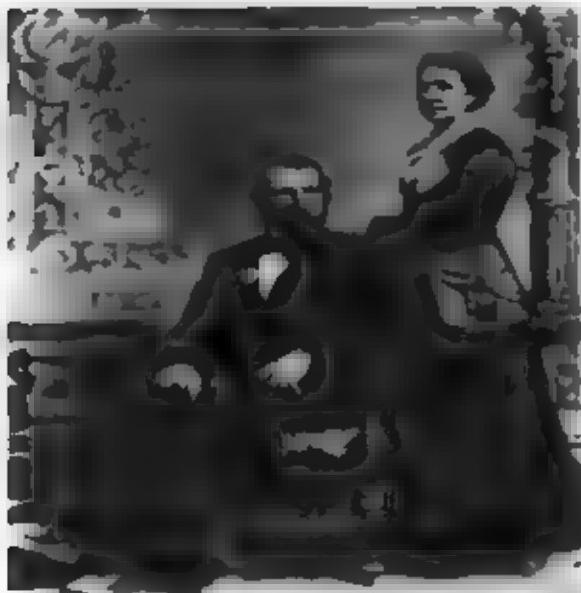
Holden Family: Back row, left to right: James, Mittie, Joe and Julia. Middle row: Martha Norton Holden, Edna, Susie, J. Almon Holden, and baby John. George sitting in front.



Percy Lemar  
Richardson



Mary Jacobson Justesen



William Derby Johnson, Sr. and wife Jane Cadwalader Johnson.



Mary Evalyn Jacobson (daughter of James Jacobson) and husband Joseph Jusseen.



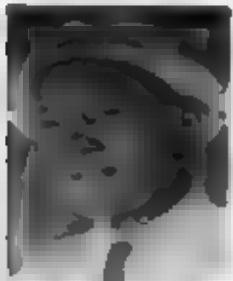
Back row, right to left: Libby Sanders, Hattie Galbraith, Louna Hansen. Middle row: Ellen Mortensen Kurtchner, May Peterson Brown, Millie Jackson, Alice Johnson, Zellie Johnson. Front row: Freda Laws, Maggie Galbraith, Ethel Sanders. — Courtesy May Brown.



Typical buggy rig. Elmer Johnson and Frank Whiting.



Otho and Zeno Johnson, horse — Cottontail, dog — Grover.



Ernestus Jacobson (son of James, Jr.). Photo taken in the California mission field during 1929.



Nita Johnson



Lorn Johnson (son of E. W. Johnson Sr.)



Juanita Johnson (daughter of Elmer Wood Johnson, Sr.)



James Jacobson Jr. and wife  
Harriet Little Jacobson.



Elmer W. Johnson, Sr. and wife  
Mary Jane Little Johnson.



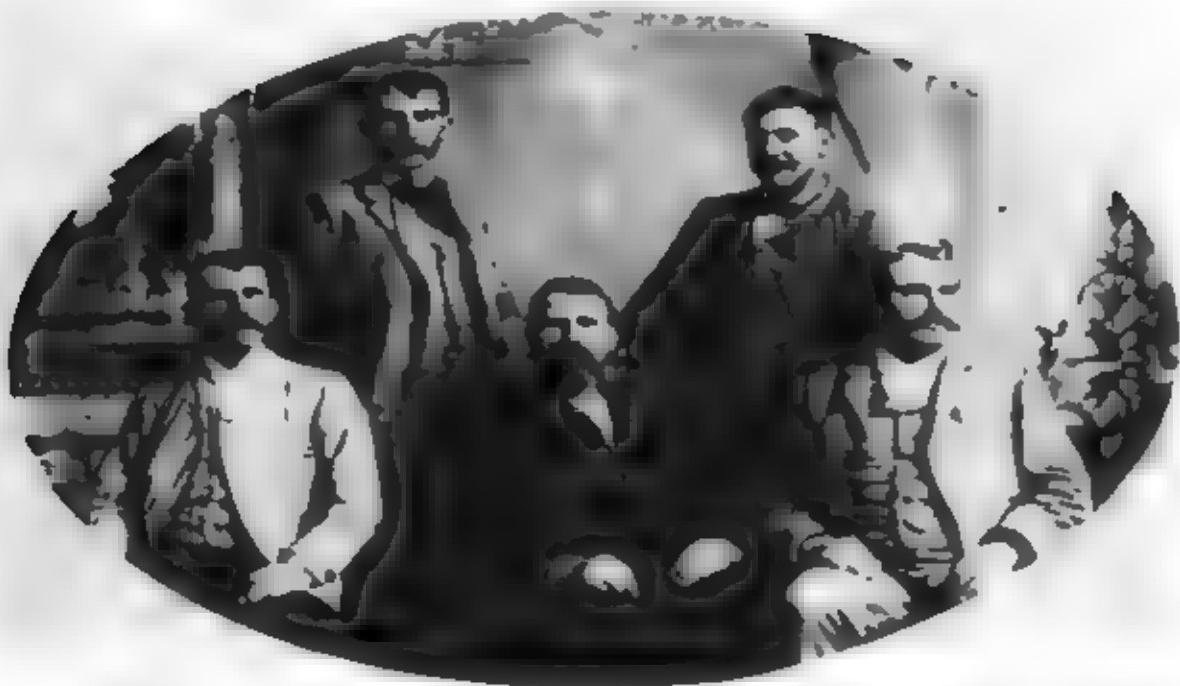
Jackson (wife of Jessie Jacobson) holding Zepha J. B. Jackson (son of Jessie and James Jacobson).



Brother Jackson  
(father of Roxie).



Elmer Wood Johnson, Jr. (seated)  
Eugene Romney (standing).



William Derby Johnson, Sr. (seated center) with sons left to right: Elmer Wood Johnson, Abia, Josie and William Derby, Jr.



Jane and Mildred Jensen



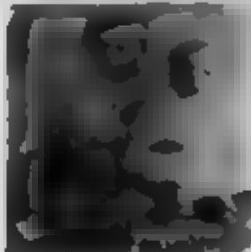
Johnson Family. Front row, left to right: Verna, Abby, Nita. Middle row: Lorin, Heva J. Galbraith holding baby Mamie, Elmer Wood Johnson, Jr. Back row: Janie (mother), Lulu, Juanitta.



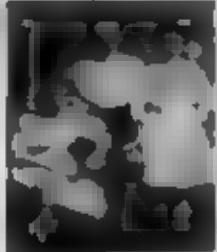
10 Sisters from Diaz. Back row, left to right: Lulu, Verna, Tessa, Juanitta, Ann. Front row, left to right: Fern, Caddie, Nita, Abby and Lois. (Daughters of Elmer Wood Johnson Sr.)



Elmer Wood Johnson and sons Elmer and youngest Lorin.



Lorin and Willie Johnson (sons of Elmer Wood Johnson).



Julia Johnson (wife of Elmer Wood Johnson) and two younger daughters, Elma and Fern.



Lea Jane Shaw Keeler. (Sister Keeler was mid-wife and doctor at Colonia Diaz.)



Bishop William Derby Johnson and Family. Front row, left to right: Beryl, Viva, Otho, Abia. Second row, left to right: Ruthie, Domer, William Derby holding Persus and Roy, wife Lucy holding Ivy, Moneta, Winnie. 3rd row: Jenny, Mary (wife), Charsettta (wife), Zeno, Clair and Lulu.



Willie Johnson (son of William D. Johnson, Jr.) and Alf Hendricks.



Family of William Derby — Charsettta Johnson.



Nolan Kartchner Family. Front row: Rhea, Floyd, Nolan. Back row: Millard, Ellen Mortensen Kartchner, Nolan Kartchner (father).



Last couples to leave Colonia Diaz to be married in the temple. Front row, left to right: Verna Johnson, William Shuri Black. Back row: Elmer W. Johnson Jr., Annie Richardson.



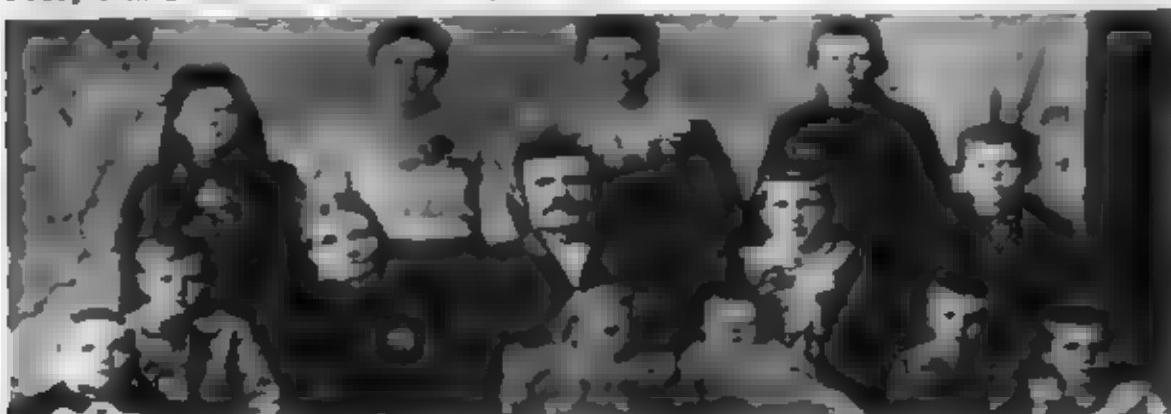
Burrell Kendrick and wife  
Abby Johnson Kendrick.



Four generations: right to left:  
Heva Johnson Galbraith, Mary  
Jane Little Johnson, Grandma  
Little, Mamie Galbraith.



Family of M. P. and Trina Mortensen. Front row: Hans, Andrew, Mrs. Trina, Amanda, Rachel. Back row: Dagmer, Mary Ann, Emma, Hannah, Joseph and wife Cora Jackson, Alfred.



Family of Charles W. Merrill. Back row, left to right: Rhoda, Olive, May, Jerome. Second row: Ernest, Mary M., Charles William, Mary Francis, Fenley. Front row: Charles, Inez, Vera, Orson, Mary.



Peter K. Lemmon, Jr.



Charles William Merrill.



Olive Merrill  
(daughter of  
Charles W. Mer-  
rill and Mary  
Francis).



Peter Mortensen  
and son Arvoa  
on lap. Wife  
Mamie Andersen  
Mortensen stand-  
ing.



M. P. and Martuna Mortensen family.  
Front row, left to right: Nephi, Elizabeth (sitting), Martina, Wilford.  
Back row: Alma, Lauritz and wife  
Elizabeth Rowley.



Mrs. Dorthea Mortensen. Back row,  
left to right: Martin (son), Ellen, Peter.



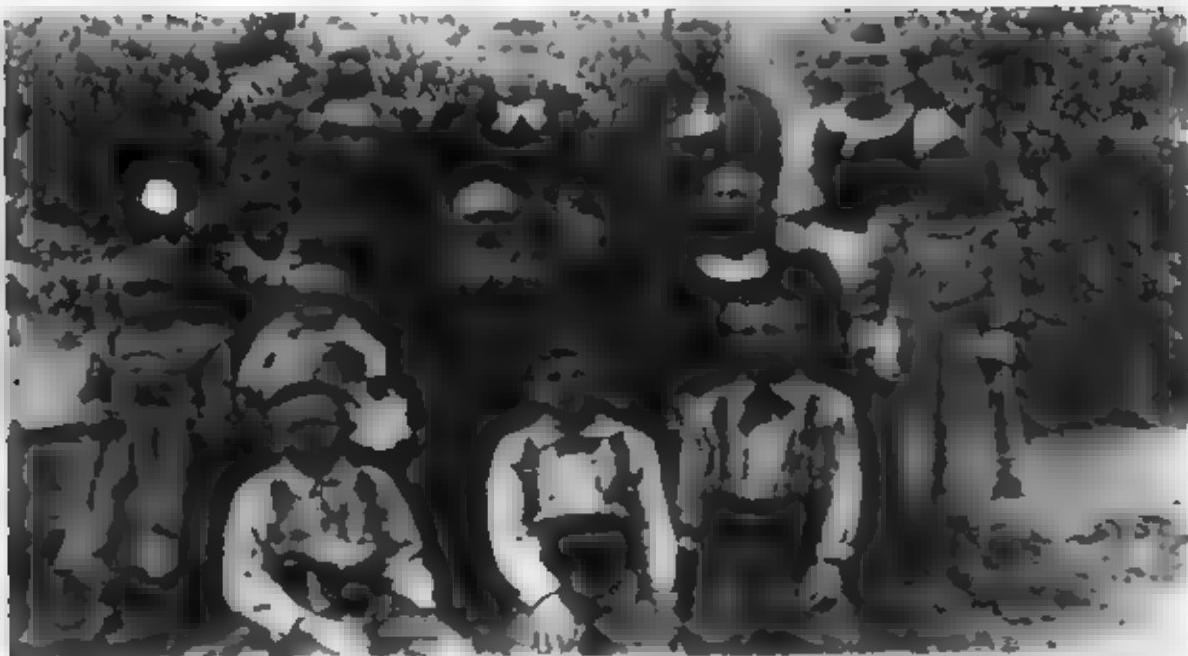
James Wilford Ray married Margaret Mortensen first and Maria Helena Mortensen second wife.



Dorothy Jensen (wife of M. P. Mortensen) and daughter Ellen Mortensen.



Margaret Helena Mortensen Ray holding infant Joseph F. Ray. Chloe Ray (standing).



J. Wealey Norton and his two families. Back row: Martha Norton Holden, Alvina, Benjamin, Rosetta. Center row: Eliza, 1st wife Celestian, holding grandson John Holden, J. Wesley Norton, 2nd wife Lucy, Lilly. Front row: George, Aaron, Benjamin.



Lucy Norton (wife of Wesley Norton) seated. Left to right family members: Lilly, Viney, Benjamin and Rosetta.



Brother Jackson



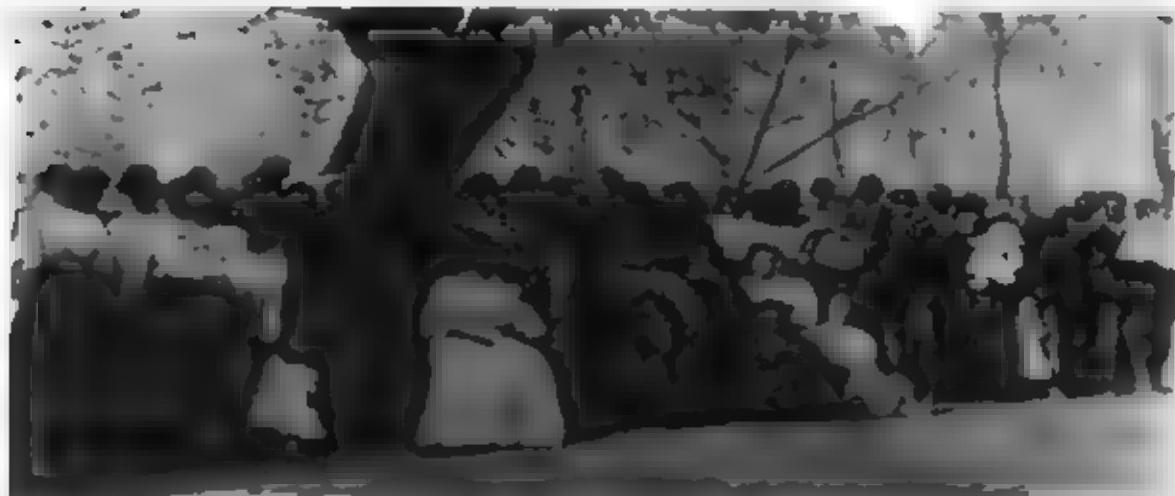
I. W. Pierce —  
courtesy of Lucy  
Pierce Mortensen



Estella  
Richardson



Zena Lewis



Wedding of Luella Rowley and Zenas Laws.



Children of L. W. Pierce. Front row, left to right: Fern, Jay, Reeves. Middle row: Carl, Wynona. Back row: Mamie, Ellen, Melvin.



Alice and Charles Rohwer age 3 and 8 (children of Charles J. Rohwer).



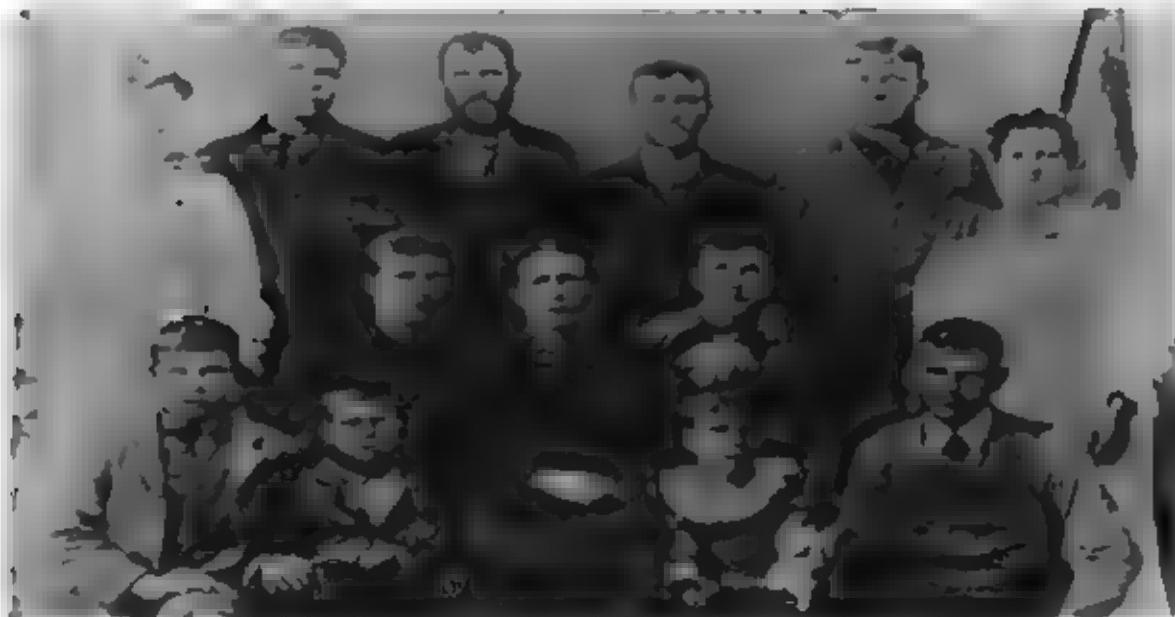
Agnes W. Richins  
(mother of John).



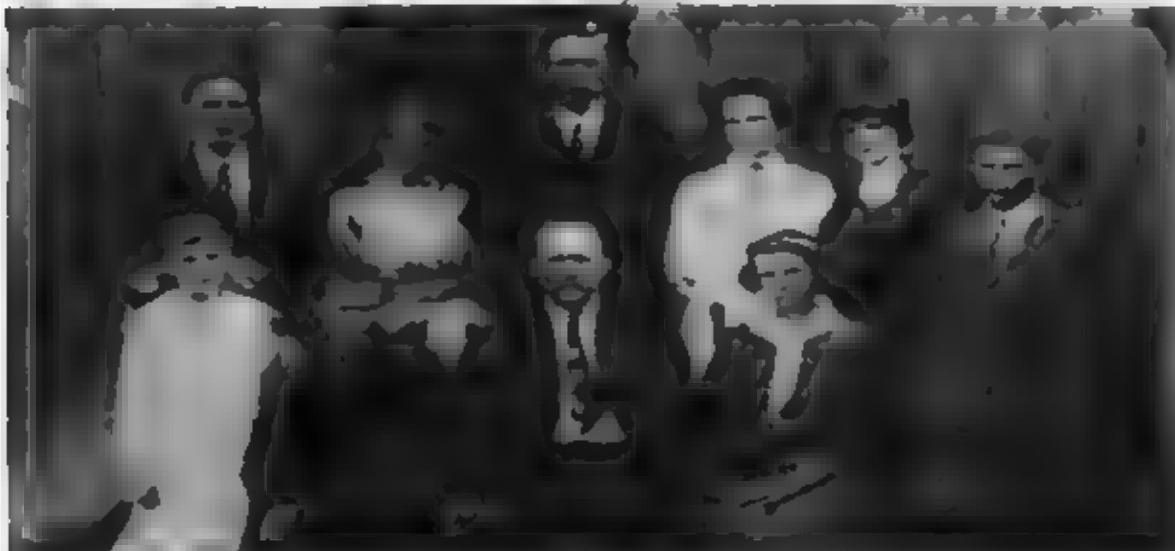
Luella Rowley,  
age 18.



Charles Edmund Richardson and  
3rd wife Caroline Rebecca Jacobsen Richardson.



Family of Mary Ann Gadd Rowley. 1st row: Samuel, Wilford, Mary Luella, James. 2nd row: (sitting) Jane, Mary Ann Gadd, Elizabeth. 3rd row: Elvina Norton, husband Jesse Rowley, Parley Johnson, son of Mary Ann, Lauritz Mortensen, Heber C. Rowley, Merinda Norton Rowley.



Orson Oriel Ruchuna Family. Front row: Ena Rachel (wife) O. O. Ruchuna, Judith, Esther. Back row: George, Irta, Orson, Rebecca, May.



Lynn Richardson



Charles Julius  
Rohwer



Christine Rohwer  
(wife of Charles  
Rohwer)



Hanna Rohwer  
(wife of Charles  
Rohwer)



Rachel Richardson  
wife of O. O.  
Richardson.



Madge Richardson,  
6th child of  
Beckey's.



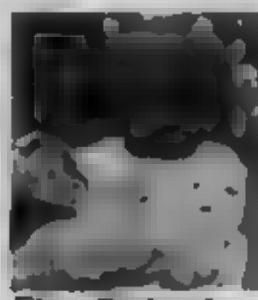
Sarah Rogers Richardson and son  
Mark.



Lola Richardson



Edna and Lenore Richardson



Elva Richardson  
and Doll.



Sullivan Calvin Richardson  
and wife Irene  
Curtis.



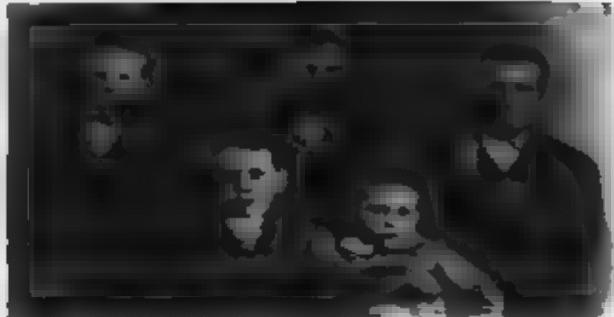
Charles Edmond  
Richardson and 1st  
wife Sarah (Sadie)  
Louise Richardson.



Charles Edmond Richardson  
and 4th wife  
Daisy Staut Richardson.



Charles E. Richardson and 2nd wife  
Sarah Matilda Rogers Richardson.



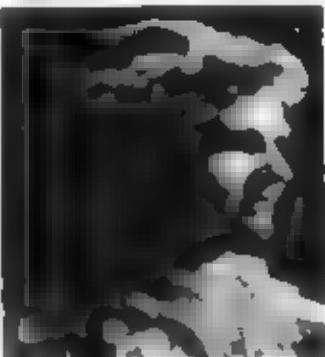
The Thygeson Family. Front row  
right to left: Alvin, Eugene. Back  
row: David, Joe and Ernestus.



Charles and Verona Whiting Family. Front row: Fern, Amy. 2nd row: Fred,  
Verona (mother), Frank, Bernard, Pearl. Back row: Charlie, Alice, Charles  
(father) holding May.



Bernard Snow  
Whiting



Verona Whiting



Verona Snow  
Whiting



Alice Whiting



Family of David Johnson Wilson in 1896.

Front row (left to right) Rose, David J. Wilson, Ruth, Julia Diadema Johnson Wilson, Harriet (back) Gladys, Pearl W. Brown, Baby Pearl (on lap). Back row left to right) Esther, G. Ben, Mary Ellen (Maizie), Baby LeRoy, LeRoy Cluff, Adelia Cox (2nd wife), Olive Merrill, David J. Jr.



Charles and Eliza Jacobson Whiting and children John, Trix and Myrtle.



Nettie Wilson wife of Oliver Wilson. (Tall boy is Ossie son of other wife but lived with Nettie) Back row: Nettie and Albert, others unknown.



Children of Caddy Johnson and Charles Whiting Jr. — Pearl, Bryant and Lulu.

## APPENDIX

### Plural Marriage

Any study of the Mormon Colonies in Old Mexico would be incomprehensible without a look at the Mormon tenet of "Plurality of Wives" since that was the paramount reason for the existence of those colonies. They were established as a place of refuge for those stalwart members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who had embraced the principle by command of the Lord and under the hands of His holy Priesthood. At the inception of "Plural Marriage" there were no laws prohibiting its practice and the Saints felt that the three laws subsequently passed in the United States, which prohibited its practice, were in violation of their Constitutional rights granting freedom of worship; for, to them, the principle was purely a religious one. In fact, had the startling and revolutionary principle of plural marriage been introduced apart from the philosophy and unique tenets of the church and the profound faith of its members, its inception would have been impossible.

According to Mormon philosophy, man is a child of our eternal Heavenly Father; therefore, himself, eternal. He came to earth from a pre-existent state where he lived in the presence of his father, and after death will be heir to eternal progression in a glory commensurate with the degree of his obedience upon this earth. A righteous posterity adds to his glory, as in the case of Abraham of old, and children are welcomed as a precious consignment or gift from God. Through the law of "Celestial Marriage" they are his for time and all eternity.<sup>1</sup>

"Celestial Marriage" is that marriage performed by the Priesthood of God (usually done in the temples of the Lord) for time and all eternity and is called the "New and Everlasting Covenant of Marriage." It is lawful both ecclesiastically and politically. "Celestial Marriage" is a pre-requisite to exaltation and glory in the presence of God and a continuation of seed forever and ever. It makes family life, with the ennobling tendencies accruing from its involvement in close relationships

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<sup>1</sup>Doctrine and Covenants, Section 132

of love and sacrifice, an eternal progression whereby man might develop his greatest capacity for happiness and possibly achieve exaltation. If exaltation is achieved, parents might be privileged to beget spirit children with the potentiality of becoming as Gods to them. This gives such specific and profound meaning to Mormon philosophy that faithful members are willing to dedicate their lives and all they have to its attainment.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as "The Mormon Church" is the restoration of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Former-day Saints," having the same organization and priesthood that Christ delegated to his apostles and which was lost to the earth at the time of their death. Its restoration marked the beginning of the "Dispensation of the Fulness of Times" in which all principles of the Gospel practiced in other dispensations will be restored by revelation and heavenly messengers. Since "Plural Marriage" was practiced in ancient times it must now be restored in these latter days, with all the other church principles. This pre-supposes revelation, a belief not claimed by any other denomination, but which is the very foundation of the restored church and a key pertinent to the restoration of "Plural Marriage."

Distribution of the sexes being equal, the monogamous form of marriage suffices to provide every individual with a mate and family experience. In this case, plurality of wives would be inconsistent. It would create a shortage of females thereby committing many males to bachelorhood where they would be denied the opportunity for personal development attendant upon married life. A shortage of males would create an equally disastrous society dominated by spinsters. At times during world history, greater mortality among males caused by war, disease, or other conditions, has created the latter condition and God has seen fit to command the practice of polygamy. The Bible cites the cases of Abraham, David, and Solomon to whom the Lord gave plural wives. In early "Mormondom" more women than men joined the church and migrated to a Zion isolated by its physical location and by a doctrine which frowned upon marriages of mixed faiths, and the preponderance of females in the church justified the practice of Polygamy.

It is doubtful that these reasons were explained to Joseph Smith at the time he received the revelation of Plurality of Wives, but it is a fact that he had more difficulty in accepting it than any other revealed principle. He anticipated equal difficulty among lay members but hoped for continued unity, the corner-stone of Mormon success.

Well he knew that the political and economic unity of the Saints, which placed their neighbors at a competitive disadvantage, prompted Mormon persecution and that, with Polygamy added as an inciting factor, nefarious schemes to break that unity would multiply and deepen into brutality and crime. Ten years Joseph hesitated, reluctant to teach the principle; ten years he prayed and studied to convert himself; but God had spoken, and He now commanded its practice.

At Nauvoo in 1841, the Prophet introduced the principle to a few friends (perhaps the High Council) and is said to have espoused a plural wife in April of that year. However, its first public announcement was made in Salt Lake City at a special conference held August 28-29, 1852, (ten years before President Abraham Lincoln signed the anti-polygamy law in 1862). At this conference, after Orson Pratt discussed the principle of polygamy from the Biblical standpoint, the modern revelation was read and Brigham Young urged its compliance. The Saints then voted to receive it as a church tenet commanded by God.

Since it was a religious principle, plural marriage exacted high qualities of character and much self-denial from its adherents. A candidate had to qualify financially, mentally, morally and spiritually for it; he must be approved by his Bishop, Stake President, the President of the Church, and have the consent of his wife.

Polygamists were not husbands and wives violating conscience or the law of chastity, but dedicated religionists bowing to the will of the Father. To them plural marriages were as holy and binding upon the conscience as was the first marriage, and both equally approved of God. Plurality of wives is incomprehensible to an unfaithful husband, but hundreds of virtuous Mormon husbands suffered abuse, paid fines, and went to jail in defense of it and in fidelity to their polygamous families. The Mormon church has no double standard of morality.

Wives stood shoulder to shoulder with their husbands, not in boastful holiness, but with hope and faith to subdue carnal tendencies through obedience to the second great commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This commandment is the very foundation of plural marriage. Certainly, unselfishly seeking after the welfare of each other minimized friction and cultivated love between the wives.

To successfully manage his multiple families a husband had to use the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the faith of Abraham, be a psychologist of the highest order, and continually seek the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

Multiply the advantages of close human relationships found in a monogamous family by those of a righteous Latter-day Saint polygamous family and you compound opportunities for forging men and women of forceful character and strong religious convictions. They were schooled in unselfishness, self-control, self-reliance and humility. They learned the ebb and flow of faith and courage, and its subsequent consequence to the family. They were well able to adjust to the larger mosaic of society and during the following generations, sixty per cent of the important church positions were said to have been filled by descendants of polygamous families.

About 1933 Samuel O. Bennion, President of the Central States Mission, told two of his missionaries from Mexico, Elva Richardson and Thresa Sears, that the Lord had a purpose in establishing the Saints in Mexico. He said, "The colonists in Mexico were the salt of the earth and the Lord had a purpose in taking them to Mexico and having them expelled. He raised up a righteous people there and then scattered them to leaven the entire church."

Certainly, through the anti-polygamy crusade carried on during the administration of John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff and Joseph F. Smith, though it caused much suffering among its members, two phases of the church program were aided — Missionary Work and Territorial Expansion. Most of the polygamous exiles sent into foreign missions put their mature experience, wisdom, and high purpose to work in the field, thereby greatly increasing missionary efficiency.

Because plural families were forced to flee the United States for safety, springboards were set up in foreign countries, especially Canada and Mexico, from which the gospel could be given to other nations. Certainly there could be no doubt in the minds of those who fled to Canada and Mexico that God had put his stamp of approval on multiple families when he sent his Only Begotten Son to the world through polygamist lineage.<sup>2</sup>

## EDMUNDS-TUCKER BILL

Discouraged that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints continued to grow in spite of the severe persecutions heaped upon its members, the law-makers devised the more drastic Edmunds-Tucker Bill passed in March of 1887, albeit without the signature of

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<sup>2</sup>Matthew 1:1

President Grover Cleveland. This law was designed to disincorporate the Church, confiscate its property, and dissolve the Perpetual Emigration Fund.<sup>1</sup>

The first property was confiscated on November 5, 1887, when United States Marshal Dyer, as receiver, took control of Church property.<sup>2</sup> In order to use its own Tithing and Historians' Office, the Church paid an annual fee of \$2,400. The Guard House cost \$450 a month and the temple block was retained only by a stipulated rental.<sup>3</sup>

## THE MANIFESTO

Not many revelations for the Church have been received before they have been sought after and the revelation on the Manifesto was no exception. President Wilford Woodruff, sustained April 7, 1889, talked with the Lord, in anguish of soul of the dilemma faced by the Saints because of the anti-polygamy laws. They must choose between obedience to the command of their God or the law of the land, both of which were tenets of their faith. As proof of their determination to obey God's command, President Woodruff cited the 1,300 men who had suffered imprisonment, others in exile, and the even greater number of women agonizing beside their husbands. And now, the even more strenuous Edmunds-Tucker Law threatened the organization of the Church itself. The answer to the President's prayer was a revelation suspending the practice of Plural Marriage. This revelation became known as "The Manifesto" and at general conference October 6, 1890, the Saints voted to accept it as authoritative and binding.<sup>4</sup>

In explanation of the Manifesto, President George Q. Cannon called attention to two facts: First, when God gives a command, only He has the power to revoke it; second, that if enemies prevented the

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<sup>1</sup>Mormons recognize the fact that in Congress, during the passing of these infamous bills, some just and wise men opposed them; also that officers in the Territory misrepresented the Government in the interpretations and execution of the laws, but nevertheless it is true that high-handed and cruel treatment caused much suffering and death among the Mormons who had these laws foisted upon them after they had complied with a religious principle commanded of them by God.

<sup>2</sup>William E. Berrett and Alma P. Burton, *Readings in Latter-day Saint Church History*, (Salt Lake City, 1958), Vol. III, p. 92-3-98.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., p. 98

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., p. 107

Saints from obeying a command, God would accept their offering and sacrifice and would hold the enemy responsible for the infringement.\*

As direction and comfort to the Saints, President Woodruff assured them that the Lord was still at the head of His church and would never allow any man to lead it astray.\* The Lord had accepted their sacrifices and now said, "It is enough." Thus assured, the Saints submitted to the mind and will of the Father in suspending the practice of Plural Marriage but never relinquished their faith and knowledge that it is a true and eternal principle.

## MARTYRDOM IN MEXICO

"Gentlemen, I cannot renounce my religion, for I know that what I have taught and what I have accepted is the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

Those words proved to be the death warrant 56 years ago for Rafael Monroy, president of the San Marcos Branch of the Church. Within minutes of making the statement, he and Vicente Morales, a cousin by marriage and a staunch member of the Church, were gunned down by the rifles of revolutionaries.

The martyrdom occurred in the hot, sticky evening of July 27, 1915, and ended a day of torture and torment for the two men at the hands of followers of Emiliano Zapata, a contemporary of Pancho Villa.

Additional details of the martyrdom were related recently by two daughters of President Monroy, Mrs. Maria Monroy Villalobos, and Mrs. Amalia Monroy Parra, and Daniel Montoya, cousin of the Monroy sisters, and who, also, was at the scene shortly after the killings.

The town of San Marcos is in the state of Tula and only one-and-a-half miles from the city of Tula where some of Mexico's famous ruins are located.

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\*Doctrine and Covenants, section 124:49. Verily, verily, I say unto you, that when I give a commandment unto any of the sons of men to do a work unto my name, and those sons of men go with all their might, and with all they have to perform that work, and cease not from their diligence, and their enemies come upon them and hinder them from performing that work, behold, it behoveth me to require that work no more at the hands of those sons of men, but to accept of their offerings.

Section 50. And the iniquity and transgression of my holy laws . . . I will visit upon the heads of them who hinder my work unto the third and fourth generation, so long as they repent not, and hate me, sayeth the Lord God.

\*Berratt, Readings, p. 112-113.

Mrs. Villalobos, who was born in San Marcos, December 10, 1910, and Mrs. Parra, born October 3, 1908 told of how their father, and his parents and other members of the family came into the Church.

"The missionaries came here in about 1911 or 1912 looking for a Brother Sanchez. They came to the store, operated by our father and aunts, inquiring if they knew where Sanchez lived. They asked the missionaries why they wanted Sanchez, and they said he was a member of their Church and wanted to find him.

"Sanchez wasn't interested, but our father was. He and my aunts, and grandmother joined the Church in 1912, as did Vicente Morales who was married to one of our aunts," Mrs. Parra said.

She and Mr. Montoya and other members of the family still operate the small store only about 300 yards from where the killing took place.

The sisters related that persecution began shortly after the family was baptized, primarily because they had been active members of the Catholic Church.

"People didn't speak to our parents or aunts, and members of our former church were told that property within 25 yards of our store had been condemned, and anyone who went into our store would be condemned," Mrs. Villalobos said.

The revolt, which began in 1910 against the rule of Mexican President Porfirio Diaz, gained momentum and with this, unrest also grew. The people of San Marcos used this unrest as an excuse to heighten their persecution of the new Mormons in the town.

Some of the people accused President Monroy of being a revolutionary sympathizer, which was untrue.

"The Monroys had many friends among the poor and middle class, and the management people of the cement factories. But there were three or four influential families who trumped up charges against Monroy," said Mr. Montoya.

"I was 18 at the time of the killing and was in charge of the Monroy ranch outside of town. The Zapatistas (followers of Emiliano Zapata) had control of San Miguel, not far from here and the Constitutionalists had garrisoned Tula to keep the revolutionaries from moving north. We were in between.

"I got a note from President Monroy, instructing me to give the federal troops some livestock for food. I gave them 150 head of

mutton and one oxen. The ranch was close enough that I heard the shots that killed the two men at 8 p.m.," Mr. Montoya related.

Mrs. Jesus Monroy, mother of President Monroy, wrote a letter a few days later to President Rey L. Pratt, president of the Mexico Mission, telling him about the tragic event.

President Pratt and all the missionaries had been withdrawn from Mexico because of the tense political situation.

Mrs. Monroy wrote:

"Oh! brothers, how sad it is for me to record what happened; after three days, more soldiers came to Tula, and, not finding room in that town, part of them came to this town, and among them came those that had run off my daughter, Natalia, hunting the "gringo" her husband and many false reports had been circulated that the "gringo" and my son, Rafael, were Carranzista colonels, and that in the fights they had fought. These furious men came and arrested the son of my soul; he that was never known to carry other arms than his New Testament in his pocket, and they also arrested the husband of Eulalia, Brother Vicente Morales, and they cruelly tortured them to make them give up their arms, but, Brother Pratt, what arms were they to give up, because you know perfectly well the life we live?"

Three sisters of President Monroy pleaded for the safety of the two men, and they were incarcerated by the revolutionaries.

The band also sacked the Monroy store and took anything portable and edible.

They took the two prisoners to the village square, just across the street from the small store. They placed ropes around their necks and pulled the victims up till they passed out and then let them down to revive.

This went on most of the day, with the tormentors telling the two that they would let them go if they would "tell us where you have hidden the arms, and if you will renounce that strange religion."

President Monroy told them: "I cannot do it for I know that what I have received is true and I cannot renounce my religion."

The two were taken to a small, adobe house in the late afternoon and were confined there with other prisoners. President Monroy's mother sent some food to the prisoners, whose necks were chafed raw from the ropes.

President Monroy told the prisoners there, after he had washed himself and combed his hair: "If you have no objections, we would like to ask the blessings of the Lord upon this food."

In a voice that all could hear, he asked the Lord to bless that food, but in a voice that only his sisters could hear, he said: "I will not eat tonight. I am fasting and praying to the Lord."

Within 10 minutes of the blessing, the two men were hauled outside, down the street and stood up against a huge ash tree. There were six revolutionaries lined up with rifles.

One of the soldiers told the two, according to President Pratt's journal:

"Now, as one last chance, we tell you if you will renounce your religion and confess before the Virgin Mary, we will forgive you and we will spare your lives."

President Monroy, drawing himself to his full height said: "Gentlemen, I cannot for I know that what I have taught and what I have accepted is the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

The spokesman for the revolutionaries said: "All right then prepare yourself, but have you anything to say before you are executed?"

President Monroy said he did have and that was permission to kneel and pray.

The request was granted, and President Monroy asked in his prayer that his widowed mother be blessed, and that his widow and children be cared for. He then prayed for the members of the branch, and said, "Lord, bless this little flock that they may not go astray, but that someone will be raised up to lead them."

"Lord, forgive these men, for they know not what they do."

He closed his prayer and rose up and folded his arms and told his executioners: "Gentlemen, I am at your service."

A moment or two later, the sharp sound of rifle shots echoed through the little town and the two men fell wounded with bullet holes in their chests.

Two soldiers were ordered to step forward and administer the "shot of grace," one bullet into each forehead.

In her letter, the mother of President Monroy told President Pratt that the two bodies laid under the tree all night, with the mother

vainly pleading for the release of the bodies to her, and the release of her three daughters from custody.

An ironic note, according to Mrs. Villalobos, was the arrival of a horseman a short time after the execution from the commander at Tula, telling the soldiers not to harm the prisoners.

Mrs. Parra told of the death of the two men who did the final firing.

"One of the men, Precilano Rea, died a miserable death years later. He was poverty stricken, abandoned by his own family, and almost starving to death. He died a disgraced man with no pity from anyone. He lost his mind and roamed the streets half naked, acting like an animal.

"The other killer, Remigio Meza also died a disgraceful death. My sister's brother-in-law lived in the same time as Remigio. He was a huge man, but when he died, he had shriveled to the size of a boy of 12. The doctors couldn't explain it," she said.

There is now a small active branch of the Church where 56 years ago the first president and his companion gave their lives for their testimonies.

## LAST SACRAMENT MEETING HELD IN COLONIA DIAZ

July 21, 1912

Bishop E. V. Romney presiding and in charge.

Song ..... page 61

Prayer ..... Rasmus Larsen

Song 202 ..... "Come Oh Thou King of Kings"

Sacrament

Administered by Elders ... Alfred Mortensen and Nolan Kartchner

Assisted by Deacons ..... Ezra Merrill, Joseph Hardy,  
Richard Donaldson and Edwin Rowley

Sacrament Hymn ..... page 156

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Jack E. Jarraad, *Martyrdom in Mexico*. (Church News, Deseret News, July 3, 1971).

**Speakers:**

Hans Andersen  
 F. M. Whiting  
 P. K. Lemmon, Jr.  
 George Hardy

E. V. Romney

Sam Donaldson  
 Elmer W. Johnson, Jr.  
 O. O. Richins, Jr.  
 Mark Richardson

Bishop Romney thought a man could be influenced to do good by his wife. We should educate ourselves and store our minds with knowledge. Read something every day so that we would have something to say.

**Announcements:**

The Board of Education will meet tomorrow.

Next Wednesday is the 24th of July dance.

**Closing song** .....

**Benediction** ..... Alma Frederickson

**Recorder:** Peter K. Lemmon Jr.

(Book E., page 196)

## Minutes of Diaz Sunday School

Minutes of Officers and Teachers Meeting held 7:30 P.M. on March 2, 1911 — Supt. Peter K. Lemmon Jr. presiding. Commenced by singing No. 215 "America." Prayer was offered by Elmer W. Johnson, Jr. Continued by singing No. 138 "Redeemer of Israel." Roll called. 14 Officers and Teachers present. Minutes were read and approved. Remained in large room for report.

Theological class reported by Elmer W. Johnson, Jr. Enrollment 53, Percent attendance 60, % punctual 70, % prepared 90. All interested.

Sec. Inter., 3rd Year reported by Charles Whiting, Jr., Enrolled 33. % attendance 50, % punctual 33, % prepared 67.

Sec. Inter. 1st Year reported by Verna Johnson. Enrollment 26, % Attendance 66, % punctual 82, % prepared 90. All interested.

First Intermediate, 1st year reported by Preston Gruwell. Enrollment 36. % attendance 64, % punctual 62. Primary reported by Viva Johnson. Enrollment 36, % present 59, % punctual 50. Seem to be interested.

Kindergarten reported by Eliza Andersen. Enrollment 45, % attendance 58, % punctual 65. All interested.

Supt. P. K. Lemmon, Jr., reported the Sunday School Enrollment of Students 300. Enrollment of Teachers 27. Average attendance at Sunday School 18. Average attendance at Prayer Meeting 18. Average attendance at Teachers Meeting 14. Urged the teachers in their work. If teachers come then their students will come. Urged them to study their lessons ahead and thanked them for their work.

Closed by singing No. 14 "Catch the Sunshine." Benediction was pronounced by Elmer W. Johnson, Jr.

Beryl Johnson Secretary and recorder

**ABSTRACT OF MINUTES  
of  
THE DIAZ SUNDAY SCHOOL**

**March 17, 1912 STATISTICS:**

**Officers and Teachers**

Enrolled .....	28
Attendance .....	22
Punctual .....	100%

Attendance on same Sunday last year — 19.

**Pupils**

Enrolled .....	252
Attendance .....	196
Punctual .....	55%

Attendance on same Sunday last year — 145.

**Parents**

Enrolled .....	49
Attendance .....	21
Attendance on same Sunday last year —	16.

**Visitors .....** 24

**Total Attendance .....** 239 as compared to same Sunday

**Last year .....** 180

## Partial List of Families to Whom Sister Norton Delivered Babies

Calvin Williams .....	1	William Galbraith .....	9
Peter Dilman .....	1	Parley Marwell .....	2
William D. Johnson, Jr. ....	20	Levi Savage .....	3
Elmer Johnson .....	1	Joseph James .....	9
John Huit .....	2	John Earl (twins) .....	9
Almon Holden .....	6	Martin Sanders .....	11
Wealey Norton .....	5	George Barber .....	1
Hendericks .....	3	Will Millit .....	1
Charles Whiting .....	1	Sullie Richardson .....	6
Melvin L. Gruwell .....	9	Abraham Acord (twins) .....	3
James Gale .....	1	Parley Maiben .....	4
Pack Haney .....	4	Hamilton .....	1
Martin Mortensen, Jr. ....	1	Olson .....	2
John Harris (twins) .....	6	Parley Biglow .....	2
Julia Fish .....	1	Thomas Merrill .....	1
Andrew Peterson .....	1	Williams .....	1
Orson Richins .....	9	Burningham .....	1
Mexican .....	1	Curtis .....	5
Davis Wilson .....	1	Deanney Harris .....	1
Joseph Jackson .....	1	Lystrup .....	1
I. J. Haynes .....	1	James Harvey .....	9
Charles Richins .....	1	Frederickson .....	1
George Brown .....	2	P. K. Lemonon .....	1
Beach .....	4	Edmund Richardson .....	4
Arthur Simmons .....	2	Stephen Wilson .....	1
William Wilson .....	2	Byron Johnson .....	2
Martin Mortensen .....	1	Benjamin Cluff .....	1
Alfred Mortensen .....	4	Rob Maybin .....	2
Oliver Wilson .....	2	John Pierce .....	1
Oscar Gruwell .....	2	Levi Tenney .....	1
Roy Cluff .....	1	George Johnson .....	1
A. I. Brown .....	2	Brother Langford .....	1
Mortin Richins .....	2	Ernest Romney .....	1
Will Sanders .....	2	Joseph Broomfield .....	1
E. D. Porter .....	1	Lauritz Mortenson .....	3
John Rowley .....	1	Andrew Jensen .....	3
Frank Scott .....	4	Alfred Hendricks .....	1
McKneal .....	1	Peter Christopherson .....	1
John Adams .....	1	Isaac Pierce Jr. ....	1
Isaac Pierce .....	2	Jesse N. Rowley .....	5
Farr .....	1	Joseph Beck .....	1
Andrew Andersen .....	5	Peter Mortensen .....	4
Parley Johnson .....	2	P. K. Lemonon, Jr. ....	2
Stranger .....	1	E. K. Fillerup .....	2

Sister Black .....	1
Mary Weach .....	1
John Adams .....	2
Archa Olrid .....	1
James Peterson .....	5
Jossey Johnson .....	2
Charles Mathew .....	1
William Devins .....	3
Abia Johnson .....	3
Ammon Tenney .....	2
Ellinar Greenrell .....	1
Jimmie Jacobson .....	1
Rasmus Andersen .....	1
John M. Mills .....	1
Chris Jorgensen .....	4
Heber Rowley .....	5
James Donaldson .....	5
C. R. Fillerup .....	1
John Fenn .....	5
C. Galbraith .....	2

Mexican .....	1
Worth Tucker .....	1
Will Andersen .....	2
Nolan Kartchner .....	2
Erastus Thygerson .....	1
Dan Rust .....	1
Jane Emmet .....	1
Heber Johnson .....	1
Mr. Willey .....	2
George Barber .....	1
Mrs. Gancilius .....	1
Amacie Wilson .....	1
Jesse Richins .....	3
Brigham Stowel .....	2
Charles McClellen .....	1
Mexican .....	1
Dan Skouen .....	1
Archie Clayton .....	1

128 families — 233 children  
Only a partial list

## Colonia Diaz Townsite Lots

On April 9, 1956 the following residence of Colonial Diaz meet in Virden, New Mexico and collaborated in helping to identify the Mothers, Fathers or family names for ownership of the lots listed below. (See the plat of Colonia Diaz pg. 67): Orson Richins, Ray Lot Richardson, Monroe Andersen, Carl Donaldson, Milton Jensen, Joe Jorgensen, Edna Richins, Flossie Donaldson, Rachel Jensen, Mamie Jorgensen, Edna Holden Jensen, Blanche Andersen, and Annie R. Johnson (author)

Location	Owner/User	Location	Owner/User
7 NE/4	O. O. Richins (Sadie)	28 NE/4	Jim Donaldson (Vac)
7 SE/4	Monroe Anderson (Blanche)	29 SW/4	Hans Larsen
15 SE/4	Gile Hardy	29 NW/4	Joe Beck (Mary)
16 NE/4	John Pierce	30 SW/4	Parley Johnson
17 NE/4	Gruwell Corral and Barn	SW/4	Johnson Shoe Shop
18 NE/4	Lauritz Mortensen	30 NW/4	Rowley
18 SE/4	Wm. Adams (Dorner)	31 SE/4	Jorgen Jorgenson
19 NE/4	John Earl	32 SE/4	M. L. Gruwell (Martha)
NE/4	Levi Tenney (Clara)	32 NW/4	Mock Orange Trees
19 SW/4	Annie Teaney	33 SE/4	Nolan Kartchner (Ellen)
19 NW/4	Will Sanders (Nora) Lemmon	39 SE/4	Francis Martinaen
20 NW/4	Sam Donaldson (Nora J.)	40 SE/4	Jane Emmett
21 NE/4	Lilly Galbraith	41 NE/4	Wm. Merrill (Din)
		41 SW/4	Jesse Jacobson (Roxie)

Location	Owner/User	Location	Owner/User
42 NE/4	S. C. Richardson (Irene)	65 SE/4	William Laws (Jeanie)
NE/4	Post Office	65 NW/4	Abbie Johnson (Violet)
42 SE/4	Store (E. B. Romney)	66 NE/4	Old Co-op Store (William Galbraith)
SE/4	Chas. Whiting (Verona)	67 SW/4	A. C. Peterson (Sonia)
42 SW/4	Bonnie Hardy (wm E.W.R. Home — Sadie)	67 SW/4	Opera House
42 NW/4	S. C. Richardson (Teresa) (wm E.W.R. Home — Becky)	67 NW/4	L.D.S. Chapel and School House
43 SE/4	Toni Lunt (Etta)	68 NW/4	Weoley Norton Broom Factory
43 SW/4	Charles Whiting (Eliza)	69 NW/4	John Maybin (Rosie)
43 NW/4	Peter K. Larson Jr. (Lois) (Old Ernest Bech Home)	70 SW/4	Rasmus Larson
44 SW/4	Wm. Galbraith (Phoebe)	70 NW/4	J. B. Jackson (Mary Ann)
44 NW/4	Charles Whiting Jr. ("Caddy")	75 SW/4	J. B. Jackson (Mary)
45 NW/4	Elnor W. Johnson Sr. (Julia)	76 SW/4	Jim Gale
51 SW/4	Franz Peterson (Louisa)	76 NW/4	Eric Jorgenson (Maria)
52 SE/4	Weoley Norton (Lucy)	77	Public Square
52 NW/4	James Donaldson (Fannie)	78 SW/4	Wm. Darby Johnson, Sr. (Jane)
53 SE/4	Peter K. Larson Sr. (Phoebe)	78 NW/4	Principal C. R. Fillump (Monetta)
53 SW/4	James Jacobson, Sr.	79 NE/4	Junior Patterson (Ethel)
53 NW/4	Jim Jacobson (Hattie)	79 SE/4	Andrew Andersen (Janet)
54 SW/4	Elnor W. Johnson, Sr. (Julia)	80 SE/4	Charles Richins (Agnes)
SW/4	Johnson's Candy Factory	80 SW/4	Jesse Richins (Alice)
54 NW/4	Bishop Wm. D. Johnson (Charlotte)	80 NW/4	Hyrum Mortensen (Lois)
55 NE/4	Bp. Wm. D. Johnson (Lucy)	81 SE/4	Abbie E. Johnson (Vivian)
55 SW/4	James Rowley (Bonnie)	82 NE/4	Wilford Laws (Mary)
55 NW/4	Bp. Wm. D. Johnson (Mary)	83 SE/4	Bro. and Sister Thygeson
56 NE/4	Zeno Johnson (Maggie)	90 NE/4	Andy Peterson (Ethel)
56 SE/4	Martin P. Mortensen (Martini)	90 SE/4	Bro. and Sister Cheney
57 NW/4	Martin P. Mortensen (Tessa)	91 NW/4	John T. Moon (Hattie)
58 SE/4	Will Anderson (Mary Ann)	92 SW/4	J. J. Patterson (Ethel)
62 SE/4	John Adams (Annie)	93 NW/4	James Harvey (Lizzie)
64 NE/4	Peter Mortensen (Mamie)	94 NW/4	Rasmus Thygeson (Judith)
64 SE/4	Martin P. Mortensen (Dorothy)	95 NW/4	Son Party (Jessie)
65 NE/4	Heber Rowley	96	Cemetery
		99 SW/4	E. V. Romney (Dora)
		100 SW/4	James Harvey (Nancy)
		SW/4	James Harvey (Elizabeth)
		102 SW/4	Abraham Accord (Maude)
		103 SE/4	Edith A.
		105 NW/4	Ren Rowley (Alfreda)
		114 NE/4	Abner Koeler (Jane)
		115 NW/4	Joseph Mortensen (Cora)
		138 SE/4	"Jefe" John Donaldson

## AREA SOUTH OF COLONIA DIAZ TOWNSITE

Location	Owner/User	Location	Owner/User
A and B	Pastures	NW/4	Martin Sanders (Libby)
C SW/4	Selborn Pavels	J SE/4	John Donaldson
C NW/4	Nolan Kartchner (Ellen)	K NE/4	Van Rhoeder
D SW/4	Alfred Martensen (Lucy)	L NE/4	Rosa Andersen (Vini or Vindy)
D SW/4	Martensen's Cannery	M NE/4	Jess Rowley
E NW/4	Jerome Adams (Mary)	NB/4	Rowley's blacksmith shop
E NW/4	Miles Pierce (Georgie)	M SE/4	Andrew Jensen (Susan)
F and G	Miles Pierce (farm and pasture)	SE/4	Andrew Jensen (Nancy)
H SW/4	Abraham Acord ("Matt")	M SW/4	Andrew Jensen (Ann)
H NW/4	Anton Frederickson (Maggie)	N	Parley Johnson pasture
NW/4	Anton Frederickson (Karen Marie)	O NW/4	Fenn
I NW/4	Martin Sanders (Libby)	P SW/4	Fenn
NW/4	Martin Sanders (Lora)	Q SE/4	Tom Merrill
		R SE/4	Tom Merrill pasture
		S and T	Pasture

# List of Families That Lived in Colonia Diaz

(According to Church Records 1884-1912)

- A -

Adams, Jerome Jefferson  
Mary Angelina Frost

Rebecca Jane

John Quincy

Cora

William

Martha

Mary Francis

Jerome Jefferson, Jr.

Sarah Louisa

Eastwood

Hettie Millicent

Georgeana

Wilford

Adams, William

Domer (Jones Johnson)

William

Leonard

Loria

Domer Edith

Leroy Jefferson

Fay Glen

Thadious

Karl Martell

Simeon Lloyd

Lucy Angelina (Lulu)

Adams, John Quincy

Annie or (Hannah) E. Johnson

Quincy

Alma

Moroni

Rachel

Delta

Adams, John Quincy

Mary Humphries

John Quincy

Mary Humphries

Jerome Samuel

Mary Elizabeth

Ella

John

Minnie

Ishmael

May

Arnold

Acord, William Abraham

Martha

Ina

Laura

Allie

Blanch

Hyrum

Acord, William Abraham

Maud

Minnie

Hugh

John

Clara

Libby

Ethel

Seccelia

Hettie Maud

Anderson, Andrew William

Mary Ann Mortenson

Philis

" Mary Ann

Verdi

Andrew Willie

Anderson, Andrew William

Janet Henderson

Mary E.

Andrew William

Janet

Hans

Bertha

Sylvia

Eliza

Robert Lee

Anderson, Andrew

Maria M. Curtis

Monroe

Lorenzo

Martha

Anderson, Joseph A.

A. K. Niclson

Erasmus J.

?

## - B -

Brown, Mary  
 Brown, D. B.  
 Cynthia McSellin  
   Cynthia M.  
   Samuel James  
   Emily A.  
   David A.  
   Joseph McSellin  
   Hugh Monroe  
 Brown, D. B.  
 Anna Helena Rasmussen  
   George A.  
   Peter Vernon  
   Addie Helena  
   Salana Maria  
 Brown, George M.  
 Amelia M. West  
   Amelia  
   John David  
   William Hyrum  
   Mary Matilda  
   Arthur Ephraim  
   Benjamin O.  
   Hannah J.  
   Deseret  
   George Emily  
 Brown, George  
 Pearl M. Wilson  
   Pearl Melissa  
 Brown, Azariah  
 Sarah J. Gayman  
   Jennie Melinda  
   Ralph Azariah  
   Louisa Ann  
   Leah L.  
   Laura Elizabeth  
   Katie Evalina  
 Bunker, Frances M.  
 Rose  
 Barber, George  
 Emma Mayhill  
   Clara Mabel  
   Ethel Maud  
   Myrtie May  
   Hettie Gran  
   Lola Blanch  
   Emily Irene  
   Nellie Moneta  
   Charles Bernard  
 Bock, Erastus  
 Lear Jane Young  
   Mariah  
   Neise  
   Simon  
   Fernith  
   Lear Jane

Bock, Erastus  
 Libbie Acord  
 Inez  
 Edna  
 Pearl A.  
 Norma A.

Beck, Erastus  
 Pearl Whitung  
 Carl

Black, William W.  
 Louisa Washburn  
   William W.  
   Cathrine Almeda  
   Parley Pratt  
   Calista  
   Etta Clarinda  
   Edward W.  
   Loranis  
   Ella Savillie  
   Junius Dixie

Barroo, I.  
 Maggie Keeler  
 Paul

## - C -

Cheney, Frank  
 Edith Hilton  
   Jesse W.  
   Leo H.  
   Ronald Aaron  
   Vernon Elmo, Winnie  
   John Hugh

Clegg, Walter  
 Eric Pulsipher  
   Julia Deborah

Cluff, Arval  
 Florence May Cluff  
   Alice

Cluff, Benjamin  
 F. M. Reynolds  
   Alice

Cluff, Orson Leroy  
 Mary Ellen Wilson  
   Orson Leroy

Cornell, William Richard

Cox, Martha  
 Rose  
 Geneva  
 Evalyn

## - D -

Daines, William Moroni  
 Elizabeth A. Hatch  
     Melvia Elizabeth  
     William Moroni, Jr.  
     Lavonia Junior  
     LaVier Hatch  
     Amorette or Ammonette  
     Mary C. or E.

Daines, William Moroni  
 Chloe Vida Hatch  
     Chloe Vivian  
     Newel George  
     Robert William

Donaldson, James Rowen  
 Francis C. Harris  
     Karel Maeser  
     John Harris  
     James Richard  
     Conard  
     Vearl  
     Oswald Marian

Donaldson, Samuel A.  
 Nora Jorgensen  
     Erva Maria  
     Clem  
     Merlin  
     Velva

Herman  
 Demas, Ellen

Donaldson, John  
 Christina C. Sims  
     Mary Janet  
     John Williams  
     James Rowan  
     Samuel A.  
     Joseph  
     Margaret Ellen  
     Hyrum Smith

- E -  
 Earl, John Henry  
 Ada Arilla  
     Jessie Eugene  
     Perry Jedediah  
     Ada Ione  
     Dewey Leroy  
     Hubert Roswell  
     Leona Arvilla  
     Claude Lafell  
     Vernon Fay  
     Vernice May  
     John Allen  
     Wayne Atherton  
     Gail Isaac

Earl, John H.  
 Annie Maria Jensen  
     Annie Maud  
     Laurel Leonard  
     Charles Ellia  
     Jane  
     Charlotte  
     L. V.  
     Emma  
     Della

## - F -

Fenn, George Alma  
 Mariah Beck  
     George  
 Penn, John  
 Matilda Sorensen  
     Ann Matilda  
     John Alfred  
     George Alma  
     Joseph Hyrum  
     Sarah Eliza  
     Esther  
     Moroni  
     Abiah  
     Millie Bell  
     Welcome Exile  
     Myrtie May  
     Geneva

Penn, John  
 Lucy Ann Brown  
     Lucy Ann Victoria  
     Emma  
     William  
     Parley  
     Mary Ellen  
     James Henry  
     Arthur Brown  
     Walter Leroy  
     Charles Kenneth

Fenn, Joseph  
 Ione Earl  
     Verna  
     Ida  
     Ella

Fielding, Joshua Owen  
 Martina Elizabeth Mortensen  
     John Owen  
     Lois  
     Martin Joshua  
     Julia  
     Joseph Smith

Fillerup, Erastus K.  
 Lucy or Lulu Johnson  
     Erastus K., Jr.  
     Erva

**476 HEARTBEATS OF COLONIA DIAZ**

Fillerup, Charles Richard  
 Moneta Johnson  
 Wilma Caroline  
 Kathe  
 Charles R.  
 Leonard  
 Linnie Charisetta

Fillerup, Charles Richard  
 Eva Johnson  
 Hester  
 Ross

Fredericksen, Carl Anton  
 Karen Marie Jensen  
 Marie  
 Dorthea  
 Carl  
 Harriet Wilhemina  
 Anna Eliza  
 Nanna Elfreda  
 Frederick Wilhelm

Frederickson, Carl Anton  
 Eise C. Hansen  
 Alma  
 Emma C.  
 Harold W.  
 George Henry

Frederickson, Carl Anton  
 Anna Margaretha Hansen  
 Alice Margretha  
 Lilly Agnete

Frederickson, Alma  
 Ruth Johnson

Jasper  
 William Leroy  
 Joseph Oscar  
 [redacted]  
 Ira  
 Laura

Gale, Jas.  
 Sarah James  
 James O.  
 Vernon  
 Pearl  
 Libby

Gruwell, Melvin L.  
 Ellen or Hellen Gabel  
 Rebecca  
 Angus Reeder  
 Lorin Taylor  
 Mehitable  
 Nora

Gruwell, Melvin L.  
 Jane Whitaker  
 Paul  
 John Melvin  
 Robert Oscar  
 Daniel E.  
 Mallisent Jane

Gruwell, Melvin L.  
 Martha Woodland  
 Oliver Lowery  
 Martha Millie  
 Margaret Josephine  
 Preston Thomas  
 Orval Merrill  
 Aaron Card  
 Ruth Malina  
 [redacted]  
 Eliza R.  
 Lester James  
 Ellen  
 Clarice  
 Evah  
 Nellie

Gruwell, Preston  
 Nellie M. Patterson  
 Lulu  
 Delpha

Gruwell, Orval  
 Edith Moon

Gruwell, Oscar  
 Tena Johnson  
 Robert Oscar, Jr.  
 Melvin L.  
 William  
 Jessie  
 Joseph  
 Daniel

- G -

Gale, James  
 Sarah Ann  
 Sarah Mariah  
 Harriet C.  
 Agnes R.  
 Olive P.  
 William T.  
 James A.  
 Ruben Ray  
 Philo  
 Walter  
 Carrie M.  
 John T.  
 Milo T.

Gale, James  
 Elizabeth Ann Mayes or Moyes  
 Mary Elizabeth  
 James  
 Martha S.

Gruwell Francis  
Elinor Maybun  
Hazel

Growell, Francis  
Jane Gruwell Emmett  
Zeina  
Pearl

Gruwell, Aaron  
Wynona Pierce  
John

Grewell, Angus  
Blanch Accord

Galbraith, William  
G. E. Powell  
Melvina P.

Galbraith, Joseph B.  
Ellen Pierce  
Ella

Galbraith, William W.  
Elizabeth Layton  
Christopher Layton  
David Taylor

Galbraith, William W.  
Lillian Eva Powell  
Edmond Powell  
Wallace  
Douglas  
Melvin

Galbraith, William W.  
Emma Sarah Bodily  
Jane Bodily  
Joseph Bodily  
Robert Bodily  
Lillian Bodily  
Raffael Ancheta  
Archie Bodily  
Elizabeth Bodily

Galbraith, William W.  
Phoebe Flint  
Elizabeth Flint  
Henry Flint  
Maggie Flint  
Hattie Flint  
John Flint  
Frank Flint  
Charles Flint  
Wilkie Flint  
Spencer Flint

Galbraith, Henry Flint  
Libby Sanders  
Henry Wendell

Galbraith, Christopher Layton  
Mary Heva Johnson  
Mary J.  
Christopher Layton, Jr.  
Itta  
Heva

- H -

Haynie, Patric C.  
Henrietta  
Ross Etta  
Salena R.  
Hattie Lenora  
Azias  
Colola  
Patrick  
Ammer  
Isaac Lynn

Haynie, Patric C.  
Mary Ella  
Estas  
Glenn

Hardy, George William  
Emma Sylvana Rowley  
William Gilbert  
Herbert Joseph  
Georgiana  
Ervia John  
Emma  
Bertha  
Milton Lorenzo  
Ariel Eldon

Hardy, George William  
Bessie Butler  
Lottie  
Bernice

Harvey, James D.  
Nancy Anderson  
Douglas  
Rafael A.  
Charles R.  
Bernal Albion  
Britta  
Waldo  
Anita  
Aaron

Harvey, James M.  
Sarah E. Kellett  
James Bertrand  
William K. or Willie  
John Martin  
Thora  
Bruce Edgar  
Eliza or Elizabeth

Holden, Almon N.  
 Martha Norton  
 Edna May  
 John Wealey  
 Mary

Holden, Almon N.  
 Mariah L. Anderson  
 Mariah L.  
 Cathrine C.  
 James Almon  
 Jas. Nahum  
 Julia Lavina  
 Mitty Elmira  
 Hyrum N.  
 George Heber  
 Susan

Harris, John S.  
 Idory Jones  
 Idna  
 Jasper J.  
 Siles  
 Oliver  
 Donner S.  
 Dalma  
 William T. Dalby

Mr. Harper's widow  
 (Sarah Shurtleff)  
 Blanch May  
 Elsie Vanetta

Hansen, Simon  
 Ellen Lindsten  
 Dorthea Louisa  
 Albert Simon

Hendricks, Alfred D.  
 Anne Jorgensen  
 Alfred D.

Hendricks, William D.  
 Christina Olsen  
 Willard  
 David Cluff  
 Albert Ray  
 Ira Ediech

- J -

James, Joseph Henry  
 Mary Eliza Bloomfield  
 Mary Ellen  
 William Henry  
 George Heber  
 Jemima  
 John Willard  
 Nellie Manah  
 Emer  
 Abdadai  
 Robert Lee  
 Jennie

Jessie  
 Bertha  
 Elizabeth  
 Harriet

James, Joseph Henry  
 Elizabeth Saloma Bloomfield  
 Sarah Elizabeth  
 Harriet Emma  
 Maggie  
 Alfretta  
 Hannah  
 Bathsheba  
 Joseph Henry  
 Lot  
 Edith  
 Walter  
 Ethel Saloma  
 Naomi  
 Ruth  
 Edward Benjamin

James, Joseph Henry  
 Orpha A.  
 John Chandler  
 Chloe  
 Amanda  
 Hollister  
 Amos  
 Orpha  
 Orin

Jensen, Andrew C.  
 Susan Dobbs  
 Nieh Milton  
 Thomas  
 David William  
 Margaret Jane

Jensen, Andrew C.  
 Jane Anna Dobbs  
 Burton  
 John Henry  
 Mary Alice  
 Mildred  
 Paul Dobbs  
 Minerva

Justensen, Joseph Alexander  
 Mary Jacobson  
 Joseph Alexander  
 Sadie  
 Montezuma (Monte) James  
 Irvin Cortez  
 Cowley Clifton  
 Reed  
 Doyle Erastus

Jackson, Joseph B.  
 Mary Ann Wilkins  
 Roxie  
 Sabra A.  
 John Leon

Jackson, Joseph B.  
 Mary E. Beckstead  
 Mary Emily  
 Lillian May  
 Alice  
 Amilicent  
 Dora  
 Joseph Q.

Jacobson, Jacob  
 Anne Rasmussen  
 Jacob  
 Erastus  
 James  
 Anna Eliza  
 Caroline Rebecca  
 Dorthea  
 John Aylet  
 Mary Eveline  
 Serepta M.  
 Ransom Peter  
 Jesse Milano

Jacobson, Jesse Milano  
 Roxie Jackson  
 Sabraan  
 Milano  
 Jesse  
 Rebecca  
 Dora

Jacobson, James  
 Harriet Little  
 Leila  
 Kenneth  
 Willis Little  
 Susie  
 Reece  
 Verna  
 Ernest  
 Malcolm  
 Grant  
 Jimmy

Jorgensen, Jorgen  
 Caroline Maria Jensen  
 Jorgen  
 Caroline E.  
 Hans  
 Anne  
 Mada

Jorgensen, Jorgen  
 Anne Madsen  
 Hannah  
 Caroline  
 Andrew  
 Louis  
 Anne  
 Elizabeth  
 Dorthea  
 Martin

Jorgensen, Erik Chris  
 Maria Christensen  
 Edward C.  
 Elnora Nielsen  
 William Henry  
 Joseph Elvin  
 Marilyn  
 Nellie  
 Niels Leonard  
 Carrie G.  
 Arthur

Jorgensen, Erik C.  
 Anna M. Johnson  
 Anna Christina  
 Sarah  
 Erik Franklin  
 Frederick  
 Ida  
 Otilda  
 Arthur Roy

Johnson, Byron E.  
 Martha A. Hendricks  
 Martha E.  
 Byron W.  
 William Derby  
 Lucile

Johnson, William Derby, Sr.  
 Jane Cadwallader  
 William Derby, Jr.  
 Elmer Wood  
 Jennie Ann  
 Julia Abby  
 Byron E.  
 Joseph H.  
 Carlos Smith  
 Hannah Zelnora  
 Lodema Viola  
 Tessie

Johnson, Joseph Hills  
 Malinda Shumway  
 Joseph H.  
 Flora M.  
 Elizabeth

Johnson, Elmer Wood, Sr.  
 Mary Jane Little  
 Mary Heva  
 Lucy  
 Junietta  
 Elmer Wood, Jr.  
 Abby  
 Verna  
 Nita  
 Lorin  
 William Derby

Johnson, Elmer Wood, Sr.  
 Julia  
 Jane Cadwallader  
 Annie or Julia Ann

480 HEARTBEATS OF COLONIA DIAZ

Lodema (Lois) Viola	Beatrice (Bee)
Tessie	Zenona
Elma	Beulah Eliza
Fern	
Johnson, George Aaron	Johnson, William Derby, Jr.
Emma Jane Kartchner	Mary Agnes Riggs
Lydia	Ruthie
Emma	Abia Ezekiel
George Aaron, Jr.	George Teasdale
Johnson, Heber Franklin	Henry Lunt
Sarah E. Senior	Lela
Heber Franklin, Jr.	Myrza
Sarah Ellen	Herbert Ensign
Vivia Elizabeth	Ellwood Hills
Orphia Kles	Owen Woodruff
Cassie May	
Boyd Cannon	Johnson, Abia Ezekiel
Ora Victoria	Violet Jane Bevan
Harland Hills	Abia Ezekiel, Jr.
Benjamin Reed	William Wallace
Olive	Primrose
Johnson, Joel H.	James Bevan
Susan Bryant	Gorden Derby
David William	Heber Ellwood
Julia Ann	Violet May
Julia Delcina	
Susan Maria	Johnson, Abia Ezekiel
Ann Violets	Vivian Lemmon
Almon Babbitt	Arthur Eldon
Maurella	
Adelia	Johnson, Elmer Wood, Jr.
Jesse	Annie Richardson
Johnson, William Derby, Jr.	
Lucy Ann Salisbury	Johnson, James Parley
William Derby, III	Eliza Rowley
Domer J. (adopted)	Mary Evelyn
Johnson, William Derby, Jr.	John Parley
Lucy Elizabeth Brown	Delbert Lorenzo
Zeno Martell	Susan Emma
Annie	Lucy Cordelia
Ruby	Bertha Irene
Rupert Fay	James Leroy
Jane C.	Nellie Jane
Kathe	Len or Glenn Rowley
Ivy	Jesse D.
Karl Maeser	Gladys
Harriet	Arthur
Johnson, William Derby, Jr.	
Charsettta Cram	Johnson, James Parley
Leonard Cram	Zina C. Rowley
Moneta	Etter or Etta Elizabeth
Ivan Claire	
Lucy	- K -
Elmer Otho	
Winnie	Keeler, Abner E.
Beryl	L. Jane
Roy Preacott	Maggie
	Lennie
	Abner
	Kendrick, C. Burrell
	Abby Johnson
	Kenyon
	Loie
	Ellafair

Kendrick, Andrew  
Kendrick C. Burrell

- L -

Laws, William Hart  
Jennie Ann Johnson  
Jennie Alfreda  
Wilford D.  
Zenas  
Benjamin E.  
Julian A.  
William Hart  
Elmer Abia  
Mary Abby  
Walmis Hills

Lively, John William Wilson  
Martha M. Wilson

Lively, John William  
Martha Agess or Agness  
John William  
Ettie M.

Lafranchi,  
Amanda Sanders  
Amel

Lunt, Thomas A.  
Ettie E. Johnson  
Leslie Amos

Larson, Rasmus  
Annie Sophia  
Joseph William  
Alvin Moroni

Larson, Hans  
Mary C. Johnson

Locander, Ulric

Lemmon, Peter Kimball, Sr.  
Sarah Elizabeth Buchannan  
Peter K. Lemmon, Jr.  
Nora Amelia  
John Archibald  
Sarah Elina  
Reu Buchannan  
Lelia  
Leo Whiting

Lemmon, Peter Kimball, Sr.  
Phoebe Elina Pierce  
Earl Augustus  
Wayne Alton

Lemmon, Peter Kimball, Jr.  
Lois Tenney  
Zoe

Little, James A.  
Annie M. Baldwin  
Janie  
Malcolm  
David Baldwin  
Nellie Thelma  
Harriet

Little, David Baldwin  
Hettie Acord  
David Abraham (Abram)

Little, David Baldwin  
Harriet Frederickson  
Juni Elta

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Mills, John Martin  
Agnes Jane Reed  
John

Moon, John F.  
Harriet Hughbor  
Clarence  
Edith  
Ray  
Harold  
Leah  
Florence  
Albert  
Charles Irwin  
Robert E.

Mortell, Curtis Edwin  
Della Ann Crockett  
Della Mae  
Ethel Ada  
Elmo Malcolm  
Annie Pearl  
Mary Locille  
Matilda Ellen

Matthew, Charles  
Emma Myhill (Barber)  
Curtis  
Oliver

Merrill, Charles William  
Mary M. Hubbard  
John H.  
Rhoda A.  
Charles William, Jr.  
Jared Boworth

Merrill, Charles William  
Anna Maria Nielsen  
Merrill, Thomas  
Mary Eliza James  
Hubert James  
Ellie  
Joseph Justus

Merrill, Charles William  
 Mary Frances Adams  
 Sarah Olive  
 Cora May  
 William Jerome  
 Fonly Frost  
 Mary Belle  
 Ernest Leroy  
 Orson  
 Inez Abbie  
 Vern Clark  
 Douglas Budell

Maybin, Patric B.  
 Martha Crawford  
 William John  
 Ellnor A.  
 Agnes  
 Robert  
 James

Maybin, Patric B.  
 Elizabeth McSwane  
 George  
 Ezra C.  
 Martha  
 Samuel

Maybin, William John  
 Roxie Ballard  
 Alvina Viola  
 Mamie  
 Jeanie  
 Riley

Mortensen, Martin Peter  
 Dorthea Jensen  
 Jens Peter  
 Diantha Elizabeth  
 Morten  
 Else Margaret  
 Helena  
 Maria Helena  
 Peter  
 Knud Hyrum  
 Ellen B.

Mortensen, Martin Peter  
 Kathrena Olsen  
 Joseph  
 Hannah  
 John Alfred

Emma F.  
 Mary Ann  
 Dagmer  
 Hans  
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 Amanda  
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 Martina E.  
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 Cora Jackson  
 Emily Lucinda  
 Joseph Clayne  
 Arnold  
 Sabra Alice  
 John Q.

Mortensen, Peter  
 Mary Catherine Anderson  
 Peter Orvin  
 Robert  
 Lucinda  
 Catherine  
 Elmina  
 Lillian Dorothy  
 Erma

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 Adelia Bernice  
 Amy Mortensen  
 Ferl  
 Archie  
 Udell

Mortensen, Alfred  
 Lucy Pierce  
 Blythe  
 Murr  
 Marba  
 Eva  
 Elna Lucy  
 Lafau Isaac

Mortensen, Francis  
 Jennie Pulsipher  
 Jane Martina  
 Charlotte

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 Clestia Ann Marble  
 Mary Ann  
 Dorothy Jane  
 Martha Celesta  
 Wesley Nathaniel  
 John Harvey  
 Caroline Marinda  
 Emily Mary

George Rowley  
 Aaron Sylvester  
 Grace  
 Louie Arvina  
 Eliza R.

Norton, Jacob Wesley  
 Lucy Jane Marble  
 Jacob  
 Isaac  
 Lucy Alvina  
 James Henry  
 Samuel J.  
 Sophrona Rosetta  
 G. Heber  
 Susan M.  
 Hyrum Benjamin  
 Lillie Lucinda  
 Lois Silda  
 Wilford R.  
 Jenne Gertrude  
 Geneva

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 Anna Maria  
 William  
 Clara A.  
 Ella Olive  
 Augusta  
 Jennie  
 Anna Eliza  
 Tillie Elvira

Oldroyd, Archibald  
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 George Franklin  
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 Amilicent C.

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 Kathrine Keeler  
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 Elna Carlson Murdock  
 John Murdock  
 Phoebe Ellen  
 Isaac Washington  
 Miel Carlson  
 Hannah Ann  
 Ann Eliza  
 Cora Augusta  
 Mary Lucy  
 Eva Ruth

Pierce, Isaac Washington  
 Hannah Carlson  
 Elna Carlson

Porter, Edson D.  
 Kathrine  
 Arvena  
 Delila  
 Geneva  
 Clara  
 Edson Isaac  
 Justina

Annetta S. Clifford

Pierce, Isaac Washington  
 Caroline Done  
 Arwell Lee  
 Lenora Caroline  
 Eudona Elna  
 Ruby Evalina  
 Ada Diantha  
 James Lemar  
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 Clyde Done  
 Ireta  
 Zereta  
 George Teasdale  
 Nathan Taylor

Pierce, Miel C.  
 Georgiana Adams  
 Bessie  
 Loa  
 Clyde D.  
 Miel Clifford  
 Amie  
 Harold  
 Thora

Pierce, John M.  
 Christena  
 Annie  
 Reva

Pulsipher, Charles  
 Julia Abby Johnson  
 Jennie  
 Mary Julia  
 Sarah Myriah  
 Lorenzo Charles

Peterson, Andrew Peter  
 Ethel Acord  
 Andrew Veo  
 Lola Rebecca  
 Libby

Peterson, Andrew C.  
 Caroline E. Jorgensen  
 Elsie Maria  
 Andrew Peter  
 Rulon Grant

Adina  
Ada Ruth  
Ethel May  
Delbert Christian  
Carl Emery  
Fay Orley  
Leoward

Peterson, Franda  
Anna Katrina Louisa Christofferson  
Mary  
Henry  
Lorenzo  
Esther Louisa  
Anna Lorain

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Martha M. Gold  
Maud  
Nellie May  
John Junior  
Ruth

Patterson, John Junior  
Ethel Sanders  
John Junior  
Maud

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Martha Irene Curtis  
Sullivan  
Edmund Arthur  
Pernie Irene  
Ralph  
Emma Lurline  
Ami Lorenzo  
Paul Edwin  
Joseph Monroe  
Martha

Richardson, Sullivan C.  
Amy Teresa Leavitt  
Mark Adrian  
Myron  
Guilbert  
Nina Gertrude  
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Sarah Louisa Adams  
Mary Louisa  
Edmund Wilford  
Sullivan  
Walter  
Hazel

Alta  
Ray Lot  
Mabel  
Sadie  
Ronald  
Clara Ella  
Verona

Richardson, Charles Edmund  
Sarah Louisa Rogers  
Mark  
Lynn  
Leona

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Carolina Rebecca Jacobson  
Annie  
Mannon  
Estella  
Edna  
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Beulah  
Madge  
Florence  
Lola  
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Vernon  
Lemar  
Ivan  
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Mary J. Donaldson  
Henrietta C.  
Joseph Donaldson

Romney, Ernest Van  
Dora Jackson  
Ernest Vincent  
Ethlyn

Rowbottom, William C.  
Victoria Fenn  
Mabel

Richins, Charles  
Agnes Mary Willmott  
Agness Mary  
Jesse Willmott  
Bonice Ann  
Edward Byron  
Los Elizabeth  
Agness Priscilla  
Bertha Louisa  
Beatrice W.  
Charles Richard  
John Willmott  
Eliza Roxie

Richins, Orson Oriel  
Caroline Fawcett  
Charles Parley  
Emery Willard

Joseph Oriel  
 Mary Emma  
 Richins, Orson Oriel  
 Sarah A. Shurtliff  
     Carrie Roun  
     Cobola Beth  
     Marland Lurman  
     Sadie Esther  
     Orson Onel, Jr.  
 Richins, Orson Oriel  
 Rachel Henifer  
     Judith Louisa  
     Rachel Rebecca  
     Sarah Lillian  
     Orson James  
     Goldie Irene  
     George Arthur  
     Prudence May  
     Eun Agnes  
     Ether Wellington  
 Richins, Joseph Oriel  
 Lodemia Viola  
     Abby  
     Aldo  
     Viola  
 Richins, Jesse Wilmott  
 Alice Jackson  
     Lorraine  
     Leah  
     Vera May  
 Richins, Marlin Golden  
 Hannah Zelnora Johnson  
     Delilah  
     Grace  
     Lovina J.  
     Zelnora  
 Rohwer, C. J.  
 Christina Peterson  
     Alice Rosene  
     Charles August  
     Christina  
 Rohwer, C. J.  
     Ainer Lorenzo  
     Emil Fernando  
 Rowley, John  
 Frances Banks  
     John William  
     Frances Rosetta  
 Rowley, John  
 Mary Ann Gadd  
     Jesse Noah  
     Heber Charles  
     James Albert  
     Samuel Isaac  
     Jacob Leslie

Wilford Marion  
 Mary Luella  
 Eliza Jane  
 Sarah Ann  
 John Sylvester  
 Zina Cordelia  
 Amy Elizabeth  
 Rowley, John  
 Belinda Marden Kendrick  
     Edith Myrtle  
     Miriam  
     Rowell Irwin  
 Rowley, John  
 Emma Ozella Johnson  
     Lorenzo Jewell  
     Emma Sylvania  
     William Parley  
     Alice  
     David Lyman  
     Julia  
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 Sarah Elizabeth Steed  
 Rowley, John  
 Emma James  
     Lily  
     Rose  
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 Orissa Jane Johnson  
     George Wallace  
     Martha Ann  
     Joseph Hyrum  
     Moses Aaron  
     Ernest Exile  
     ■■■■■  
     Kately May  
 ■■■■■ley, Heber  
 Marinda Norton  
     Charles  
     Heber  
     D. Wesley  
     Thelma Grace  
     Elda Ann  
 Rowley, John Sylvester  
 Eliza Clemonns  
     Mary Eliza  
     Claude Sylvester  
     John William  
     Albert  
     Alta  
     Muriell  
     ■■■■■  
     Beulah  
     Vernon Conrad  
     Marion  
     Orin Dellis  
     Lawrence Wilbur

- Rowley, James Albert  
 Eunice Richins  
 Elmo A.  
 Nello James
- Rowley, Jim  
 Alvina (Viney) Norton  
 Emily Vernal  
 Edwin Jessie  
 Veda  
 Cecil  
 Allen  
 Loretta  
 Clarence  
 Laura Ann
- Rowley, Lorenzo J.  
 Jennie Alfreda Laws  
 Jennie Ozella  
 Lorenzo Jewell  
 Alfreda Ellen  
 Mary  
 Benita Iola  
 John William
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- Smith, Robert Scott  
 Celia Agustia
- Scott, Frank Jr.  
 Rosetta Norton  
 Lucy Rosetta  
 Joseph  
 Sophrona  
 Golda
- Simmons, Arthur B.  
 Mary Ann Sears  
 Lola May  
 Almo Beals
- Sanders, John  
 Sarah Jorgensen  
 John Elam
- Sanders, Thomas  
 Rebecca Richins  
 Ethel Anona  
 Thomas A.
- Sanders, Joseph L.  
 Gladys Jakeman  
 Joseph Leroy
- Sanders, David William  
 Nora E. Lemmon  
 Nina  
 William  
 Ardell
- Sanders, Moses Martin  
 Elizabeth Ellen  
 Martin F.
- David W.  
 Joseph L.  
 John E.  
 James R.  
 Moses E.  
 George Henry  
 Hyrum P.  
 Charles A.  
 Francis  
 George
- Sanders, Moses Martin  
 Lora Ann Starr  
 Elizabeth S.  
 Ethel May  
 Edward  
 Maud  
 Orson  
 Ellen Minnie  
 Edine  
 Zebina  
 Martin Reginold
- Sanders, Moses Martin  
 Lilian Jackson  
 Brigham Jackson  
 Malcolm M.  
 Anthony  
 Leonard
- Stout, David Fisk  
 Julia Cox  
 Irving Waldo  
 Emerold Wycliffe  
 Juanitta  
 Wayne Dunham  
 Ruth  
 Thurlow W.  
 Franklin Lyman
- Stout, David Fisk  
 Henrietta Cox  
 Henrietta  
 David Fisk, Jr.  
 Daisie  
 Ashsah (Axie)  
 Anita  
 George Dewey  
 Leland Moroni
- Stout, David Fisk  
 Sarah Lucretia  
 Wendell Snow  
 Grant M.  
 Genevieve  
 Lyman Franklin  
 Beulah  
 Abraham  
 Eunice
- Stout, David Fisk  
 Mary Jane Terry  
 Morgan Terry

Vernon Wesley  
 Valeria  
 Madonna  
 Agnes Melvina  
 Willard Richards

Systrup, Charles F.  
 Annie M. Nelson  
 Annie M.  
 Joseph F.  
 Ellinora C.

Shoemaker, John  
 not married

- T -

Thygerson, Erastus  
 Judith Richins  
 Cecil Erastus  
 Vernon Richins  
 Clifford Osborn  
 Nilus  
 Alvin Ezra  
 Louie Snow  
 Ruth Una  
 Antone Fry  
 Inez Rebecca  
 Ivan Oriel

Thygerson, Soren Christian  
 Johanna Christina Marie Clauson

Joseph Young  
 Erastus Snow  
 David  
 Alvin  
 Eugene

Tenney, Ammon M.  
 Ann Sarah Eager  
 Ammon M., Jr.  
 Minnie  
 Ann Sarah  
 Nathan  
 Levi Stewart  
 Abby C.  
 Lois J.  
 Lulu Maud  
 Rosalia  
 John Egar  
 Lurline

Tenney, Nathan  
 Pearl  
 Louie Isobel

Tenney, Levi Stewart  
 Clara Acord  
 Maud  
 Hettie  
 Levi, Jr.  
 Alice  
 Lucille

Teasdale, George (Apostle)

Thygerson, Soren Erastus  
 Maria Anderson  
 Isaac  
 J. Katrine Maria

Thayne, Nephi  
 Elizabeth Reed  
 Ella May  
 Lindsey Madison  
 Almon Clyde

Tenney, Ammon M.  
 Eliza A. Udall  
 Olive Eliza  
 Phoebe Relief

Tenney, Ammon M.  
 Hettie M. Adams  
 Millicent  
 Eddie  
 Heleman Pratt

Tenney, Ammon M., Jr.  
 Amanda L. Thayne  
 David Nephi

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Wilkins, William F.

Arnold B.  
 Ursula  
 Zephra E.  
 Jas. D.  
 Doctor E.

Wilson, Ira Lyman  
 Roxey Ellen Ballard  
 Mary E.

Wilson, Ira Lyman  
 Lovina Shurtliff  
 Ida  
 Ruben,

Wilson, Oliver  
 Annetta C. Clifford (Nettie)  
 Annetta Lucinda  
 Oliver Elbert  
 Mary Elizabeth  
 Wallace  
 Aaron  
 Rose Zellie

Wilson, Stephen Fairchild  
 Hester Ann Eliza  
 Stephen David  
 Sarah Jane  
 Elbert Fairchild  
 Austin Brown  
 Mary Elma  
 Angelina

**488 HEARTBEATS OF COLONIA DIAZ**

**Whiting, Edwin**  
**Anelia Buchanan**

**Whiting, Charles, Jr.**  
**Jane Cadwalader Johnson**  
Bryant  
Pearl  
Lulu

**Whiting, Bernard Snow**  
**Julia Holden**  
Bernard Snow  
Clara

**Wilson, David J.**  
**Julia D. Johnson**  
Julia Edith  
David J.  
Pearl Melinda  
Marry Ellen  
Sarah Centenna  
Esther D.  
George Benjamin  
Martha Harnet  
June Rose  
Gladys Lovina  
Ruth B.

**Whiting, Charles**  
**Mary Verona Snow**  
Pearl  
Alice  
Charles, Jr.  
Bernard  
Francis Marion  
Amy Irena  
Frederick Arthur  
May  
Mary Fern  
Herman  
(Carl Beck) grandson

**Whiting, Charles**  
Anne Eliza Jacobson  
John Lucas  
Myrtle  
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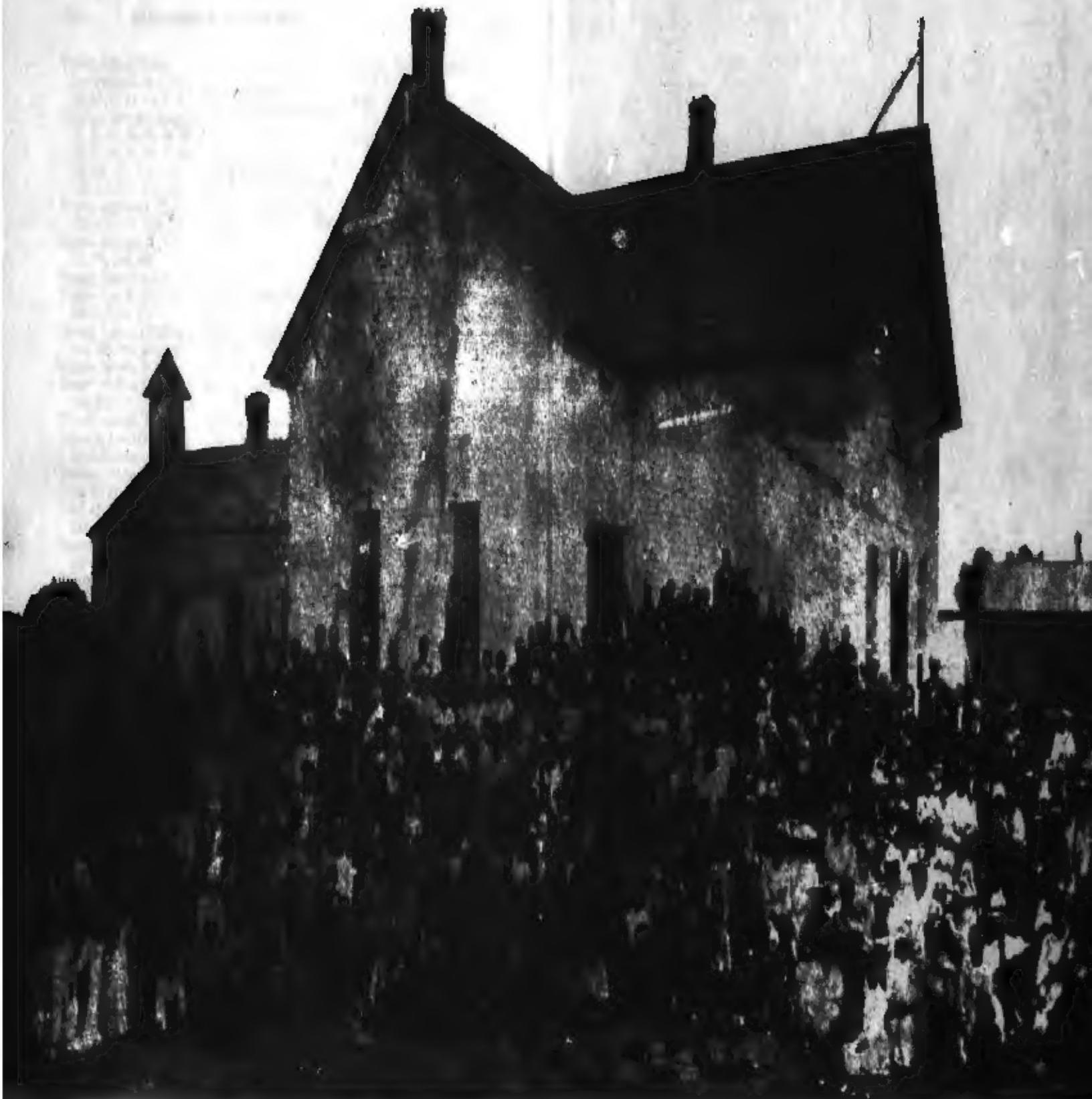
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Combination church-schoolhouse with Sunday School congregation in Colonia Diaz. (Note open hall extreme right and his and hers extreme left.)